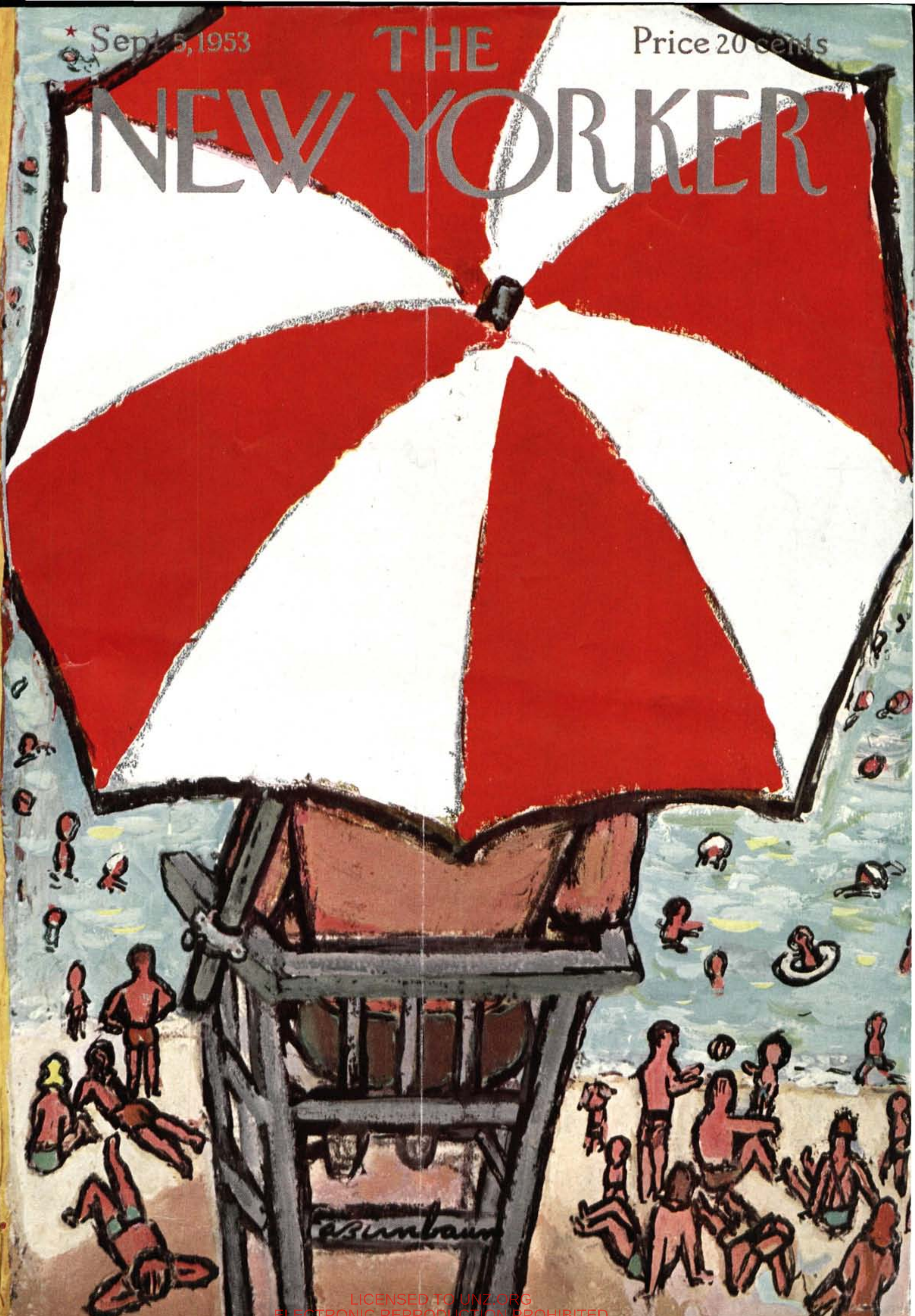
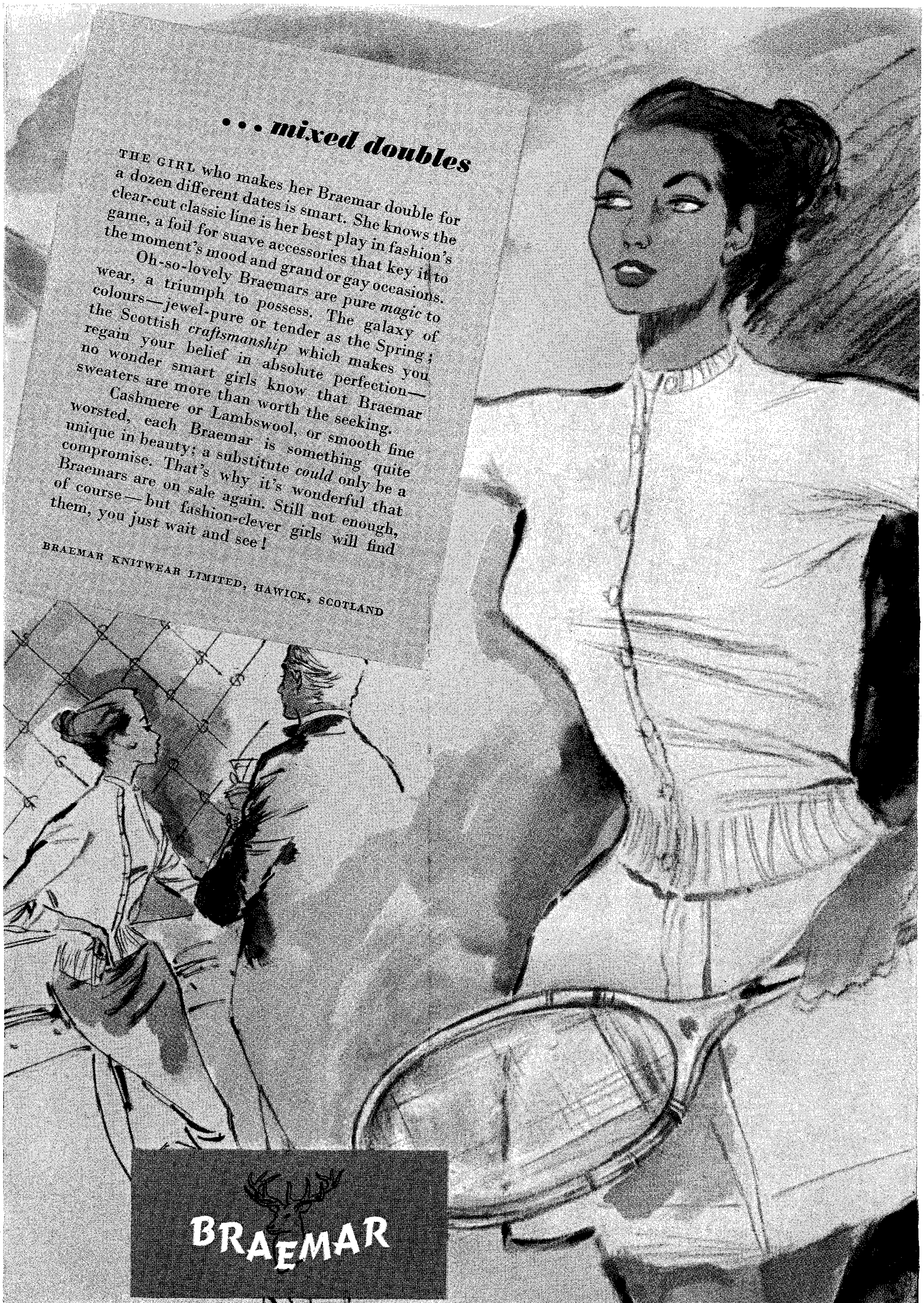
Sept. 5, 1953

THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents





. . . mixed doubles

THE GIRL who makes her Braemar double for a dozen different dates is smart. She knows the clear-cut classic line is her best play in fashion's game, a foil for suave accessories that key it to the moment's mood and grand or gay occasions.

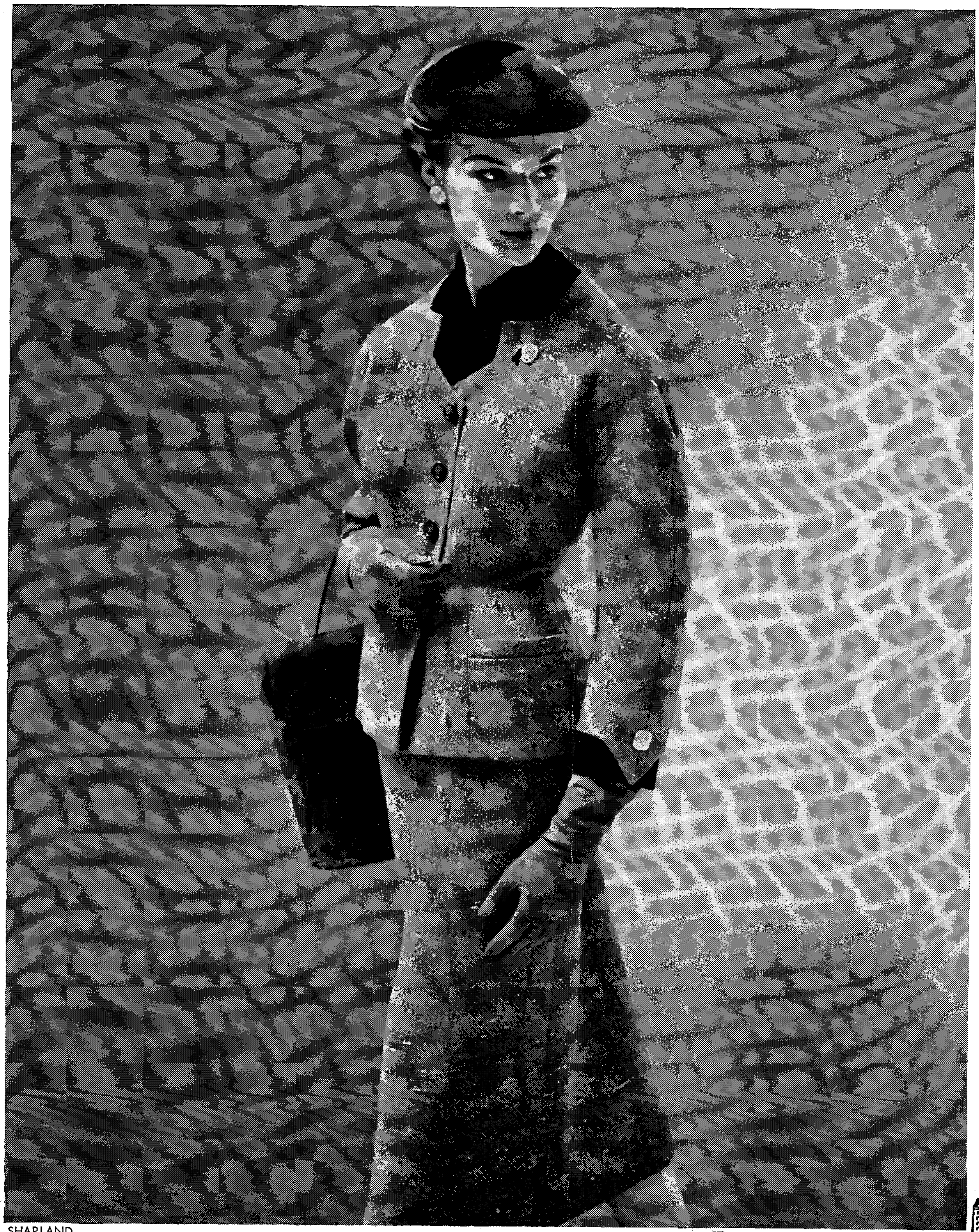
Oh-so-lovely Braemars are pure *magic* to wear, a triumph to possess. The galaxy of colours—jewel-pure or tender as the Spring; the Scottish *craftsmanship* which makes you regain your belief in absolute perfection—no wonder smart girls know that Braemar sweaters are more than worth the seeking.

Cashmere or Lambswool, or smooth fine worsted, each Braemar is something quite unique in beauty; a substitute *could* only be a compromise. That's why it's wonderful that Braemars are on sale again. Still not enough, of course—but fashion-clever girls will find them, you just wait and see!

BRAEMAR KNITWEAR LIMITED, HAWICK, SCOTLAND

BRAEMAR

REPRESENTATIVE IN U.S.A.: BRAEMAR KNITWEAR (U.S.A.) LTD., 5 EAST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, 16, N.Y.



SHARLAND

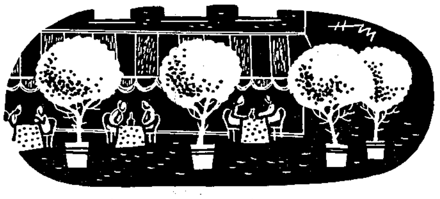
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5th AVE. at 58th ST. • NEW YORK 19
ON THE PLAZA

Exclusive Tweed Jaunting Suit

$135

Black and white flecked tweed held curved and close, stroked with black velvet yoke and cuffs and lit with a Mississippi gambler's "sparklers" at neck and sleeves. Also in oxford gray flannel, in sizes 8 to 16. Handsome equipage, our huge fur jaunting-bag of black, gray or red dyed French rabbit, looking for all the world like seal, $28.50 plus 20% excise tax.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Fifth Season—Menasha Skulnik and Richard Whorf are the stars of this frail item about the garment industry. Others in it are John Griggs and Phyllis Hill. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

My 3 Angels—A funny comedy, adapted by Sam and Bella Spewack from a French hit. It has to do with the successful efforts of three convicts in the French penal colony at Cayenne to improve the fortunes of a family they happen to like. Walter Slezak heads a cast that includes Jerome Cowan, Carmen Mathews, Henry Daniell, and Joan Chandler. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 9, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day.)

Picnic—William Inge's play about the shattering impact of sex on a Kansas town has severe structural defects but it is still worth your serious attention. Joshua Logan has directed a fine cast in which Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, Peggy Conklin, and Arthur O'Connell are prominent. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—dial "m" for murder: Maurice Evans in a British mystery by Frederick Knott. Gusti Huber and J. Pat O'Malley are in the supporting cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 9, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day.) . . . **the seven year itch:** Tom Ewell has the leading role in George Axelrod's comedy about a man who gets mixed up with a beautiful young girl while his wife is away for the summer. Vanessa Brown and Neva Patterson are the ladies in the case. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Can-Can—Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics for this rather ambitious spectacle and Abe Burrows turned out the book, but most of the credit belongs to Jo Mielziner, whose 1893 Paris settings are among his really memorable works; to Michael Kidd, whose choreography is enchanting; and to Motley, whose costumes also help capture a period and a mood. Peter Cookson and two young women named Gwen Verdon and Lilo do their share to make the evening seem a good deal better than it is. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 9, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day.)

Hazel Flagg—Helen Gallagher, Thomas Mitchell, and Jack Whiting are among those chiefly involved in this big, handsome musical taken from Ben Hecht's movie about a girl who may just possibly be dying of radium poisoning. The piece offers some spirited dancing but not too much in the way of either comedy or songs. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 9, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day.)

Me and Juliet—A billet-doux to the theatre, tendered by those constant swains, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Their heartfelt sentiments would not have much effect, however, if it were not for the footnotes provided by the ubiquitous Jo Mielziner, who has designed some absolutely stunning sets, and Robert Alton, whose dance routines are as competent as any that have turned up in several seasons. The cast is headed by Isabel Bigley and Joan McCracken. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A recurrence here for five weeks of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, now rocketing along in its eleventh year. In the present company are Florence Henderson and Ridge Bond. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, Oct. 3.)

Porgy and Bess—A revival of the opera on which George and Ira Gershwin and DuBose and Dorothy Heyward collaborated, and one of the most exciting events around. LeVern Hutcherson, Leslie Scott, and Irving Barnes alternate in the role of Porgy, while Bess is played by Leontyne Price and Urylee Leonardos, and Cab Calloway is the current Sportin' Life. Robert Breen is the director, and Alexander Smallens is in charge of the orchestra, as he was before. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 9, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day.)

Wonderful Town—This version of "My Sister Eileen" is even more satisfactory than the original. The book is again the work of Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov; the music was composed by Leonard Bernstein, and the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; and the cast, directed by George Abbott, is headed by Rosalind Russell, whose performance is something to enliven the most torpid spirit. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 9, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day.)

Long Runs—guys and dolls: All those Damon Runyon characters. Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and the cast includes Iva Withers, Julie Oshins, and Susan Hight. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 9, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day.) . . . **the king and i:** Yul Brynner is the King in this Rodgers and Hammerstein musical taken from a book about Siam. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **south pacific:** Still giving intimations of immortality. George Britton and Martha Wright are playing the leads. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **wish you were here:** An adaptation of Arthur Kober's play about life at a camp in the Catskills. In the cast are Sheila Bond, Jack Cassidy, Patricia Marand, and Paul Valentine. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 9, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day.)

	Page
BOOKS	78
THE CURRENT CINEMA	56
LETTER FROM LONDON	58
THE RACE TRACK	63
TEE AND GREEN	69
TELEVISION	64
THE UNITED NATIONS	70

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Anna Russell and Her Little Show—In this revue, Miss Russell, a vocal caricaturist, will be aided by, among others, Jean Léon Destiné and his company of Haitian dancers, and Paul Duke, a magician. Presented by Eastman Boomer and Arthur Klein. Opens Monday, Sept. 7. (Vanderbilt, 48th St., E. CI 5-7175. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Carnival in Flanders—Dolores Gray and John Raitt in a musical based on the French film. The book is by George Oppenheimer and Preston Sturges; Johnny Burke wrote the lyrics; and James Van Heusen composed the score. Directed by Mr. Sturges and produced by Paula Stone, Mike Sloane, and Messrs. Burke and Van Heusen. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 8. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jones Beach Theatre—A second edition of "A Night in Venice," the Johann Strauss operetta put on last summer by Michael Todd. Ruth and Thomas Martin did the adaptation, and Jack Russell, Nola Fairbanks, and Thomas Hayward head a cast that would fill the Pentagon. (Nightly at 8:30; through Labor Day. For tickets, call CI 5-9220.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades of 1954," produced by John H. Harris and made up of ten numbers that include, for some reason, a badminton game, as well as an abbreviated version of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Opens Thursday, Sept. 10, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 20. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Through Saturday, Sept. 5: Margaret O'Brien in "Kiss and Tell." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 7-12 (final performances of the season): Peggy Ann Garner in "Début," a new play by Mary Drayton. (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinée Wednesday at 2:30.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): "The Second Man." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Thursday at 2:30.)

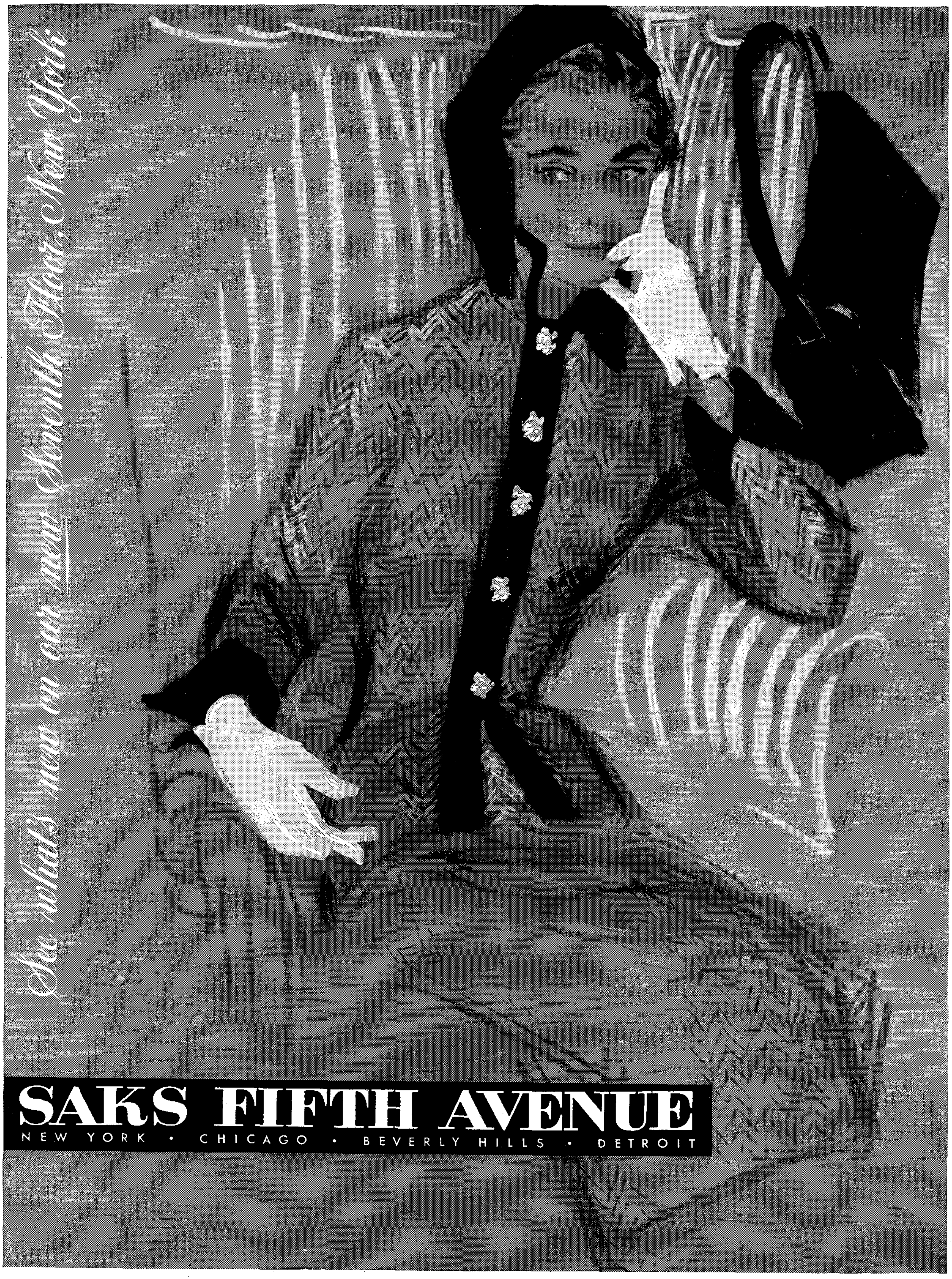
Clinton—Through Saturday, Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): Sidney Blackmer and Judith Evelyn in "The Country Girl." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Friday at 2:40.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): "Show Boat." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly at 8:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): June Havoc in "Affairs of State." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett, Mass. Thursday and Friday at 8:30, and Saturday at 5:30 and 9.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, Sept. 5 (final per-

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXIX, No. 29, September 5, 1953. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1953, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.


See what's new on our new Seventh Floor, New York
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BEVERLY HILLS • DETROIT

TWEED FORMULA FOR DAYTIME-ON: one slim, grey wool herringbone suit—now wonderfully in season. Embellished with black rayon velvet and a sprinkling of rhinestones for a beautiful way to look day-into-night. Sizes 10 to 16. 59.95. By Etta Gaynes. New Seventh Floor. New York. Mail and phone.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

formances of the season): Richard Arlen in "Mister Roberts." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Friday at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): "Traveller's Joy." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Thursday at 2:40.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, Sept. 6 (final performances of the season): "Life with Father." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Nightly at 8:35. Matinée Thursday at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): "Affairs of State." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly at 8:20. Matinée Saturday at 2:20.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): "One Touch of Venus." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): Dagmar in "Personal Appearance." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly at 8:45. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, Sept. 13: "Call Me Madam." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): Hildegarde in a song-and-piano recital. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly at 8:40.)

Millburn—Theatre reopens Tuesday, Sept. 8, with "The Merry Widow." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, Sept. 5: Peggy Ann Garner in "Début," a new play by Mary Drayton. Monday through Saturday, Sept. 7-12: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Sunday, Sept. 6 (final performances of the season): "The Moon Is Blue." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Thursday through Saturday at 8:40, and Sunday at 7:30.)

Moylan—Thursday, Sept. 3: "Too True to Be Good." Friday, Sept. 4: "Heartbreak House." Saturday, Sept. 5: "Arms and the Man." Monday, Sept. 7: "The Rivals." Wednesday, Sept. 9: "The Affairs of Anatol." Thursday, Sept. 10: "The Great Gesture." Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12: "The House of Bernarda Alba." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Evenings at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, Sept. 5: "Gigi." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 7-12 (final performances of the season): "Our Town." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): Gene Raymond and Vicki Cummings in "Be Quiet, My Love," a new comedy. (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

Norwich—Through Saturday, Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): Janet Riley in "The Moon Is Blue." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, Sept. 5: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 7-12 (final performances of the season): Billie Burke in "Life with Mother." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, Sept. 6 (final performances of the season): "The Moon Is Blue." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly at 8:30.)

Provincetown—Through Monday, Sept. 7 (final performances of the season): "Our Betters." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly at 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): "Carousel." (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): Chester Morris, Wynne Gibson, and Betsy von Furstenberg in "The Long Street," a new play by Gant Gaither. (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Thursday at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, Sept. 5: Leon Ames in "The Paradise Question," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Sept. 7-12 (final performances of the season): "The Moon Is Blue." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Smithtown Branch—Through Saturday, Sept. 12 (final performances of the season): "The Moon Is Blue." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly at 8:40.)

Spring Lake—Through Monday, Sept. 7 (final performances of the season): "Skin Deep," a new play. (Ivy Tower Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Sept. 5: "Mister Roberts." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 7-12 (final performances of the season): "Bell, Book and Candle." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Westport—Through Saturday, Sept. 5: David Brooks, Anna Lee, and Luella Gear in "Comin' Thro' the Rye," a play with music by the late Warren P. Munsell, Jr. Monday through Saturday, Sept. 7-12 (final performances of the season): Lillian Gish, John Beal, and Jo Van Fleet in "A Trip to Bountiful," a new play by Horton Foote. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Sept. 6: "Here Today." Tuesday through Sunday, Sept. 8-13 (final performances of the season): "A Lady's Gentleman," a new play by Ronald Alexander. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival will present Ruth St. Denis and others in the final programs this season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. (Lee, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 4-5, at 4 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Every evening but Sunday, Jules Lande's orchestra is in the subterranean Garden, a not quite bottomless pit, providing music for dancing. In between, there's concert piano.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—Sammy Kaye's orchestra is calling the tunes for this enormous upstairs ballroom. Its final night is Saturday, Sept. 5.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Reopens Wednesday, Sept. 9, with the same familiar faces on the bandstand (Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba group) as well as at the tables.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room's latest ice show is about perfumes, so now there's been an ice show about everything but the life cycle of the Muscovy duck. This one is cheerful and fairly well stocked with young ladies. Bernie Cummins' orchestra plays for dancing. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A small orchestra, usually Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the sedate Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully nineteenth-century, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras sprint from one familiar tune to another. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill affords dancing to Lenny Herman's quintet and other music. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The top of the evening, far above Fifth Avenue, and all pink and beautiful. Dance music flows from a perpetual fountain (Milt Shaw's band and another little ensemble), and the dancers are equally tireless. The Roof will be closed Sunday and Labor Day, and will go into winter retirement after Wednesday, Sept. 9. Next night, the Maisonette reopens with Constance Moore, a handsome slice of Hollywood sculpture and melody, and the same dance music. This room, too, will be closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music fills the Café Lounge every afternoon and evening.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—A quartet operates in the cocktail lounge from cocktails through supper. There's dancing after nine. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Basket parties discouraged, children welcome. A happy little orchestra put together by Hugo Pedell, and a rumba band romp along incessantly. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—A small segment of the great outdoors, fully equipped for dancing (after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays), if the weather is on its good behavior. The surrounding greenery is all the handiwork of God, not man.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The situations and the English in the miniature George White revue here are basically basic, but the rampant humor of Fay DeWitt, Lou Nelson, and Georgie Kaye, to say nothing of the architecture of girls like Margie Duncan and Linda Lombard, make up for a great deal of this vitamin deficiency. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba group turn out dance music after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Los Chavales de España, those happy fellows from Spain, have now been here long enough to go native, and some of their music sounds as though they had, but the rest is still passionately Andalusian. Trini Reyes dances to its rapturous pulsings. The locale is the Starlight Roof, where Mischa Borr's band and Emil Coleman's orchestra handle the dance music. No show on Sundays, but Mr. Borr's boys play until twelve.

Note—The sky-high ivory tower called the Rainbow Room serves (from four-thirty to nine except Sundays) as a lounge where, over cocktails, one may study the civic virtues of Union City, West New York, Palisades Amusement Park, and other exotic escapes from reality. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The world revolves at débutante speed whenever the veteran Eddie Davis strikes up his little band. He's in action from eight-thirty on. Closed Saturday, Sept. 5, through Labor Day. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A touch of Park Avenue and a touch of "Pal Joey." During dinner, except Sundays, Johnny Mehegan rattles off truly grown-up piano; he is joined at suppertime by Marshall Grant, another reliable performer. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano and violin after nine-thirty for East Side customers unto the second and third generations. Closed Saturday, Sept. 5,

The London Look

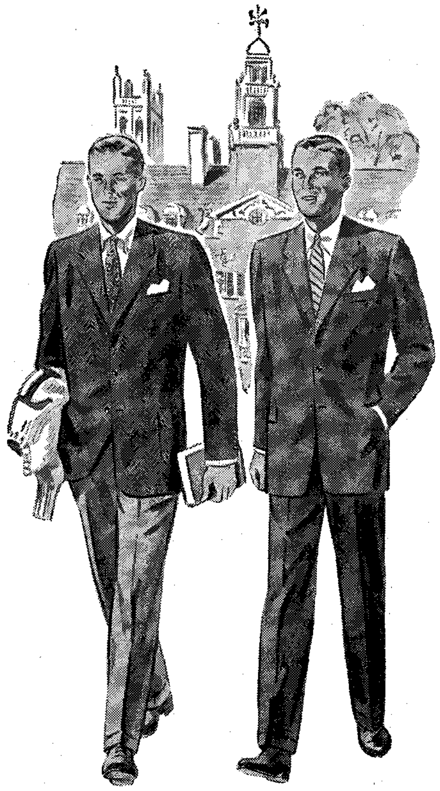
Palumbo

Button-button and you've got John Cavanagh's doubly lovely single breasted

Imported Donegal Tweed so craftily cut it's as slimming as silk. Bias-piping on framed lapels that curve out and up with a petal's grace and lightness. The jacket's natural lean line is narrowed even more by that audacious double row of buttons. Wheat. In sizes 10 to 18. 79.95

Peck *and* Peck

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL
INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • MILWAUKEE • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE



THE NEW BLACK-&-BROWN WEAVES IN CLOTHES FOR SCHOOL & COLLEGE

There's no question that a Black Yarn adds just that touch of richer, darker distinction and good looks to a Brown it could not possibly achieve otherwise. And there's no question, either, that Ivy Group tastes have sensed the superiority of this fine blend . . . and are sponsoring it in a big way for School & College this Fall.

Rogers Peet's University Shop is introducing Black-and-Brown Weaves in Flannel Suits at $65 . . . and in Barleycorn, Herringbone and Diagonal Tweed Sport Jackets that are most outstanding buys at $42.50.

Sizes 34 to 42. Including Longs and Extra Longs.

Write for a copy of the new 1953-54 edition of our illustrated Blue Book on School and College Outfitting.

Rogers Peet
UNIVERSITY SHOP

In New York: 600 Fifth Avenue *at* 48th Street
479 Fifth Avenue *at* 41st Street
258 Broadway *at* Warren Street
In Boston: 104 Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

through Labor Day. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Around nine Jim Mahoney starts his crisp but nostalgic piano recital in this upper-echelon dining room. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A bowing-from-the-waist operation. Addison Bailey is at the piano during dinner and supper. On Sundays, John Kelley, Jr., sits in instead. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): There's Herman Arminski's piano at cocktails, dinner, and supper in the bar of this establishment, a heaping handful of practically mobile décor. Closed Saturday, Sept. 5, through Labor Day. On Tuesday, Sept. 8, Rudy Timfield will take over the dinner and supper piano. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): An old favorite of the small fry that is now a mixture of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): In a cool, comfortable sort of indoor breezeway, there's cool, comfortable piano by Tilli Dieterle (five-thirty to eight) and by José Poniera (nine to one). They play every evening but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Betty Reilly, a highly audible singer with a true pragmatist's point of view, heads the charivari now on tap. Al Bernie is the titular humorist, but the laissez-faire maneuvers of the Copa nautch dancers usually manage to top him. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): An almost open-air summer theatre that is offering (through Monday, Sept. 7) Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, whose sense of humor, though partly lined with remnants of old vaudeville, is nearly all wool and almost a yard wide. Next evening, Frank Sinatra will start singing. The panorama is greatly enhanced by the Hudson, which obligingly meanders right past the landscaping.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Reopens Thursday, Sept. 10, with Kaye Ballard, a skilled hand at free-associational nonsense; Rose Murphy, singing her silly symphonies to her own prankish piano; Leo de Lyon, a purveyor of untrammelled horseplay and of sound effects to match; and Peg La Centra, a well-remembered voice that has not been heard for some years. The backdrop is the happy music of Jimmy Lyons' trio and Bart Howard's piano. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Reopens Friday, Sept. 11, with Sylvia Syms, one of the most original singers of sorrowful and/or sinful ballads; Orson Bean, one of the most original young humorists of these times; and the Concords, a brand-new threesome of folk musicians. Clarence Williams' trio, with Karl Lynch on guitar, will play for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): There's comedy, often quite worldly, by Herb Corey and pretty songs by Annette Warren. Her night off is Sunday; his is Monday. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play vigorous double piano, and Hazel Webster is, as always, the solo pianist. Bygone movies Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): The almost lost art of the salon is still practiced by Mabel Mercer, who has first call on the songs of the best young composers. Sam Hamilton's piano is the appropriate setting. Closed Sundays and Labor Day. The place is over the frequently raucous Show Spot Lounge. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Reopens Tuesday, Sept. 8, with the permanent party—Jimmie Daniels and his Left Bank songs; Mae Barnes, whose voice comes up like thunder; Norene Tate, singer of sad songs; and the polyphonic music of the Three Flames, who are paced by Tiger Haines. Also present will be Charlotte Rae, an apt

Juilliard®

woolens

Two Juilliard textures are better than one for that important "costume look". ARISSA, superb nubby weave with a sleeked-down surface . . . and SHARI, airy wool-and-rabbit's-hair blend in an ensemble by J. L. F. Originals. At Henri Bendel, New York; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D. C.; I. Magnin, San Francisco. For other stores, write A. D. Juilliard & Co., Inc., 40 West 40th Street, New York.

Look for this label

Juilliard
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
woolens*

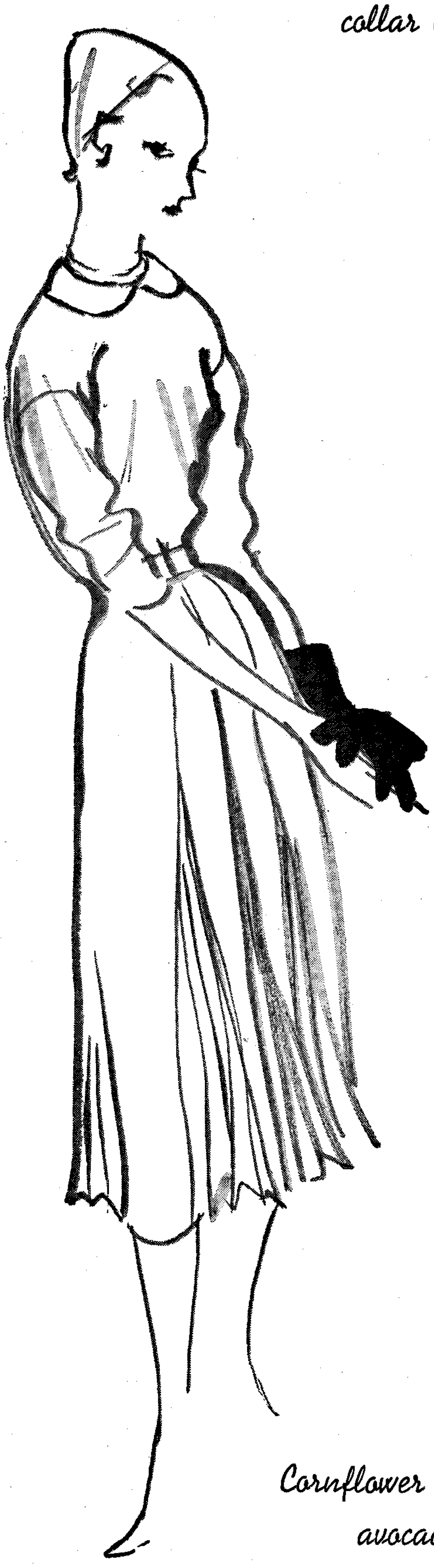
because... "fine fabrics are the foundation of fashion"®

HAT BY MADCAPS
©A. D. J. & CO., INC.

*ARISSA—100% WOOL
SHARI—91% VIRGIN WOOL
9% RABBIT'S HAIR

Young-Timers stir to the realization a worsted jersey is fine preparation for the months ahead. Skirt, all lively motion...cluster pleats unfurling from front and back box pleats. Most casual of bodices...a roll-away collar below the "neck-band."

39.95



Young-Timers
Fourth Floor
Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

Cornflower blue, black, camel, avocado green...sizes 8 to 16.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

student of the finer points of the art of parody. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison lovingly polishes his cornet until it's white-hot. He gets noble backing from Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Cliff Leeman, Gene Schroeder, and sometimes even Mr. Condon. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a hard-riding passel of guest fusiliers. Ralph Sutton plays his glorious four-hand jazz piano during the intermissions. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Ronnie Selby performs high-style dinner piano from six to nine; then Beryl Booker, a sturdy rhythm pianist, sets her all-girl trio in motion; and George Shearing, now become a remarkably loquacious host as well as a famous abstract-piano man, puts his new quintet to work in between his conversation pieces. Closed Sundays. On Monday, Sept. 7, the Booker and Shearing outfits will be replaced by Joe Bushkin's new quartet and another group made up of Jo Jones, Hank Jones, Tyree Glenn, and Tommy Potter.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's boys are again bouncing line drives off the outfield walls. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's band, which involves Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Zutty Singleton, is good enough to persuade anyone that honest, traditional jazz is the best policy. Don Frye is solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays, except Sept. 6.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Bud Powell winds up his demonstration of delicately introspective piano on Wednesday, Sept. 9, and Dizzy Gillespie's shrill crickets depart the same night. Sarah Vaughan, who can twirl her voice into the most astonishing convolutions, will stay on, to be joined next evening by the bands of Slim Gaillard and Terry Gibbs. Mondays are jam-session nights.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Conrad Janis, who wields a fairly puissant trombone, and his tailgaters fill this vasty deep with good music Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. On Sunday, Sept. 6, from five-thirty to nine, Jimmy McPartland's band will team up with the local gossoons in a jam session. Dancing.... **BANDBOX**, 1680 Broadway (CI 5-5970): This giant, economy-size seminar in music for the millions now presents Woody Herman's band, not a frequent visitor in these parts. J. C. Heard's quartet is around, too. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **JACK DEMPSEY'S**, 1619 Broadway (CO 5-7875): Another chophouse has seen the light and gone Dixie. George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, and other old masters start demonstrating at eleven. No music Sundays.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except Mondays, after nine-thirty, the trio belonging to Marian McPartland, a modernist piano player with a mind and a touch of her own, takes up positions in the center of the bar.... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday, Sept. 4-5, a rousing rataplan by (they predict) Wingy Manone, Charlie Shavers, Red Allen, Albert Nicholas, Jimmy Archey, Cecil Scott, Sonny Greer, Freddy Moore, Willie the Lion Smith, and Arvell Shaw in this newly air-conditioned rendezvous. Dancing.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays, except Labor Day, and Tuesday, Sept. 8.... **BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays.... **CLOSTER, N.J.**: Closter Manor (Closter 5-9777); closed Mondays.... **CONGERS, N.Y.**: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays, except Labor Day.... **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726).... **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's Inn

Jewels by Van Cleef & Arpels

First Love of 20,000,000 Motorists!

Surveys indicate that there are more than 20,000,000 motorists in America who would rather own a Cadillac than any other motorcar built in the land. This is doubtless the greatest endorsement ever given an automobile—if not the greatest ever received by *any* manufactured product. But we think you will agree, once you have visited our showroom, that it is an endorsement richly deserved. The 1953 Cadillac is supremely beautiful . . . its interiors are gracious and luxurious almost beyond description . . . and when it comes to performance—well, this is by far the greatest "Standard of the World" ever built. If you are among the millions who hold Cadillac as your "first love," you'd better stop in and see us at your earliest opportunity. One look and one ride—and we think you will agree that this is the perfect year for making your motorcar dreams come true!

YOUR CADILLAC DEALER

PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED
Scotch Whisky
WHITE HORSE ...a leader th

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(OYster Bay 6-0266).... **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394)....¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 9-7384).... **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays.... **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597).... **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Mori's (GReat Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays.... **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588)....¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044).... **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-1604); closed Mondays, except Labor Day, and Tuesday, Sept. 8....¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing every Friday and Saturday evening as well as Thursday, Sept. 3.... **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays, except Labor Day, and Tuesday, Sept. 8.... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano, except Tuesdays....¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628).... **ROSLYN, L.I:** Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays.... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays....¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays, except Labor Day, and Wednesday, Sept. 9.... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays, except Labor Day.... **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (SYosset 6-1706).... **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184).... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

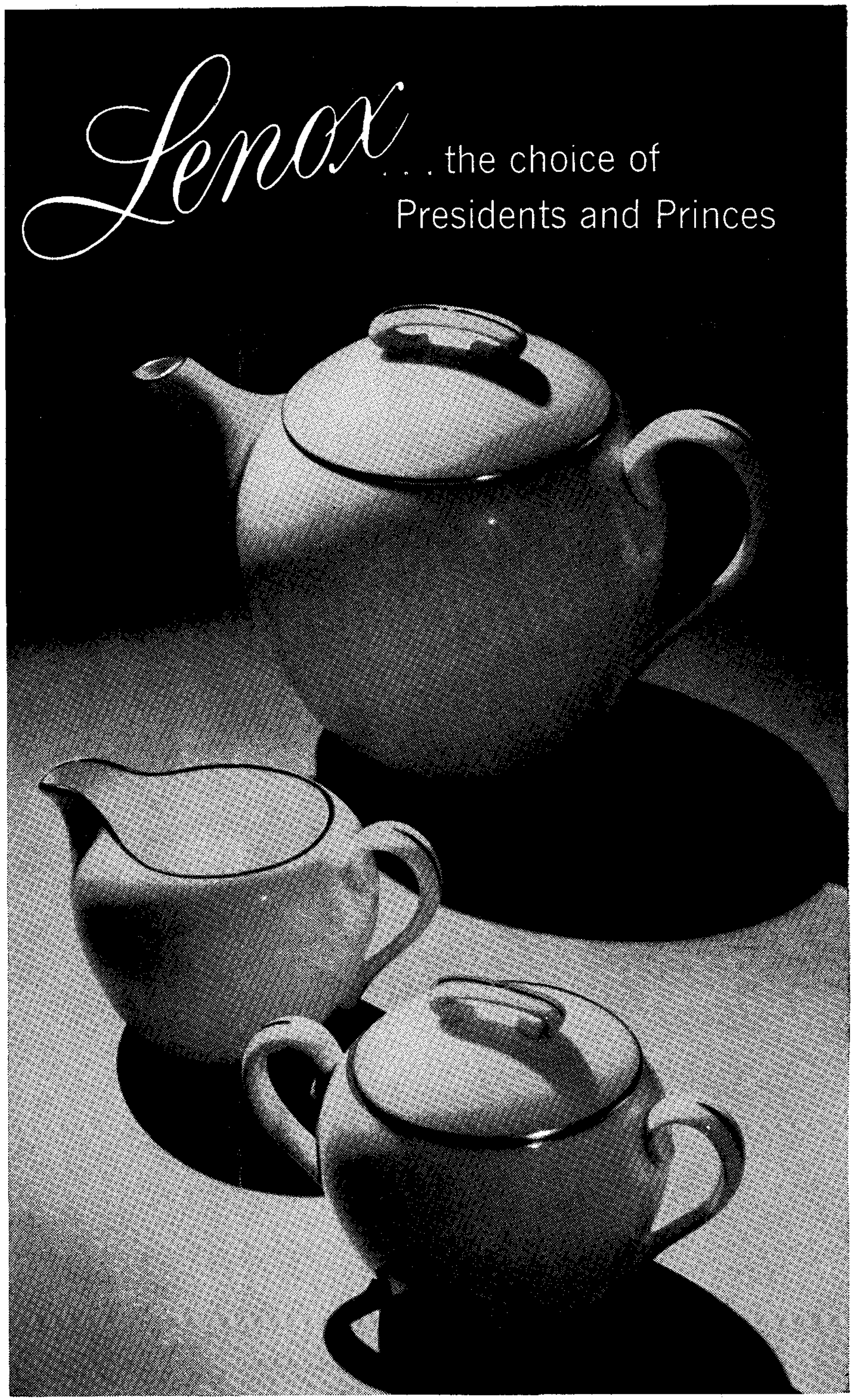
Group Shows—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: The first fall show here comprises a summer's harvest of one oil apiece by each of the twenty-seven members, among them, Philip Evergood, Anton Refregier, and James Turnbull; through Sept. 12. (Closed Labor Day and open Saturday, Sept. 12.) ... **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB,** 15 Gramercy Park: The annual summer members' show, with over a hundred works; through Labor Day. (Daily, noon to 6.) ... **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors, by such gallery members as Leo Quanchi, Joseph Kaplan, and Charles Heidenreich, all of which have been exhibited in museum shows; through Sept. 11. (Mondays, except Labor Day, through Fridays, 11 to 5:30.) ... **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: French landscapes, chosen with a good eye for charm, by an array of artists that ranges from Claude Lorrain to the Impressionists; through Sept. 30. (Closed Labor Day.)

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until dark, starting Thursday, Sept. 10, and continuing through Saturday, Oct. 10.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Hundreds of archeological items and art objects from Palestine, many of them only recently discovered, in an exhibit that traces the history of Biblical countries from prehistoric times through the Byzantine period. Included are a seven-ton porphyry statue of a Roman emperor (circa 200 A.D.), a Neanderthal skull, and ancient manuscripts, implements, weapons, and pottery. (Through Oct. 12.) Also seventy-five paintings by Reuven Rubin, Moshe Mokady, and five other Israeli artists. (Through Labor Day.) Both shows are travelling exhibitions presented by the American Fund for Israel Institutions....¶ An absorbing display of Rembrandt paintings, drawings, and prints, most of them from the Museum's collection; through Labor Day. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Sculpture of the Twentieth Century," a



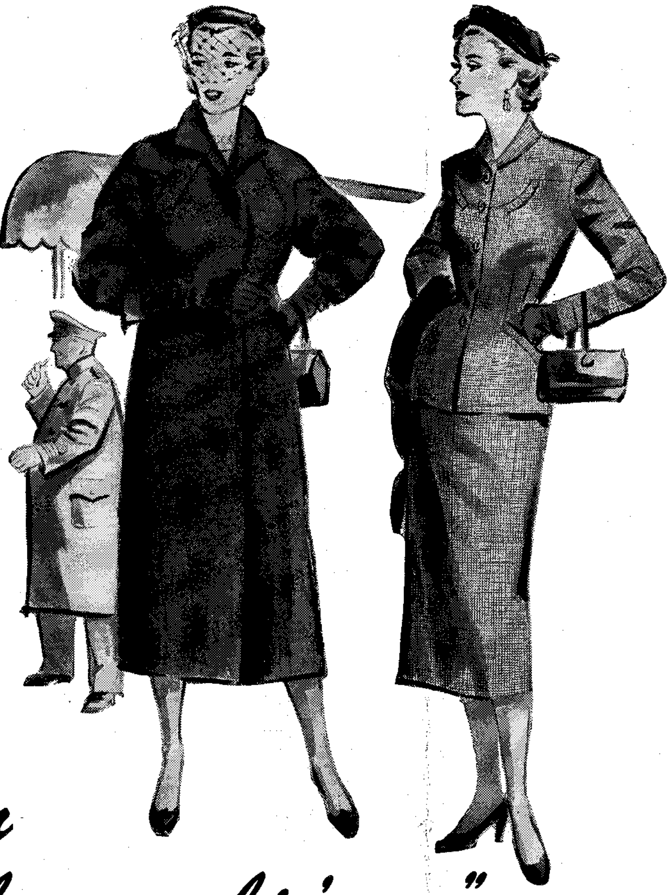
The pattern shown is OLYMPIA. Five-piece place setting is $\$14^{95}$

Presidents of Mexico, Ecuador, Venezuela, Cuba—*and* the United States ... state governors ... ambassadors from abroad—all have chosen Lenox China. No other china has the glowing translucence, the beautiful designs of Lenox! *Every* piece of Lenox China is the *same* fine quality. Choose *your* pattern from the wide variety in fine stores. Amazingly durable, Lenox brings you lifetime beauty!

FOR HELP IN CHOOSING YOUR FINE CHINA send for the name of your nearest authorized Lenox Dealer. Write Lenox, Inc., Dept. 14, Trenton, New Jersey. Enclose 25¢ if you wish "The Reference Book of Fine China" with full-color pattern and price leaflets.

LENOX CHINA

AMERICA'S WORLD-FAMOUS FINE CHINA



"From Abercrombie's . . ."

Women, who know good sports clothes, need not see the hidden labels when they encounter well-dressed women at spectator sports events or in city circles where gracious living is the rule.

Especially is this true of tweeds. For generations we have imported the finest foreign tweeds and other sports fabrics and have selected the best the domestic market offers. So when the clothes-wise see a sportswoman, perfectly dressed, unconsciously they say, "From Abercrombie's!"

STROOCK FLEECE COAT $105.00
A new shoulder line and a small square collar. It has the new straight lines and push-up sleeves. Sable color only. Sizes 10-16.

TWEED SUIT $85.00
A tweed suit in a mixture that gives the appearance of a sable color. Jacket has high collar and very interesting yoke detail which gives it width at the top. The skirt has a low kick pleat in the back. Sizes 12-18.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
CHICAGO STORE: **VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE** 9 NORTH WABASH

handsome, informative loan show, documenting the development of modern sculpture since the beginning of this century; through Labor Day. . . . ¶ A retrospective of over a hundred graphics by Jacques Villon, some of them dating back to the eighteen-nineties; starting Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Mondrian, Klee, and Brancusi are among those represented in a showing of oils and sculptures, for the most part, left to the Museum by the late Katherine S. Dreier; through Oct. 4. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A selection from the Museum's collection of Winslow Homer's water colors on vacation subjects, plus one of his oils called "In the White Mountains;" through Labor Day. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

INTERVAL CONCERTS—Paul Matthen, bass; Joseph Marx, oboe; Irving Becker, violin; Maurice Bialkin, cello; and Claude Jean Chiasson, harpsichord, in an all-Bach recital. The first in a series of four programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Thursday, Sept. 3, at 8:30.)

NAUMBURG SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Julius Rudel conducting, with Louis Sgarra, bass. (Central Park Mall. Monday, Sept. 7, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

CONNECTICUT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Leroy Anderson conducting the last in a series of six summer pops concerts, with Jan Peerce, tenor. (Fairfield University Field, Fairfield, Conn. Friday, Sept. 4, at 8:45.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet presenting the final performance in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, Sept. 6, at 4.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, Sept. 3, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dodgers, Friday, Sept. 4, at 8:30; Saturday, Sept. 5, at 1:30; and Sunday, Sept. 6, at 2. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Monday, Sept. 7, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, Sept. 3, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Monday, Sept. 7, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Sept. 9, at 8:30, and Thursday, Sept. 10, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, at 2.

BOXING—Lulu Perez vs. Dave Gallardo, featherweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Sept. 4. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

GOLF—Walker Cup Matches. (Kittansett Club, Marion, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 4-5.) . . . ¶ Long Island Seniors Golf Association Championship. (Seawane Harbor Club, Hewlett. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 9-10.)

HORSE SHOWS—Maryland State Fair Horse Show. (Timonium, Md. Through Saturday, Sept. 12.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook, L.I. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12.)

INTERNATIONAL MARITIME RACES—Saturday, Sept. 12—Well, to begin with, a marine parade with at least two destroyers, a fireboat, around twenty tugs, yachts, and other floating craft will leave the Battery at 1 and proceed up the Hudson River to Grant's Tomb, at W. 122nd St. Then, starting from there at 2, the tugboats will compete in four races over a two-mile course back to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, at W. 89th St. These will be followed by a lifeboat race between American and Norwegian and other foreign crews. (For the benefit of the American Seamen's Friend Society; a special observation boat for the events will leave Pier 1, Battery Place, at 1.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—National Sweepstakes. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 12-13.)

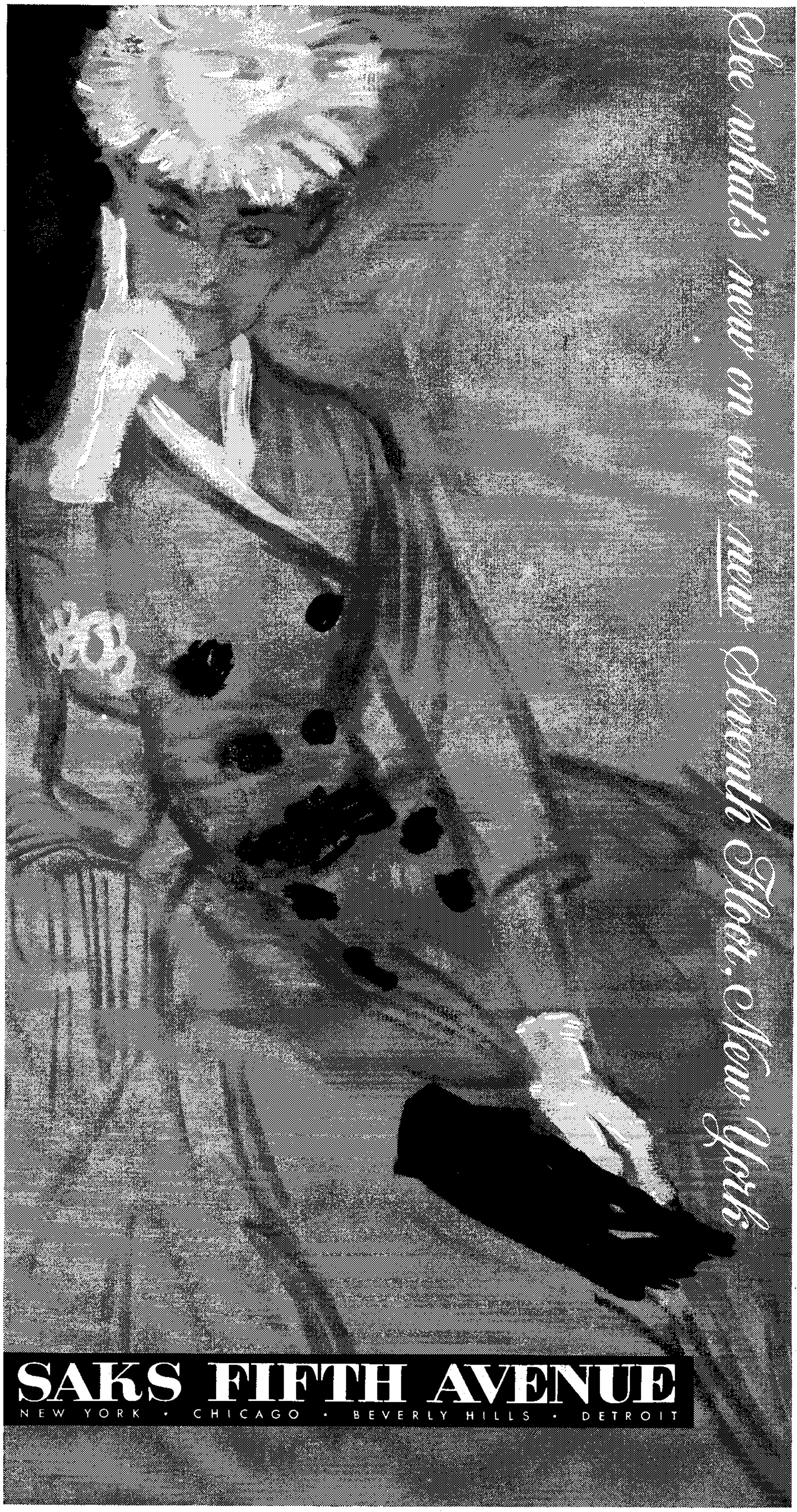
POLO—At **BOSTWICK FIELD**, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase: Na-

Exquisite nylon tricot with luxurious nylon Alençon lace accents. In Petal Pink, Cloud White, Black. $8.95

Paris-inspired Tulip Slip

underscores the slim new silhouette!

—and Van Raalte is famous for gloves and stockings, too!


See what's new on our new Seventh Floor, New York

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BEVERLY HILLS • DETROIT

S. F. A's GREAT DAY-GREY: wonderful wool flannel swept full like a great coat, buttoned like a coachman. The all-around dress to make every part of your day (and figure) a beautiful one. Medium or dark grey, white silk ascot. Size 7 to 15. 45.00. By Junior Sophisticates. NEW SEVENTH FLOOR. New York. Mail and phone orders filled.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tional Twenty-Goal Championship Tournament. Semifinal, Thursday, Sept. 3, at 5; final, Sunday, Sept. 6, at 3:30.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, Sept. 19. The Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 5; the Bay Shore Handicap, Monday, Sept. 7; the Babylon Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 9; and the Vagrancy and the Edgemere Handicaps, Saturday, Sept. 12. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:15.) . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Wednesday, Oct. 7. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 10:30.)

Tennis—National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Through Monday, Sept. 7. Tickets may be obtained at Spalding's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St.; the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St.; and the West Side Tennis Club.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, Sept. 26. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 7:04; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49.) . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Monday, Sept. 7, through Saturday, Oct. 10.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset, L.I. Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 9-13.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The General Assembly having adjourned, activities will be more or less quiescent this week; however, there will be periodic sessions of the Security Council and meetings of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. Mondays through Fridays. For tickets, call PL 4-1234, Ext. 634, the day before you want to go, or write to Admissions Office, United Nations, New York, ten days in advance.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes, daily from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 22 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Hayden Planetarium—The current show, "Destination Saturn," concerns a round trip, with a space-station stop, to two of Saturn's satellites, from which closeup observations of the planet are made. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays, except Labor Day, through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Labor Day at 11, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 6: "Desire" (1936), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 7: "A Royal Scandal" (1945), with Tallulah Bankhead and William Eythe. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Sept. 13-17, Sept. 22-23, and Sept. 25-27. . . . **ebbets field:** Sept. 19-22. . . . **polo grounds:** Sept. 19-20. . . . **world series:** Starts Sept. 30, if there are no tie playoffs.

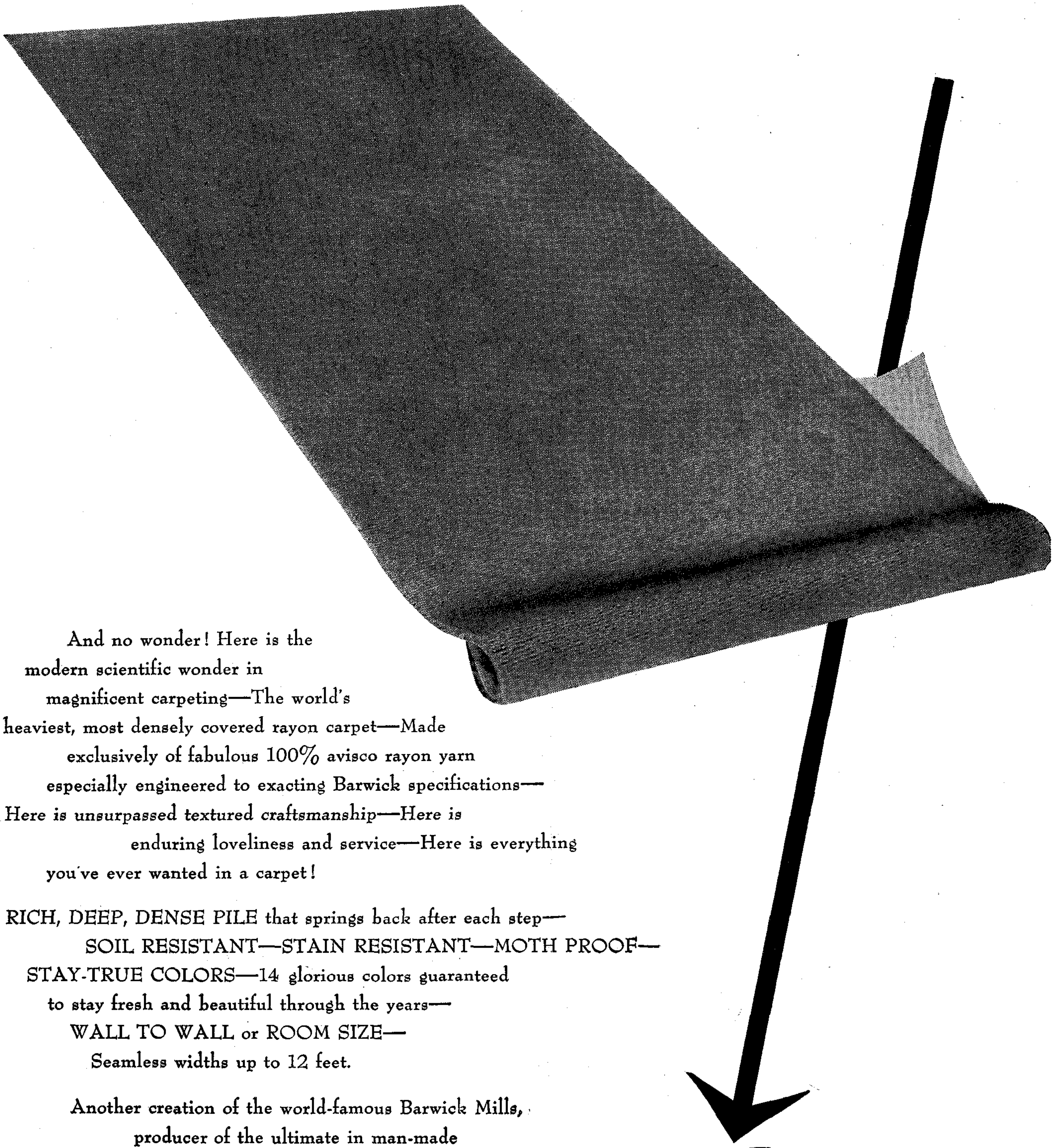
Boxing—Rocky Marciano vs. Roland La Starza, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Polo Grounds. Sept. 24.)

Dog Shows—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury. Sept. 27.) . . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Oct. 3.) . . . ¶ Westchester Kennel Club. (Rye. Oct. 11.)

College Football—Some early games of the season—**saturday, sept. 26:** Brown vs. Amherst, at Providence; Columbia vs. Lehigh, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca; Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Lynn, Mass.;

all america's talking about it!

Barwick's ROYAL MANOR

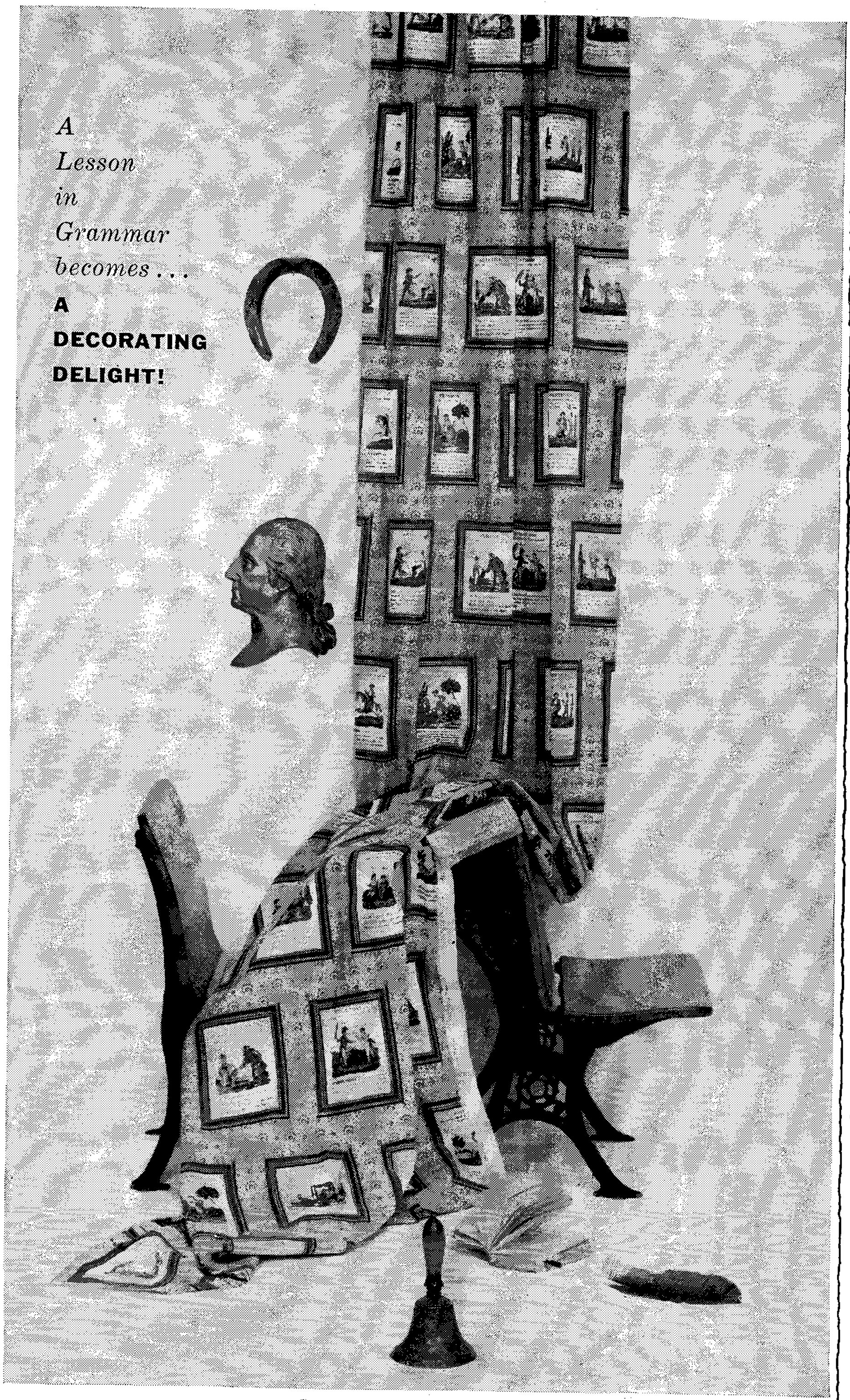


And no wonder! Here is the
modern scientific wonder in
magnificent carpeting—The world's
heaviest, most densely covered rayon carpet—Made
exclusively of fabulous 100% avisco rayon yarn
especially engineered to exacting Barwick specifications—
Here is unsurpassed textured craftsmanship—Here is
enduring loveliness and service—Here is everything
you've ever wanted in a carpet!

RICH, DEEP, DENSE PILE that springs back after each step—
SOIL RESISTANT—STAIN RESISTANT—MOTH PROOF—
STAY-TRUE COLORS—14 glorious colors guaranteed
to stay fresh and beautiful through the years—
WALL TO WALL or ROOM SIZE—
Seamless widths up to 12 feet.

Another creation of the world-famous Barwick Mills,
producer of the ultimate in man-made
fiber carpets and world's largest maker
of fine cotton carpeting.

E T Barwick Mills
Makers of fine carpeting
OLD PEACHTREE ROAD, CHAMBLEE, GEORGIA



Schumacher's
"MIND YOUR MANNERS"

Just one of the many unusual fabrics from Schumacher's . . . the name synonymous with smart decorating, the world over.

Available only through interior decorators and decorating departments of better stores.
Companion wallpaper available

"Quality is a Schumacher Tradition"

F. SCHUMACHER & Co. • 60 W. 40th St., N.Y. 18, N.Y. • FABRICS • CARPETS • WALLPAPERS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis; Princeton vs. Lafayette, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, OCT 3: Harvard vs. Ohio University, at Cambridge, and Pennsylvania vs. Pennsylvania State, at Philadelphia. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 10: Army vs. Dartmouth, at West Point; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton; and Syracuse vs. Fordham, at Syracuse.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners; an exhibition game for the benefit of the Free Milk Fund for Babies. (Polo Grounds. Sept. 17.)

GOLF—Westchester Seniors' Golf Association Championship. (Westchester Hills Golf Club, White Plains. Sept. 16-17.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Rockville Country Club, Rockville Centre, L.I. Sept. 22-24.)

HORSE SHOWS—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, L.I. Sept. 17-19.) . . . ¶ Bryn Mawr-Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Sept. 23-26.) . . . ¶ Farmington Hunt Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va. Oct. 10-11.)

HUNT RACING—Foxcatcher Hounds. (Fairhill, Md. Sept. 12 and 19.) . . . ¶ Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club. (Flourtown, Pa. Sept. 26.) . . . ¶ Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Oct. 7 and 10.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Sept. 19-20.)

POLO—National Open Championship. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury. Sept. 13, 20, and 27.)

RACING—At BELMONT PARK: Sept. 21-Oct. 10. The Futurity, Oct. 3. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK: Oct. 8-Nov. 11. . . . JAMAICA: Oct. 12-17.

SPORTS-CAR ROAD RACING—Grand Prix and other races. (Watkins Glen, N.Y. Sept. 19.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Sept. 28-Nov. 14.

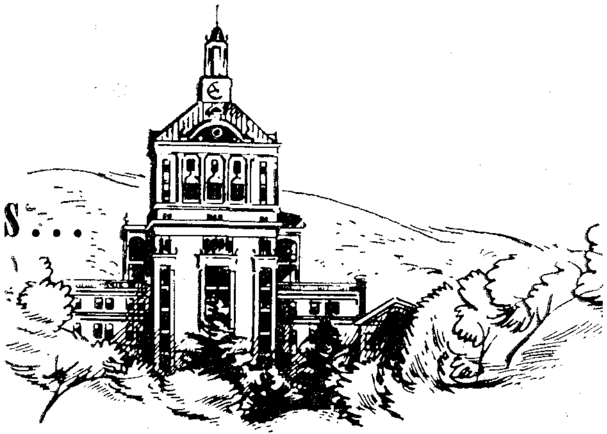
MUSIC—OPERA: New York City Opera Company, at the City Center, Oct. 8-Nov. 8. . . . CARNEGIE HALL: Opening performance of the Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Opening performance here of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Ruggiero Ricci, violin, Oct. 14. . . . TOWN HALL: Zinka Milanov, soprano, Oct. 11. . . . ¶ Appleton and Field, duo piano, Oct. 14.

BALLET—Sadler's Wells Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, Sept. 13-Oct. 11.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "A Red Rainbow," a play by Myron C. Fagan, with Howard Smith. . . . ¶ A British play called "A Pin to See the Peepshow," written by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood and with Joan Miller heading the cast. . . . ¶ Ethel Waters and Reginald Beane in "At Home with Ethel Waters." . . . ¶ A drama by Louis Peterson, "Take a Giant Step," in which Frederick O'Neal and Maxine Sullivan will appear. . . . ¶ "The Strong Are Lonely," a play by Fritz Hochwalder adapted by Eva Le Gallienne; Victor Francen and Dennis King are in the cast. . . . ¶ Deborah Kerr, John Kerr, and Leif Erickson in "Tea and Sympathy," a play by Robert Anderson. . . . ¶ Victor Borge's one-man show, "Concert in Comedy." . . . ¶ "The Little Hut," an adaptation by Nancy Mitford of André Roussin's comedy. It has in its cast Roland Culver and Anne Vernon. . . . ¶ A comedy, "The Paradise Question," by Walter Hart and Richard Maibaum, with Leon Ames and Barbara Robbins. . . . ¶ Arlene Francis, Lucile Watson, and Neil Hamilton in a comedy by Rosemary Casey, "Late Love." . . . ¶ "The Teahouse of the August Moon," a comedy by John Patrick based on the novel of the same name by Vern Sneider. The stars are David Wayne and John Forsythe.

OTHER DATES—Quarterly federal income-tax payments are due on Tuesday, Sept. 15. . . . ¶ Dahlia Show, at Essex House, Sept. 22-23. . . . ¶ Rodeo, at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 23-Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Daylight Saving Time ends Sunday, Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Registration period for the Nov. 3 elections, Oct. 5-10. . . . ¶ Columbus Day is Monday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ New York Antiques Fair, in the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 12-17.

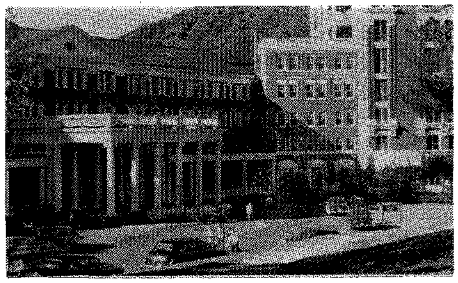
One of the world's classic vacations . . .



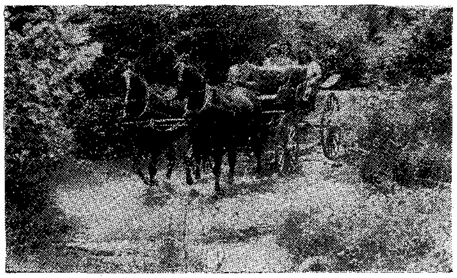
Autumn at THE HOMESTEAD

HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

Golf courses at The Homestead include the famous "Cascades"



The hotel's colonial entrance in the "old South" tradition



Riding and driving are fine ways to enjoy the scenery

High in the beautiful Virginia Alleghanies, The Homestead's 17,000-acre estate captures the full brilliance of Autumn.

At The Homestead this means golf on championship courses . . . tennis on superbly groomed courts . . . horseback rides and carriage drives over quiet trails . . . against a background of lovely scenery.

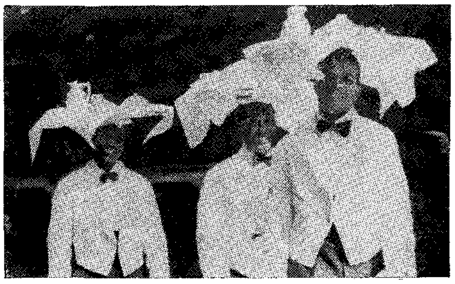
With the distinguished Virginia Hot Springs social scene, and The Homestead's world-famous service, it is a most satisfying vacation.

Write The Homestead for rates and folders.

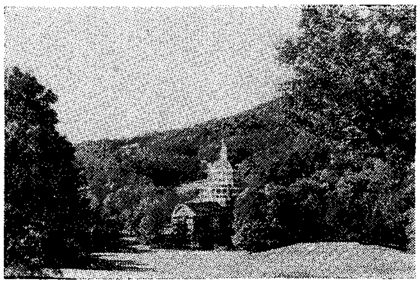
The HOMESTEAD HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

New York Office in
The Chatham — PLaza 8-2490

Washington Office in
the Barr Bldg. — REpublic 7-1764



The Homestead is famous for smooth Southern Service



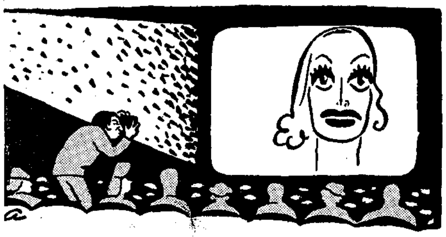
The mountains present broad vistas of bright fall color

The 4-field skeet layout is one of the finest in the East

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Breaking the Sound Barrier—A stimulating English film about jet planes. Ralph Richardson is admirable as an airplane manufacturer hipped on speed, and Ann Todd is effective as his daughter. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Sept. 3.)

Call Me Madam—Maybe the book of this musical film is a trifle loose-knit, but you ought to enjoy Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Vera-Ellen, George Sanders, and Billy De Wolfe as they go about taking up some of the slack. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 5.)

The Cruel Sea—The Monsarrat novel has been turned into an epic film of the British sea-lane fight against the U-boats. Eric Ambler did the screenplay, and Jack Hawkins plays the sore-put Captain Ericson. It all works out wonderfully well. An English picture. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Face to Face—A couple of tales by Conrad and Crane—"The Secret Sharer" and "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky"—hooked together in a first-class movie. James Mason makes a likely mariner in the first part of the film, and Minor Watson is very droll as a besotted old two-gun badman in the second. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 9.)

Fanfan the Tulip—Gérard Philipe simulates a number of the gymnastic feats of Douglas Fairbanks in this merry French burlesque of movie costume drama. The picture includes lively gibes at some of the haphazard aspects of love and war. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Sept. 5-8.)

From Here to Eternity—A rousing movie version of the James Jones novel about army life on Hawaii before the Second World War. Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra play the soldiers who figure most prominently, and they all do a fine job. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

Julius Caesar—A West Coast cultural endeavor that moves with a tread so stately it sometimes seems to be making no progress at all. However, the film does have the virtue of employing James Mason as Brutus, John Gielgud as Cassius, and Edmond O'Brien as Casca, all of whom are apt in their Shakespearean readings. (Booth, 222 W. 45th, CI 6-5969. Showings at 2:45 and 8:45; extra performances Sundays at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Moon Is Blue—Some unusual dialogue and an occasional comic flutter make this version of the F. Hugh Herbert play reasonably tolerable. With Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Roman Holiday—William Wyler produced and directed this thoroughly engaging escapade in Rome, during which a princess, tiring of the royal routine, takes in the sights and sounds of the ancient city. Audrey Hepburn is outstanding as the princess. With Gregory Peck and Eddie Albert. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Rome, 11 O'Clock—A melodramatic Italian medley concerning the lives of several young ladies who are involved in the collapse of a stairway on which they have lined up to apply for a petty job. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Sword and the Rose—Old Henry VIII again, eating with his fingers and matching wits with his sister, a determined young lady who has a nonroyal boy friend. Occasionally tedious, but, in general, a good clean Technicolor romance. With Glynis Johns. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

REVIVALS

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)—Remarque's grim description of what the common soldier was up against in the war to end wars. Louis Wolheim and Lew Ayres. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 6-7.)

Along Came Jones (1945)—Gary Cooper, Loretta Young, and Dan Duryea in a burlesque Western. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Sept. 7-8.)

The Brave Bulls (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 9.)

Caesar and Cleopatra (1946)—G. B. Shaw's conception of the conqueror. An English film, with Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Sept. 4.)

Captain Boycott (1947)—Nasty landlords in the eighteen-eighties, and how the Irish dealt with them. An English picture, with Stewart Granger and Kathleen Ryan. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 4.)

Casque d'Or (1952)—Love and crime in apache Paris, circa 1900. A French film, with Simone Signoret and Serge Reggiani. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 3.)

Come Back, Little Sheba (1952)—Shirley Booth in the adaptation of the play built around the misfortunes of an alcoholic and his slatternly spouse. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 6.)

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Sept. 4. . . . ¶ 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Sept. 8-9.)

Destry Rides Again (1939)—Marlene Dietrich's début in horse opera. With Una Merkel and James Stewart. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 5-6.)

The Glass Menagerie (1950)—The Tennessee Williams drama, not much altered. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 9.)

Golden Boy (1939)—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and William Holden in the Odets play. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 3.)

Great Expectations (1947)—An English picture based on Dickens' story, with Valerie Hobson and John Mills. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 6-8.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and James Gleason. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 7-8. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Sept. 9.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 9.)

Kon-Tiki (1951)—That trip on a raft from Peru to Polynesia. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 5.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Sept. 8-9.)

Last Holiday (1950)—Alec Guinness as a presumably doomed salesman having his final fling at a fancy watering place. A British picture. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Sept. 6-7.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—More Guinness, this time purloining the assets of the Bank of England, with the connivance of Stanley Holloway. An English picture. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 3.)

Oliver Twist (1951)—John Howard Davies as Oliver and Alec Guinness as Fagin. An English film. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Sept. 6-7.)

Outcast of the Islands (1952)—Conrad's novel about a wandering wastrel of the South Seas. An English picture, with Trevor Howard and Ralph Richardson. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Sept. 3.)

The Ox-Bow Incident (1943)—A lynching out West. With Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 5.)

Pearls of the Crown (1938)—Sacha Guitry's tricky history of some famous jewels. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 7.)

The Snake Pit (1948)—The rigors of an overcrowded mental hospital. With Olivia de Havilland. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Sept. 9.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a shabby New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Sept. 6-8. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 8.)

Trio (1950)—The second collection of Somerset Maugham stories. A British item, with Jean Simmons and James Hayter. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 3. . . . ¶ 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Sept. 5.)

Two Cents Worth of Hope (1952)—An Italian comedy played against a background of poverty and unemployment by a cast of amateurs. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Sept. 4.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 14.

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Stalag 17," William Holden, Don Taylor.

Booth, 222 W. 45th. (CI 6-5969)
JULIUS CAESAR.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
"Fair Wind to Java," Fred MacMurray, Vera Ralston.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The War of the Worlds," Gene Barry, Ann Robinson.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
ROMAN HOLIDAY.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Sept. 8: "Plunder of the Sun," Glenn Ford, Diana Lynn.
From Sept. 9: "Island in the Sky," John Wayne, Lloyd Nolan.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
THE SWORD AND THE ROSE.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Mr. Scoutmaster," Clifton Webb, Edmund Gwenn.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Sept. 9: "Wings of the Hawk," a 3-D film, with Van Heflin and Julia Adams.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE MOON IS BLUE.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
ROME, 11 O'CLOCK (in Italian).

IN DEFENCE OF FREEDOM . . . IN PURSUIT OF PEACE . . . NUMBER 8 IN A SERIES

$T_\phi = T + \frac{1}{4}\phi\,(\delta T/\delta\phi)$ *—What does it mean?*

To most of us *nothing* . . . but to Ted Bromley, a research man at High Duty Alloys, it is a formula he uses every day. Here he is fatigue-testing a Sapphire jet engine compressor blade . . . testing the metal that goes into these vital blades to be sure they can withstand the tremendous heat.

High Duty Alloys are the leading British manufacturers of aluminium alloys in the form of ingots, billets, forgings, extrusions, sand and die castings. At their superb modern factories at Slough, Redditch and Distington are made many of the airframe components of Britain's air fleets and the blades and impellers of gas turbine compressors. There too are made many everyday products . . . moulds for hot water bottles, bicycle crank shafts, domestic as well as many complicated industrial products . . . rainwater goods, bobbins for textile mills, castings for electrical equipment, plough yokes for tractors, machine tool frames. At Redditch is housed a giant new 12,000 ton forging press . . . one of the biggest in Europe !

High Duty Alloys is another of the companies of the great Hawker Siddeley Group, the industrial commonwealth that serves Britain in peace and in war. The Group is renowned for its jet aircraft and jet engines — the Hawker Hunter, the Gloster Javelin, the Avro Vulcan, the Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire, the Sea Hawk, the Shackleton, the Avro Canada Orenda — but not so many people know that the Group and its 60,000 employees in plants all over England make all manner of equipment for 50 different peace-time industries — farming, building, transport, heavy and light engineering and alloys.

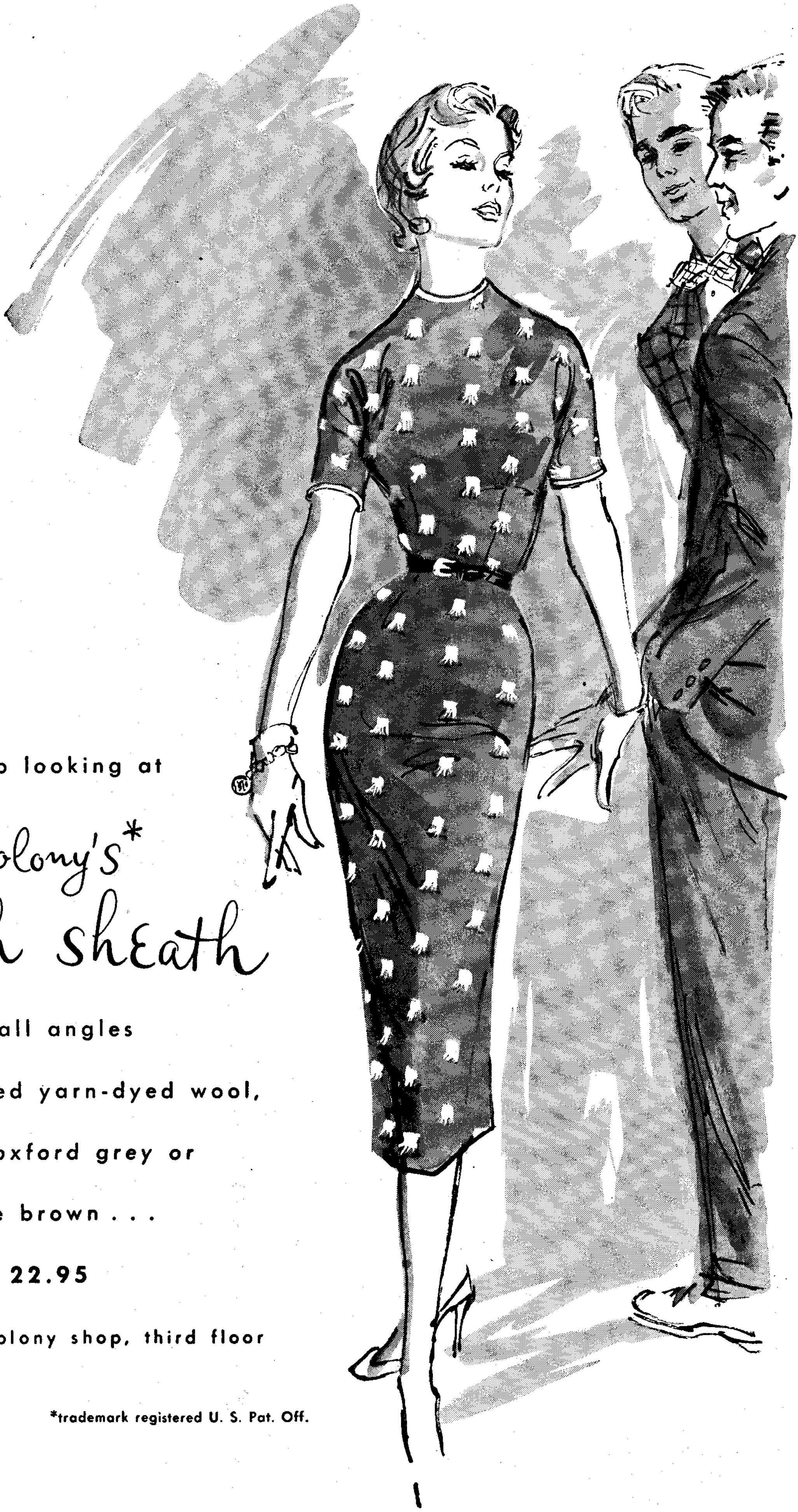
"Hiduminium" and "Magnuminium" are trade marks of High Duty Alloys Ltd. These are available as castings, extrusions, forgings and stampings. They are also available for export as rolled sheet, strip, circles and plate. For more detailed information . . . or if you have a problem in alloys, may we suggest you write to the Managing Director, High Duty Alloys Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

Hawker Siddeley Group

18 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1.

PIONEER . . . AND WORLD LEADER IN AVIATION

A. V. ROE · GLOSTER · ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH · HAWKER · AVRO CANADA · ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY
HAWKSLEY · BROCKWORTH ENGINEERING · AIR SERVICE TRAINING · HIGH DUTY ALLOYS



they can't stop looking at

*Young Colony's**

Eyelash sheath

winking from all angles

in gaily fringed yarn-dyed wool,

tone-on-tone oxford grey or

milk chocolate brown . . .

sizes 7 to 15, 22.95

Altman Young Colony shop, third floor

*trademark registered U. S. Pat. Off.

B. ALTMAN & CO. Fifth Avenue at 34th Street . . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Malenkov regime, according to a recent news dispatch from Frankfurt, is much more tolerant of love than Stalin's ever was. "The Russian press, for the first time that veteran American diplomats in the Russian capital can recall," the item said, "is reporting love from the romantic angle. Russian girls apparently have become free to fall in love with a man simply because he has broad shoulders or is a good dancer and not necessarily because he exceeds his production norms in the tractor plant." Do veteran American diplomats abroad, for gosh sakes, really believe that in the free, non-Soviet world broad shoulders and nimble feet are the *sine qua non* of romance? One wife we know says she loves her husband specifically because of, not in spite of, the slope of his shoulders and the fact that he can't keep time to music. The diplomats' point of view may prevail in Tin Pan Alley, where it is espoused by lyricists with heavily padded shoulders, but we would like to think that the Foreign Service has a somewhat loftier and more sensitive attitude toward love.

IT just struck us that, to judge from advance summaries, the new Kinsey Report scarcely alludes to love, which is a hard thing to pin down taxonomically, and altogether a very complicated thing—as complicated as the assembly line in a tractor factory. A wedding in Spain, one country resolutely outside the Soviet orbit, was abruptly cancelled the other day when the presumptive bride, a gypsy girl, entering the church for the ceremony, changed her mind and bolted. Before leaving, she took off her shoes and threw them aside. Why? We hope that veteran diplomatic observers in Madrid will enlighten us.

The Small Elusive

THE dollar bill, which in these inflationary days has no more weight than a butterfly's wing, is being given a bit of substance by the *Daily Mirror,* a tabloid that considers itself in balance because it prints everybody from Dorothy Dix to Walter Winchell. The method the *Mirror* employs to restore the dollar to the sort of eminence it had when Phil the Fiddler was knocking himself out for three dollars a month and carfare is to print the serial numbers of several bills—or Lucky Bucks, as the *Mirror* calls them—each day and to offer from twenty-five to two thousand dollars for them if they are submitted within seven days. Prodded by an avaricious friend of ours, who currently carries nothing but one-dollar bills, we moved in on Charles McCabe, the publisher of the *Mirror,* one day last week to see how he was doing in the role of Lord Bountiful.

"Let me speak candidly," said Mr. McCabe.

We told him we had no objection to that.

"Well," he went on, gazing fondly at an inscribed photograph of President and Mrs. Eisenhower on a shelf above his desk, "there is really nothing particularly original about this idea. Back in 1925, the *Mirror* offered to redeem two-dollar bills at more than their face value, and in 1929 it did the same thing with some money stolen in a robbery. People weren't told at the time that the money was hot, but anyhow the campaign lasted only four weeks or so."

We asked Mr. McCabe whether the Lucky Buck business had helped his circulation.

"No, I don't think so," he said. "But what we want out of this is talk. When you have a circulation of a million, it's a good thing to keep the readers enthusiastic. This Lucky Buck affair costs us about ten thousand a week, which is twenty-five hundred more than running baseball and football contests costs us. But it needed a whole army to keep track of the scores there, whereas this routine is an elementary matter. Take a look at this." Mr. McCabe proffered an envelope on which was printed "To be filled out by spender. Spent by. Where. When." "The way we manage Lucky Bucks," he went on, "is to give them to about fifty of the employees around here. The accounting department sees to it that old bills are mixed up with new ones, and it isn't until the bills are in the hands of our spenders that such things as the jackpot bill [W 07083125 F last week] and the Bonus Buck are decided upon."

Mr. McCabe went on to say that there has been no particular uproar around the *Mirror* offices since Lucky Bucks were introduced, seven weeks ago, and that only between fourteen and eighteen people show up on a given day to cop the twenty-five dollars or more for having the proper currency aboard. "Sometimes," said Mr. McCabe, "winning means a good deal. A couple of weeks ago, the widow of an ex-service man, with children six, five, and four, won five hundred dollars. And she needed an operation that cost two hundred dollars. We didn't print this."

"Why not?" we asked.

"Matter of taste," said Mr. McCabe. "Only last week I drove into a gas station in Westchester County, where I live, and was followed by a couple who figured I was about to spring a jackpot bill. Actually, I've spent only one jackpot bill. It was in Gimbel's, and I bought some toothpaste. The bill we've got out now that is worth two thousand dollars was originally spent in Macy's, but what happened to it after that nobody knows. There's always a time limit on turning Lucky Bucks in. I might add that this whole thing will probably be abandoned a week or so after Labor Day. Already, I sense that people aren't talking about Lucky Bucks as much as they were. There was one fine day here when the cashier in charge of paying off on the Lucky Bucks thought he was running out of money. He didn't, though. He had six hundred dollars left over."

We said goodbye to Mr. McCabe and headed for the elevator. "They're working a hell of a lot of 'R's today," the operator remarked. "You want to see a funny thing?"

We said yes.

"O.K.," he said, pulling a dollar bill from his pocket. "Right here I got an R 20236262 G. You want to know what I should have? R 20236263 G—that's what I should have. But not me. If they run that Native Dancer against a lead pony, he'd lose if I'm on him."

More or less in passing, we took a look at the one-dollar bills we had in our wallet. None of them came near the *Mirror's* specifications.

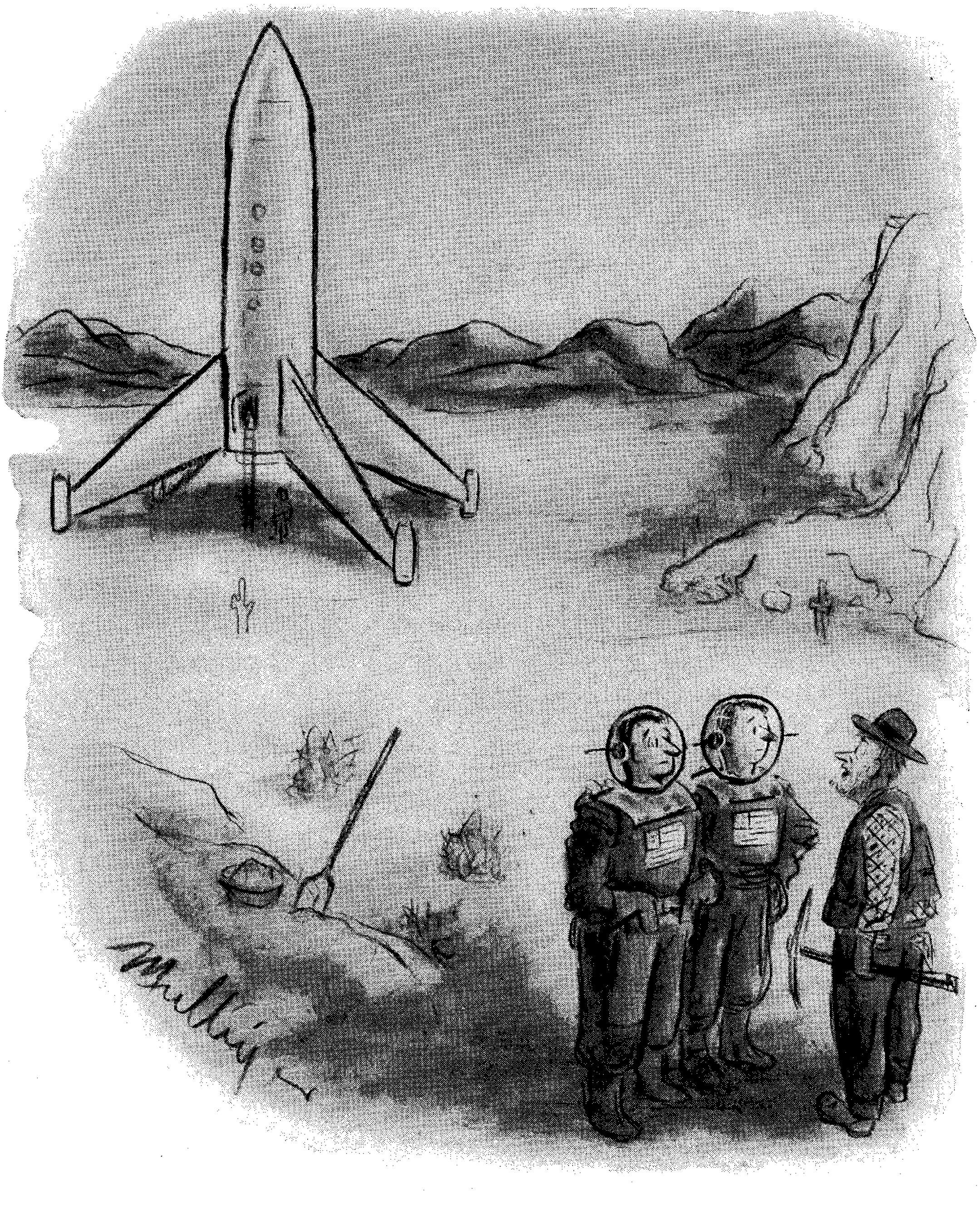
◆

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: On its letterhead, the Ashley Hotel of Jackson, Minnesota, says it is "convenient to everything, including better hotels."

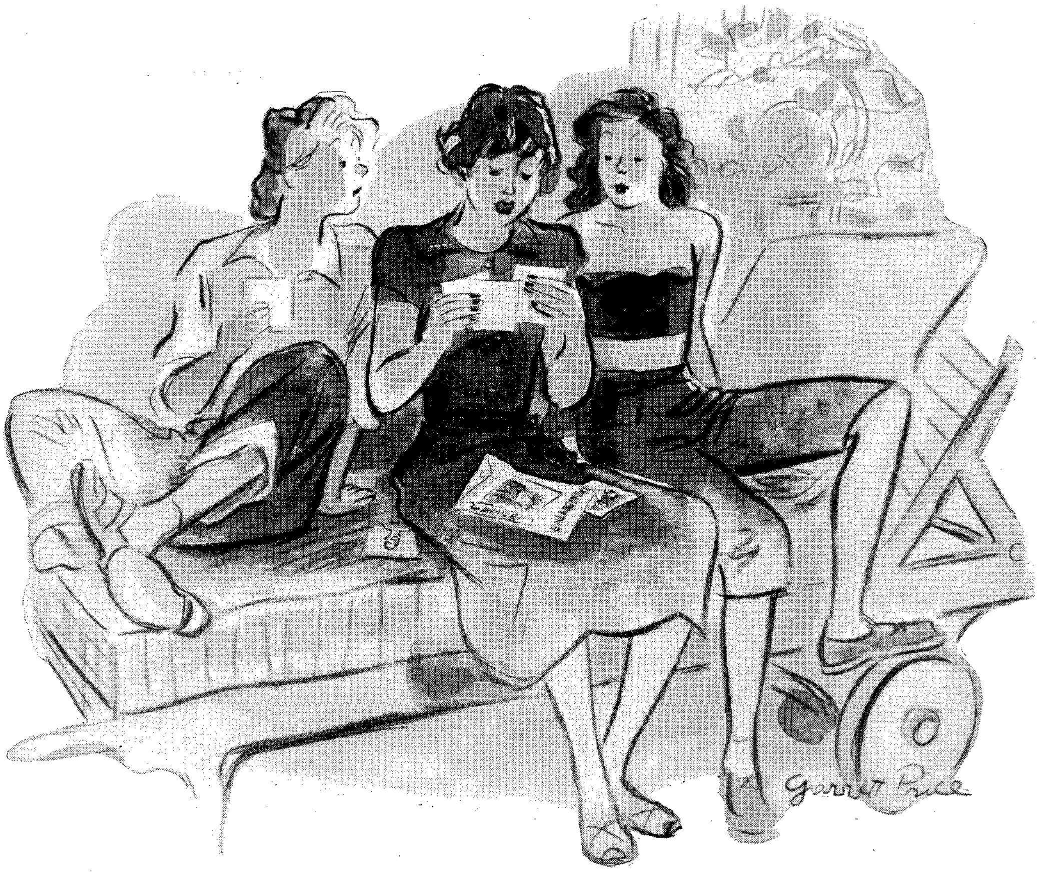
Shahinshah

THE Pahlavi dynasty of Iran, which looked for a while as if it might pooh out with a mere two shahs to its name, is once more firmly established on the Peacock Throne. Firmly for Iran, that is, where a good many shahs haven't even had time to sit down. The present occupant of the throne, Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlavi, has been reigning since 1941, when his father, Reza Shah Pahlavi, abdicated. Reza Shah, who started out as an officer in the Persian Cossack Brigade, had taken over from the Qajars, the previous dynasty of shahs, in 1925. His abdication was the result of a bad guess. When the Second World War broke out, Reza Shah favored the Nazis over the Allies, who, in effect, said pshaw to the Shah and moved in. Off went the Shah into exile, and he died in South Africa in 1944. If twenty-five hundred years of Iranian history prove anything, it is that when a shah makes a mistake the consequences are invariably rapid and unpleasant. Take the case of one of the Khwarazmshahs, Sultan Mohammed, who once upon a time killed the unkempt Ministers of some pushing barbarian from the East. The next thing Mohammed knew, the barbarian, a fellow by the name of Genghis Khan, had overrun the country with seven hundred thousand men and destroyed every city that resisted. The Qajars, by the way, managed to score seven shahs. Two of them were assassinated, one abdicated, and a fourth was dethroned. That's about par for shahs.

"Shah" means "king," and "shahinshah" means "king of kings," and all shahs are shahinshahs. They also have more abstruse titles, like Mecca of the Universe and Exalted One Exalted as the Planet Saturn, which may sound a bit zippier in Persian. Since the time of the Achaemenids, among whom were Darius the Great and Xerxes, there have been about a dozen major dynasties in Iran and innumerable minor ones. There has also been a splendid variety of



"Nope, I can't say I ever heard of any place around here called Mars. Nearest place to here is Dry Gulch, New Mexico."



"The tall one by the diving board is Larry Soames. He said he was an architect. The one in the blazer is George Martin, who claimed he was a chemist with du Pont. The one standing next to him is a fellow from Flushing who told us he was getting out of law school next year."

• •

wars and court intrigues over the vexing question of succession. Before Iran was granted its constitution, in 1906, a shah had the right to pick any successor he liked and sometimes he liked to skip over his first-born. The problem was aggravated by the fact that shahs generally had the four wives permitted them by the Moslem law, as well as a bevy of fruitful concubines, and the number of ambitious sons lined up waiting for a shah to die was often formidable. The shahs and their families betrayed one another in every possible way—father killed son, son killed father, brother killed brother, nephew killed uncle, and so on. One shah had to cut down six members of his family before he finally reached the throne. Relatives can be a nuisance anywhere.

One of the greatest of the shahs was Shah Abbas, who, about 1600, rebuilt much of the ancient city of Isfahan. An Iranian saying, "*Isfahan nisfe jahan*," means "Isfahan is half the world" and was more than just a play on words when it was first uttered. The city, which had at least six hundred thousand inhabitants within a few years of its rebuilding, may have been the largest city on earth at that time, and it was certainly one of the most attractive. The Shah's architects had designed the new quarter in such a way that nearly every house had its own garden. It also boasted forty-eight colleges, a hundred and sixty-two mosques, and two hundred and seventy-three public baths. Shah Abbas used to wander through the streets in disguise, like Haroun-al-Raschid, observing the conduct of his subjects. He once caught a butcher and a baker giving short weight. He had the butcher roasted and the baker baked in a public square. Shah Abbas put several of his sons to death and studiously neglected the education of several others. He was succeeded by a line of wholly inept shahs. One of the cruelest of the shahs, Aga Mohammed Khan, was so annoyed when the city of Kerman shielded a man he was pursuing that he had the eyes plucked from twenty thousand of the inhabitants. Shah Sefi was more exquisite. He put out the eyes of a Minister who winced while watching someone else's eyes being put out. "Can't you see justice done to the wicked?" Sefi asked. Shah Ismail defeated a rebellious tribe of Uzbegs and had their chief's skull mounted in gold as a goblet.

In the old days, shahs used to keep harems with up to a thousand concubines in them, but harems proved devilishly expensive to maintain and have slowly gone out of fashion. The present Shah's father had only two wives and nine children. He himself has had two wives, though not concurrently, and one daughter. He divorced his first wife. Mohammed Reza is the first shah to have been educated in Europe. The first shah to visit Europe was Nasr-ed-Din, who chanced it in 1873. He was so taken with the ballet in Paris that he introduced ballet skirts into his harem, where they remained high style for decades. In his old age, he decided that his subjects had learned a lot of things from Europe that he'd rather they hadn't learned, and he defined the ideal Persian as one who didn't know whether Brussels was a city or a cabbage. His son Muzaffar-ed-Din was a wastrel, and financed trips to Europe by borrowing immense sums of money from Russia and England. Muzaffar-ed-Din's grandson became shah at the age of twelve, and spent his last years in exile on the Riviera, giving away jewels.

Cinch

A NOVELIST whom we happen to know, and who has been working in a bookshop this summer to make ends meet, was recently asked by a young woman to recommend a textbook on creative writing. He did so and she bought it, cash on the barrelhead. "A friend of mine wrote a novel and it took her six whole months," she confided to him before she left. "I've got only two weeks to work on mine, but I think I can do it, because I've got total recall, you see." Choosing his words with care, the novelist said, "I see."

The Bogert Method

OUR acquaintance with active oldsters was notably enriched last week when we called on John L. Bogert, associate editor of the *Marine Journal*, who will be ninety-five this fall. He received us in his Beekman Street office, in the Temple Court Building, which is twenty-five years younger than he is, and, rising to greet us, shook our hand firmly. He has keen blue eyes, a white mustache, a head of receding white hair, a resonant voice, and most of his teeth. “Teddy Roosevelt and I were born on the same day,” he said. “October 27, 1858. I met him on the subway one day and told him this. He said our families had intermarried. The Bogerts are Dutch—came over here in 1650. My middle name is Lawrence—English. My grandfather, John W. Lawrence, was in Congress under Buchanan’s administration. A hundred years ago, the two families lived in adjoining houses right here on Beekman Street.”

Mr. Bogert, who does not wear glasses, stared at us for a moment. “Now I want to tell you something a darned sight more interesting than that,” he said. “In 1865, when I was six, I saw Lincoln’s funeral from a second-story window at 150 Fifth Avenue, which was the home of my aunt and uncle, the D. Jackson Stewards. I looked down as the catafalque passed, and saw a soldier with reversed arms. ‘There’s Charlie!’ my Aunt Marianna said. It was my Uncle Charlie Bogert, a member of the Seventh Regiment. I remember it as well as though it were last week. My paternal grandfather, Henry Kneeland Bogert, was a founder of St. James’ Episcopal Church and had a house on Twenty-sixth Street between Madison and Fourth Avenues. The only way to go to Boston by rail in those days was to start from a station of the New Haven Railroad next to the Tombs. Horses dragged the cars up the Bowery, up Fourth, and through a tunnel on Park Avenue to a roundhouse where Grand Central Station is now. There the cars were hitched on to a locomotive. The trains didn’t go beyond Hartford, and there was no line from New Haven along the Sound. Then, some way or other, you went to Springfield, and took the Boston & Albany the rest of the way. Do you know why the Long Island Railroad was built?”

We said no.

“It was built by Oliver Charlick to carry mail, if you please, from New York to Boston,” said Mr. Bogert. “Mail went over the Thirty-fourth Street ferry to Hunters Point, now Long Island City; by single track to Greenport; on the Jane Moseley, a paddle-wheel boat, to Newport; and on the Old Colony Railroad to Boston. These things simply show you how far back a man’s life can reach. Now I want to tell you something *really* interesting.”

Mr. Bogert reached for a map of New York and vicinity, inked with a number of circles and marked “Bogert Method of Defense Against Bombing Ports and Cities.” “That damned Russia is getting ready to do all sorts of things,” he said. “We’re as wide open to a Pearl Harbor today as we ever were. I have brought forward the one way to protect our country from atomic attack. I’ve published it in the *Marine Journal*. Now, catch on to this. To protect New York and an adjacent area, which contains ten per cent of the country’s population, you anchor a carrier off Fire Island, housing thirty fighter planes. At all times, night and day, three of these, cruising at three hundred miles an hour and at an altitude of sixty-six hundred feet, describe a hundred-and-fifty-mile circle. Equipped with radar, they watch for Russian planes and submarines. In the event of an attack, they notify the carrier, whose twenty-seven other planes are ready to engage the enemy. The sentinel planes operate on four-hour shifts. You have a similar setup at Montauk Point, New Haven, Rockland, Provincetown, Boston, Philadelphia, and so forth—a sentinel carrier for each important city on the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific coasts. Twenty-five to thirty carriers, each housing thirty planes, should do the trick. This is the only solution. There is no other way.”

We asked Mr. Bogert where he had gone to school, and he pushed his map away reluctantly. “I was born in Flushing and went to Fairchild’s Institute there,” he said. “I’m the oldest living graduate of Columbia. My father, Henry A. Bogert, went to Columbia, and sent his five sons there. I entered at fifteen and graduated at nineteen, in 1878. Two of my brothers are alive. Walter, who taught music, is eighty-nine, and lives on Claremont Avenue. Marston, who was professor of organic chemistry at Columbia, is eighty-five and lives at 1158 Fifth Avenue. Woodrow Wilson made him a lieutenant colonel in the First World War because he was a world authority on poison gas. Here’s three boys—ninety-five, eighty-nine, and eighty-five. Pretty good, don’t you think? I took the arts course at Columbia, but I wanted to be a mechanical engineer and went to work for the Rogers Locomotive Works, in Paterson, New Jersey—working for nothing, ten hours a day, helping build locomotives. I got malaria after a few months and took a job as machinist with the Morgan Iron Works, on the East River, where there were fewer mosquitoes. In 1880, I went into the machine-tool business. I gave this up in 1910 to become a consulting engineer with the New York Air Brake Company, and in 1923 I became editor of the *Marine News*. I joined the *Journal* in 1928. Now, the important thing I want to talk to you about is this other thing. We have fifty of these carriers, all in mothballs, doing nothing. The Bogert Method of Defense would employ them at no extra construction cost. We are living in a fool’s paradise. It’s true! Now, here’s the solution.” He reached for the map again, and we noted a long life line in his right palm. “O Secretary of Defense, have you any better plan?” he apostrophized.

We asked Mr. Bogert what his father did. “Henry A. Bogert?” he said. “Why, he was counsel for the New York Life Insurance Company and an authority on real-estate law. The company never allowed a dollar to be lent on real estate anywhere unless Henry A. Bogert certified to the title. I don’t talk like an old man, do I? I joined the New York Oratorio Society in 1898, and I’m still a first tenor there. It’s an unknown thing that anyone over ninety should sing on the stage, but last December 19th I sang four hours in ‘The Messiah’ with the Society at Carnegie Hall. Would

• •

you like to hear me sing?" Without moving from his chair, he sang "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life" in haunting tones.

"The Society gave me a wallet on my ninetieth birthday," he went on. "I live in a room in Brooklyn, very comfortable, and take the subway to work. Every day, I climb seventy-eight steps from the platform of the Fulton Street station to Nassau Street. No palpitation! No shortness of breath! No anything! My wife, who died six years ago, gave me five children, of whom four grew up and are still alive. They have given me twelve grandchildren, who have given me fourteen great-grandchildren. I work Saturdays and go swimming at Jones Beach every Monday. Now I'll tell you what the secret of my long life is. I don't drink or smoke, and I swore off coffee at fifty years of age. Stimulants are injurious to the gums. I also swore off eating white bread then. It's impoverished. I took a loaf of whole-wheat bread to a class dinner forty-four years ago, and Jefferson Seligman, a classmate of mine, laughed at me. Well, he's dead. I've had the chance to go to the funerals of *all* my classmates. Then, I always take dark-brown sugar, or molasses, because I want the iron. I have breakfast at six—eight ounces of fruit juice, a soup plate of two cut-up peaches, corn soya beans, Wheaties, a heavy layer of brown sugar, and eight ounces of milk—and around three I'll go down to Park Row, to Horn & Hardart's, and have a thirty-five or forty-cent dinner: string beans, ten cents; baked beans, five cents; broccoli, ten cents; peas, ten cents; maybe a portion of iron, ten cents; and tomato ketchup, free." Mr. Bogert then descends seventy-eight steps and goes home. Evenings, he repairs to his refrigerator and consumes two slices of Bologna between two slices of whole-wheat raisin bread, washing them down with eight ounces of pineapple juice and eight ounces of milk. "In other words, I don't deny myself," he said. "I used to fall down in the street when I was ninety. I said to myself, 'What the hell, you had a bottle and put it up on a shelf for a while, what would you find? Sediment! Why, your damned feet are full of dead cells!' So every morning I began to run a bicycle in the air with my legs. Moreover, most of us never exercise our eyes. Every morning I get up and stand with my back to the door and, without moving my head, look up, down, and sideways. That makes the blood vessels discharge the dead cells. No doctor will tell you this, but I've told my friends. 'Bogert,' they say, 'I want to thank you.' "

We rolled our eyes, thanked Bogert, and left.

•

OVERHEARD at Schrafft's, one suburban lady to ditto: "The heaviest drinker of them all is the peony."

PASSING THE BALL

TWO years ago, when I had finished at the hospital and was waiting for a grant to come through, I put in a month as a locum for a country doctor.

When I first went to see Dr. Ray, he switched on his desk lamp, turned it to shine full in my face, and said in a rough voice, as if he were finishing a mouthful of hay, "How old are you? If I may ask? Married? Do you hunt—I mean where were you at school?"

He began pulling out the drawers of his desk one by one and, shutting them recklessly with a number of bangs, rang for his dispenser and said something to her about a horse. After this, he leaned forward and fell to tapping the side of his tin wastepaper basket with a riding crop in slow trotting time and with a sly look on his face.

"Yes, yes, yes," he said lazily from the saddle. "We don't want a lot of your newfangled ideas here. This isn't the usual kind of practice. The man I have here has got to be a gentleman. You can hand out your penicillin and your M. & B. You can put the whole parish in an iron lung, fill them with American drugs—I know that's the modern idea—but it's my experience of forty years of doctoring that a gentleman's worth the lot. Have a drink? Do you know the Fobhams?"

I could see up the Doctor's meaty nose and underneath his chin when he raised it to utter this name, in the voice of one who had suddenly put on court dress. By nature, Dr. Ray was a man of disguises—a new one with every sentence. Two whiskeys stabilized him. A heavy, guilty blush came down from the middle of his head, enlarged his ears, and went below his collar. His hands became confidential, and one of them was put on my shoulder; his voice lowered, and if shrewdness was in one blue eye as sharp as a pellet, the other became watery with anxiety.

"What it boils down to is this," he said. "Half the village at the surgery door thinking they're going to die because they've cut their fingers, and threatening to write to the Ministry of Health because you won't issue free crutches and corsets. The usual thing. The day's work, eh? All in it. Forget it. The important thing is this."

"Yes?" I said.

"I'm telling you," he rebuked me. "The only people who count here are fifteen families—the private patients. That's where the living is. I've been here most of my life and I've made quite a nice thing out of it. I don't want it spoiled. They're the people to watch. I get a call from them—I go at once. I don't want anyone coming in here and ruining it with a lot of newfangled stuff. Frankly," he added, "I can't afford it."

The Doctor leaned back, opened his mouth wide, and felt his face in several places. "I think you're the right sort of chap," he said. "Have another drink? There are only three illnesses in this place—bridge, horses, and marriage. You're not married? Glad to hear it. And there's only one medicine—tact. In any case," he said, "it's August. Everyone's away."

In that month, the woods in the small estates seemed to lie under glass. The cottages fluffed like hens in the sun; the large houses had a sedate and waxen gleam. The air seemed to hang heavy curtains from the enormous trees. I drove on my rounds from one tropical garden to the next. Men like cock pheasants drove out of Georgian houses in their shooting-brakes; their women's voices went off like the alarm call of game. In the rivers, large, clever trout, living like *rentiers* on their capital, put themselves at the disposal of the highly taxed fishermen on the banks of the beautiful river. There was the warm-bread smell of the harvest in the fields, and of tweed, roses, and tobacco in the bars. In their houses, most of them built in the eighteenth century, the fifteen families were hidden. There Mrs. Gluck ordered more honeysuckle so that next year it would climb into every bedroom; there the Admiral did his jigsaw puzzle and the young Hookhams came down from the week's climb toward the Cabinet in London; two miles off, Lord Fobham, wearing plimsolls, let off a wing of his house at a tremendous rent and spent his evenings stiffening himself with gin in the company of Mr. Calverley, a cultivated alcoholic who often—I was to discover—lost his clothes and had slept, against the will of their owners, in most of the houses round about. Mrs. Luke sat mustached and quietly chewing on her fortune in a house famous for its monkey puzzles. At Upley was the financier Hicks, who had shot the head off the stone pelican on the gate of his drive; in the mill-house near the water meadows was Mrs. Scarborough (Pansy) Flynn, three times divorced, nesting like a moor hen and listening for the voices of men. I need only add the Bassilleros, who brought into the country an odor of Claridge's; indeed, his violet complexion gave Jock Bassillero's face the surprised appearance of one cut out of a hotel carpet and seen in fluorescent light.

I HAVE conveyed an impression of tropical luxury in my account of this August, but actually it was the coldest August for many years. We even had influenza in the village. The tropical quality really came from the fifteen families. At a certain stage, portions of civilization reach a sort of Tahitian condition and are hot enough to be moved to a climate less moderate than the English one; in fact, there was a good deal of talk among the fifteen families of emigrating to Jamaica.

I found this tropical tendency almost at once. A few days after I had taken over from the Doctor, there was a party at the Hickses'. I heard there had been a party when Mr. Calverley was brought into the surgery. He had a cut on top of his head and was supported by a few friends. Mrs. Bassillero was among them.

"What have you been up to?" I said as I dressed the wound.

Mr. Calverley was wearing no collar and no jacket and smelled strongly of ivy. He had curling black hair and looked gentle, savage, and appealing.

"The gutter fell on him," said one of the women. "Is it deep? Is it all right? Poor Tommy. He was climbing after Pansy Flynn."

The sympathy annoyed Calverley. He knocked the dressing out of my hand, jumped up, and drove his friends back to the door. "I'll kill you all," he said.

Hicks, the financier, a man who illustrated the Theory of Conspicuous Waste by the habit of dropping the first letter of many of his words, said, " 'hut up, Tommy. 'it down. Look at Ray, he's making 'ight of it."

"That's not Ray," someone said. "Ray's on holiday."

"Good 'od," said Hicks. " 'an't have quacks here."

I had got Calverley back in the chair.

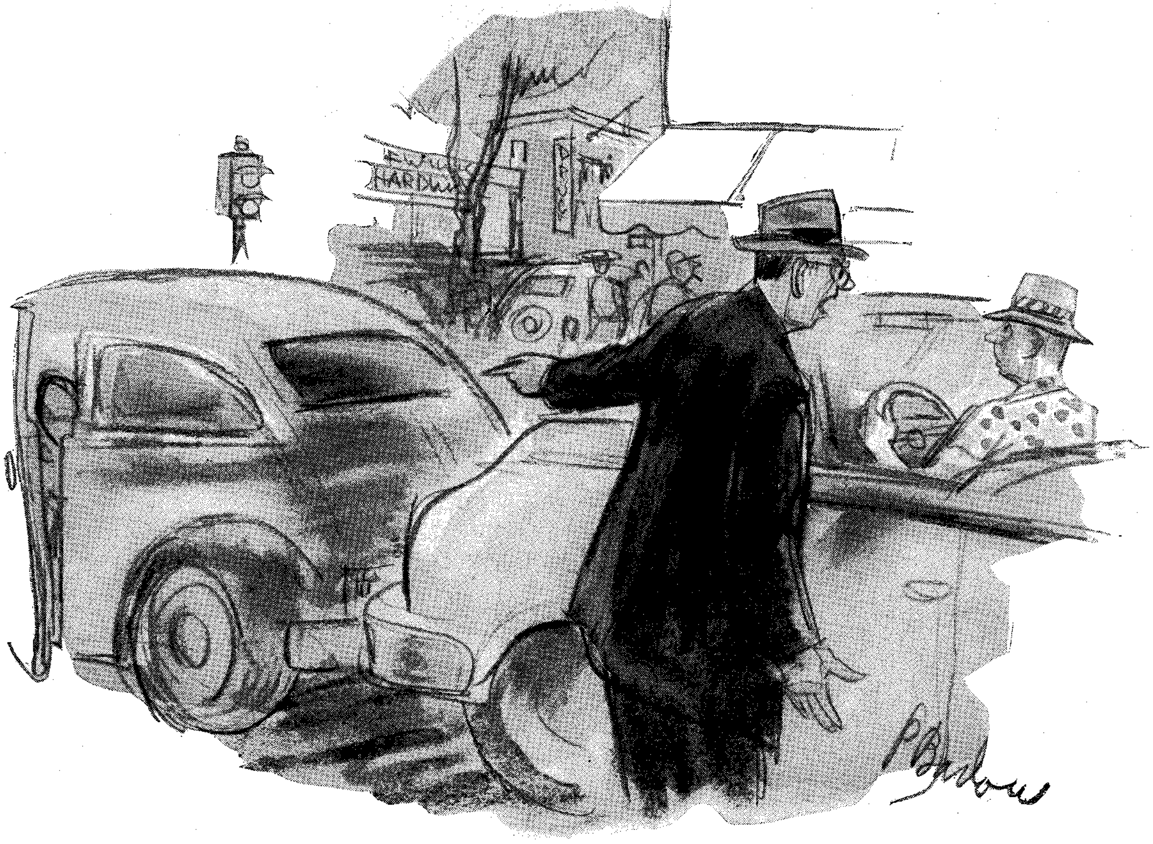
" 'ight poison us. State 'octor? No?"

Calverley looked up at me with a quiet, intimate head-hunter's smile. "I'll kill you," he said to me in a soft and cultivated voice.

Mrs. Bassillero started talking in a loud voice to someone on the other side of the surgery about the sex life of a couple called Pip and Dottie.

I found Calverley's tie on my carpet the next morning.

In the next two or three days, I heard



"Suppose you try to start my car. I'll stay here and blow your horn for you."

odds and ends about Hicks's party. Calverley had got halfway up the ivy at the side of the house. Hicks had put his foot through his drawing-room window. One or two cars were having their wings straightened at the garage, and Lady Fobham, to whom I was called, had been in the lily pond.

AND then there was a telephone call from the Bassilleros. I was out on my rounds and the message followed me from house to house. It was half past twelve before I got to the Bassilleros'. Mr. Bassillero (the message said) had had "one of his attacks."

The Bassilleros lived in a house built in 1740. I noticed as I went in pictures of several famous dead horses, a great many medals. With its white and its gold and its costly quietness, the house was a pretty example of the architecture of its period. A Spanish servant let me into a wide hall where a large naval battle was going on in a gilt frame on the wall opposite the door. It was a picture filled with impudent little waves, clouds, and sails, like Mrs. Bassillero's blue-gray curls. She came to me wearing a smart sand-colored version of the county's tweed uniform. She walked with the artificial jerk of the hips taught to débutantes in her time. One eyelid was lowered in a little, trained quarter wink. She was five feet high, broad-chinned, thin-limbed, and narrow like a boy.

"I had a message at the surgery," I began.

Mrs. Bassillero had a pretty voice and the seductive, abrupt bad manners of her generation that set it off. "I rang for Ray."

"He's on holiday," I said.

"That's a body blow," she said. "We always have Ray." She stood there, her violet eyes picking me over, preparing to haggle with me, do a deal or ask me what I bet her that she could not get Ray back at once from the other end of the earth if she wished to.

"You're using Ray's car," she said. "He said he'd lend it me." Mrs. Bassillero put her head on one side to see if this "try on" would come off.

"It belongs to the practice," I said.

Mrs. Bassillero gave the faintest jerk to her head, and one eyebrow moved, as if she were shaking off a very close bullet. "Hard luck on me," she said.

"I am sorry about Mr. Bassillero," I said. "May I see him? What is the trouble?"

Mrs. Bassillero considered me and hummed. Then again came that jerk of the head, shaking off the bad news; the bad news was myself. "I rang up to ask Ray to luncheon," she said. "I forgot he's away." And then, militantly, "Will you stay?"

"I was told Mr. Bassillero had had an attack," I said.

"He has," she said. "He's lost his voice again. He can't speak." Her direct violet eyes now misted with skillful appeal.

"I had better look at his throat," I said.

Mrs. Bassillero suddenly laughed. "If you really want to," she said. "You don't understand. What a bore Ray isn't here. When I say he can't speak, I mean he *won't* speak. We're not on speaking terms. We had a row after the party at Hicks's. You must stay to luncheon. There's no one to pass the ball. Everyone's away. We always get Ray when my husband's voice goes. You'll stay? Now I will take you to my husband."

She trod out of the room slowly, like a cat on sticks, and I followed her to the door of her husband's study.

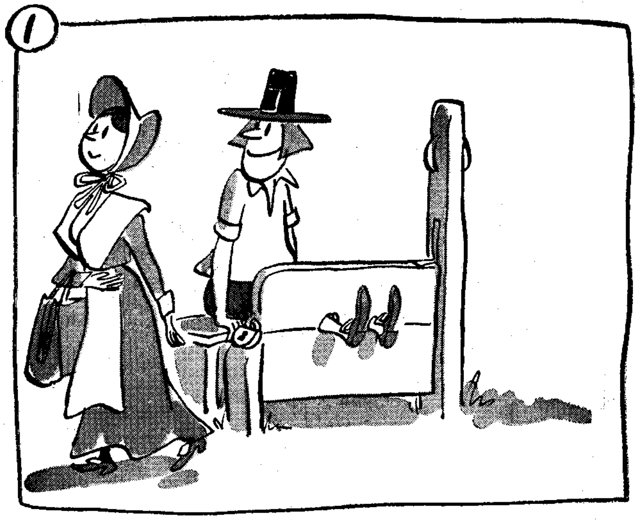
"Look at his throat, Doctor," she said as she opened the door.

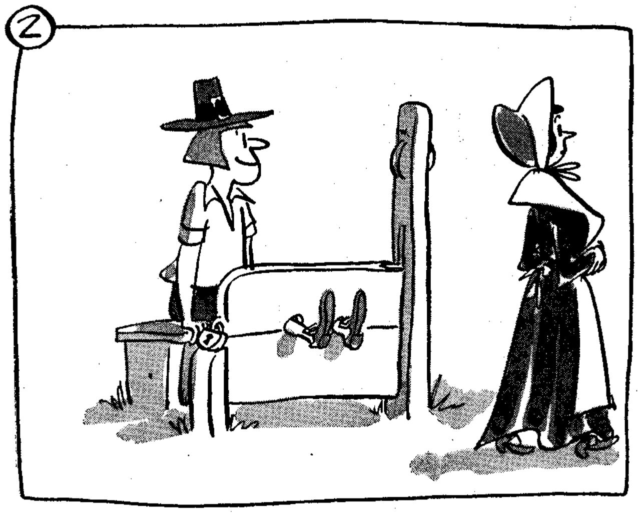
Mr. Bassillero was a short person, too. He was considering his fishing rods, and did not look up at once when I came into the room. "Damn glad you're here, Doctor," he said. "Trouble."

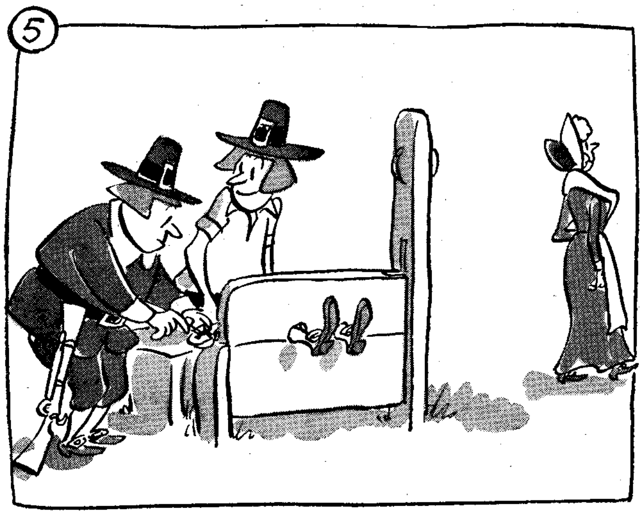
"I'm sorry to hear that," I said.

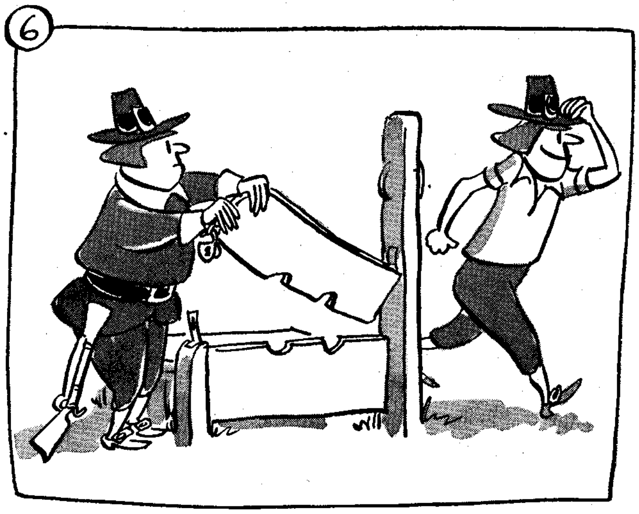
Then Mr. Bassillero looked up, and said, "Who are you?"

Tact, I remembered, was the thing. I did not say Mrs. Bassillero had sent for me. Mr. Bassillero had that kind of dark handsomeness which is fixed, like a pain, to one aspect of a luxury head. He was only about forty-five but he seemed to have receded into the loud pattern of his clothes. He was wearing a plum-colored tweed suit with green lines squared on it, a design that made him nearly invisible in any well-furnished room. His violet cheeks had been embossed on him twenty-five years ago. Mr. Bassillero, I was to find out, had undergone a severe cure for drinking. His cure had left him stupefied. His main occupation during the day, I soon gathered, was to consider whether he would change his clothes. He was a man









who knew he was dressed for something—but for what escaped his mind. "I think I shall go in and change" was one of his frequent sentences. Or "I shall put on my other boots and go down to the village."

Mr. Bassillero was looking at my worn gray suit.

"Mrs. Bassillero has very kindly asked me to luncheon," I said.

"We usually have Ray," said Bassillero. "Always passes the ball. Understands women. Can cap anything. She"—Mr. Bassillero pointed a neutral finger at the door—"better warn you, has, er, lost her voice. Can't speak."

"It is damp weather for August," I said.

"Yes, put on a Burberry this morning," Mr. Bassillero agreed. "Cold enough for a coat. Difficult speaking to someone who doesn't answer, difficult to keep it up. We've got Spanish servants—never stop."

Mr. Bassillero had talked a lot but now his supply of words went. We stared at a silver dog on his desk. We were rescued by one of the Spaniards calling us to luncheon.

We went into a room so high and large that the Bassilleros were like mere pebbles at the bottom of a pond in it. I, on the contrary, had the sensation of growing uncomfortably tall; one of my difficulties during the meal was a sweating dread that I would shoot up and hit the ceiling.

"If you will ask my husband, he will, I am sure, give you something to drink," Mrs. Bassillero said as we sat down.

"I wonder if I could get you to trouble *her* to pass us down the bread. Spanish servants always forget something," said Mr. Bassillero.

I had become wired in as a telephone for Mr. and Mrs. Bassillero. I found myself bobbing in my chair from right to left, collecting one set of remarks, passing them on, and then collecting and disposing back again. I found myself very soon telling Mr. Bassillero that his wife was going to London on the evening train. I found myself telling her that Mr. Bassillero was going to Scotland. Mr. Bassillero told me he had found "some damn Spanish thing" in his cutlets. Mrs. Bassillero asked *if* I had just bought a new motor mower, *would* I allow it to be left out in the rain, considering the price of things now? I sat trying to make myself shorter. We had arrived, I thought, at last at a safe topic: the weather. As I have said, it was a cold August. The Bassilleros had put on their heating. Mr. Bassillero eased now that we had returned to his favorite, indeed his only, subject.

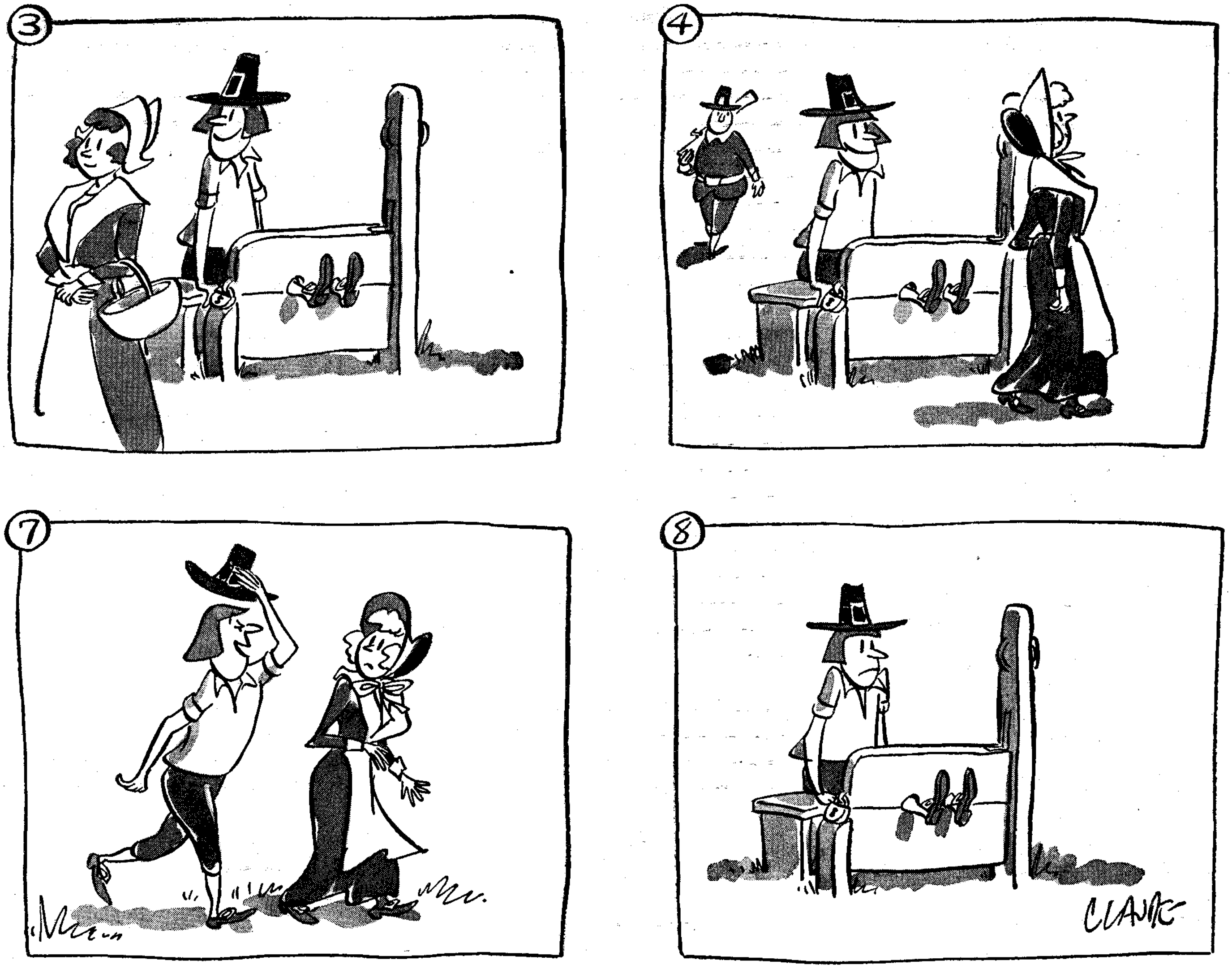
"Thought of changing my shirt this morning," he said. "Putting on a warmer one. Not a single warm shirt in my drawer."

If the Bassilleros could not speak, they could, of course, hear.

"I imagine, Doctor, when you can't find a shirt where you are lodging, you go to the linen room or you go to Mrs. Thing?" said Mrs. Bassillero.

Mr. Bassillero asked me if I did not agree that in a properly run house, as my lodgings probably were, there was a place for everything and you did not have to turn the house upside down to get it. Not only that, he said, my Mrs. Thing probably spoke English.

Mr. Bassillero spoke mainly to the salt at his end of the table. Mrs. Bassillero looked at a large picture of a horse called



Bendigo, which had won the Jubilee Stakes in the eighties.

Mrs. Bassillero said, "I'm sure *you*, Doctor, speak foreign languages well."

A group of cupids above my head seemed to be beckoning me up. I fought my way back to the subject of the weather. "It is clouding over again," I said. The attempt did not help us.

"In any case," said Mrs. Bassillero, "I'm sure you never change into warm shirts at this time of the year. You wear a light summer overcoat."

"I haven't got one," I said.

"What?" said Mr. Bassillero.

I repeated the sentence to his end of the table.

"Good God," he said.

"Did you lose it?" asked Mrs. Bassillero with sharp interest.

"Some fellow pinch it?" asked Mr. Bassillero.

For a moment, they were almost united. They even looked at each other for a second; then their glances skidded away.

"No, I just haven't got one," I said.

Mr. Bassillero sank back, like an invalid, into his handsomeness. He retired on his lonely sartorial capital and looked at me with total unbelief. "I thought you were going to say some fellow took it," he said bitterly. "Tom Calverley took mine at the Hickses' on Saturday. I took his. Only thing to do."

"Men are too extraordinary," said Mrs. Bassillero. "You are no taller than my husband, Doctor, but I'm sure you wouldn't be such a fool as to come home in Tommy Calverley's overcoat. He's six feet three. I mean right down to your boots. Too melancholy. Polar. I mean surely you'd pick one your own size. Even after a party."

"Calverley took mine. I took his. Fair's fair," said Bassillero, speaking to himself.

"On a cold night," I said.

"Two in the morning," said Bassillero.

"I see you are not on my side, Doctor," said Mrs. Bassillero, giving a shake to her gray curls.

"After a party, I might come away in mink," I said. I risked a lie. "I once did," I said. I looked hopefully at both of them to see if we were happier now.

Mrs. Bassillero had a gay but humorless manner; a joke about mink was unacceptable. "What an *odd* thing to do," she said coldly.

I had offended Mr. Bassillero, too; he looked at me with distaste. In mixing up men's and women's clothes, I had been sartorially smutty. He rang off, so to say, and spoke to himself.

Mrs. Bassillero said to me in her short, crushing style, "I hope you returned the coat."

"Of course," I said.

"Because I do think if one willfully takes someone else's coat one ought to return it, don't you? Or not? I don't know about men. I mean there's Tommy Calverley's ridiculous coat hanging up in the cloakroom still. I expect you saw it?"

I don't like being snubbed. "I thought of selling it," I said.

Mr. Bassillero looked up. His color had become a darker violet. "Sold it!" exclaimed Mr. Bassillero.

"No," I calmed him. "I was speaking to Mrs. Bassillero about a coat I took."

"Oh," said Mr. Bassillero. "If Tom Calverley's sold my coat . . ." Mr. Bassillero was unable to go on with this

SEA CHANTEY

How vast, how clean
The ageless ocean!
Whether serene
Or in commotion,
Haunted by gull
Or dolphin set,
How beautiful,
How wild and wet!

Though rich and rare
Its fauna and flora,
No evening's there
And no aurora;
Instead, I think,
A great supply
Of pearls and ink-
Y octopi.

From pole to pole
What whales take cover in,
The moon its sole
Capricious sovereign,
Speaking in thunders
Through its sleep—
Ah, rife with wonders
Is the deep!

The waters tell it,
The billows shout it.
And I'm fed to the teeth with books about it.

—Phyllis McGinley

• •

idea. He looked at me suspiciously; it appeared to him I was trying to get him away from the ground on which he was making his stand. "Took my coat and hadn't the grace to bring it back!" he said to me. Suddenly he became magnetic. "*Daren't*," he said. "*Daren't* bring it back."

There was a long silence at the table. At either end of it, the Bassilleros had receded into the events of the Hicks party. Mr. Bassillero was the first to speak, and his voice seemed to come from three days away.

"Wouldn't pay him, either," he said. He glanced at the window and the sky, looked at his jacket, wondering if he would change again. "Knows what he left in his pocket," he said.

Mrs. Bassillero's head made a small dodge. She got up. "Shall we have coffee next door?" she said. She walked ahead and opened the door.

Bassillero held me back. "You a married man, Doctor?" he said.

"No," I said.

"Neither is Ray," he said. Mr. Bassillero looked lost, as if by some misfortune he were the only married man in the world.

"Are you coming?" called Mrs. Bassillero.

"Engaged?" said Bassillero, recovering hope.

"No," I said.

Mr. Bassillero thought this over. "It makes no odds," he said in desperation. "A fellow takes your coat, eh? You take his? All right. You find your wife's gloves in his pocket. Now what do you do? Where are you, I mean to say—what? You've got a scientific brain—explain it. Eh? See what I mean?"

I passed into the drawing room, where Mrs. Bassillero's thin legs looked like scissors, and one cutting and racketing knee appeared from under her skirt as she sat pouring the coffee.

"Do sit down, you look so unsteady," said Mrs. Bassillero as I took my coffee. She poured out a cup for her husband, and turned her back to him when he took it. "I *do* think," she said in a gush, turning to me, "I *do* think it's too extraordinary about men. I mean the way they have become humble in the last two hundred years. I mean they used to dress up to please women and to be admired by them—hours doing their hair and their faces. Now it's the other way on. I do think it's sweet of you to give it all up. So self-effacing. I mean you all dress alike, and take each other's clothes." She paused. Not only her face but the hard-headed knee seemed to be advancing at me. The dealer's voice in her suddenly came out. "After a couple of Martinis, when you've got one eye on the man who is making a pass at you and the other ripping around for somewhere to put your gloves, one has no idea which coat is which. You stick them anywhere. They all look alike. One might be married to anybody." When she said this, Mrs. Bassillero's pleasant violet eye gave its trained quarter wink. "That, at any rate, is the story you've got to sell for me to Mr. Bassillero," she appeared to be signalling.

I SAW that this was the crisis; this was where Ray, having "passed the ball" for half an hour, would rise to the occasion and administer his mysterious medicine. What would he do? Would he distract Mr. Bassillero with some anecdote about a tailor, a horse, or a fish, or cunningly entangle Mrs. Bassillero in some social crossword puzzle about the first Fobham marriage? To show how unsuited my mind was to the situation, I tried, as they say, to get at the facts and to reconstruct the incident. I got back to the scene in my surgery on the night of the Hickses' party. Who was there? What were they wearing? I went over the people one by one, and then saw Calverley sitting in my chair. The revelation was disastrous.

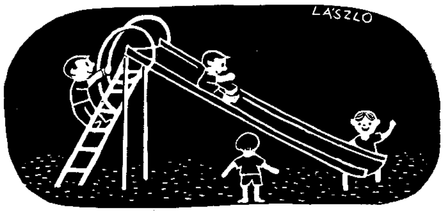
"Good heavens," I said. "I've just remembered something. You know when Calverley came to my surgery that night, he wasn't wearing an overcoat. Actually, he hadn't even got a jacket on."

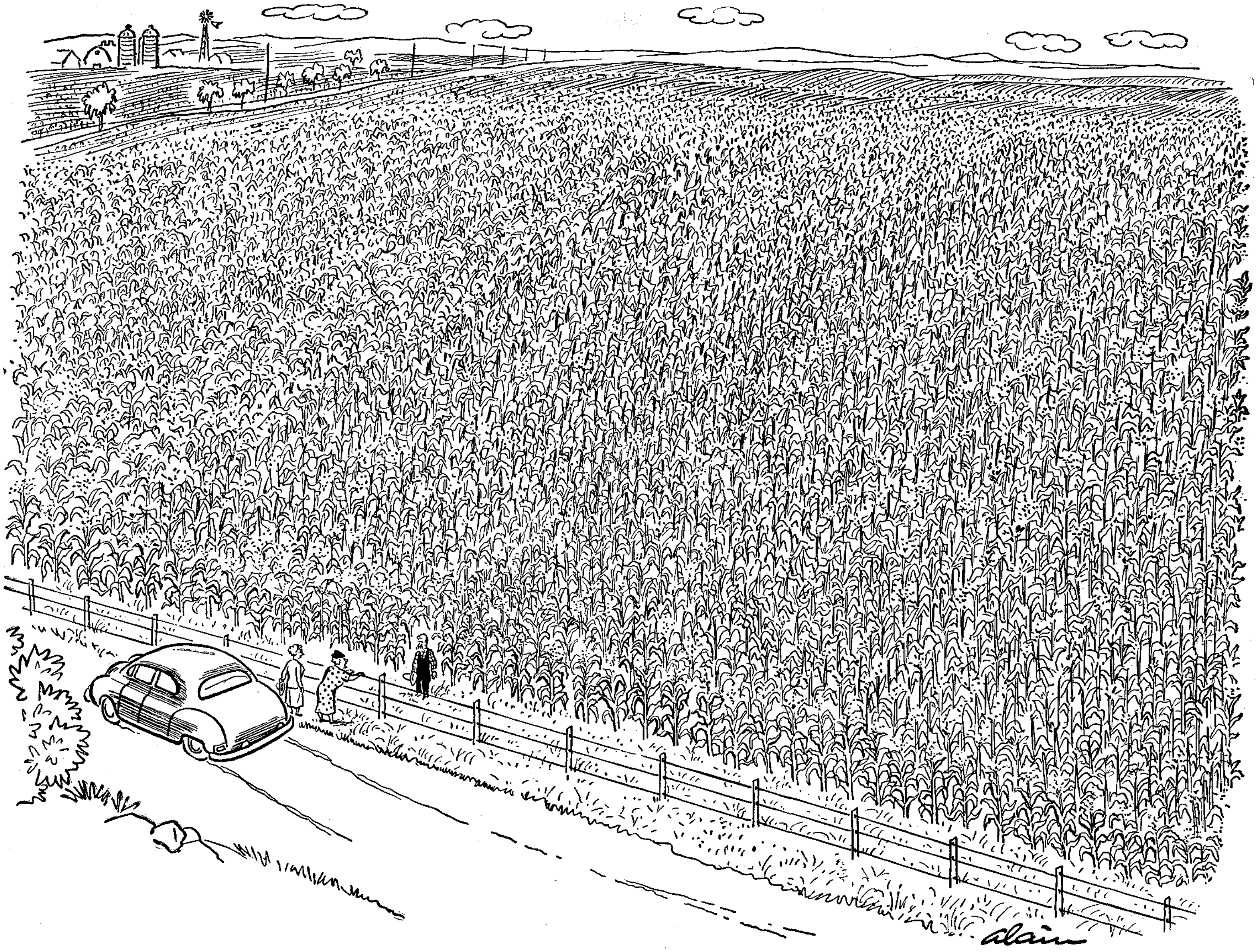
I didn't know what Mrs. Bassillero's relations with Mr. Calverley were. I still don't know and, thinking it over, I doubt if they themselves knew, but Mrs. Bassillero's startled eyes suddenly stared into a scene that neither Mr. Bassillero nor I knew about; she was too taken aback to wink.

"I see," she said. "You mean he hadn't taken my husband's coat at all?"

"Or," I said, making it even worse, "he'd probably left it somewhere."

She looked at me scientifically, in a way that suggested I was the kind of man who couldn't keep his mouth shut even if it were stitched. Then she gave the small flick of her head and, turning to her husband, she spoke to him directly





"My, you do have a green thumb!"

• •

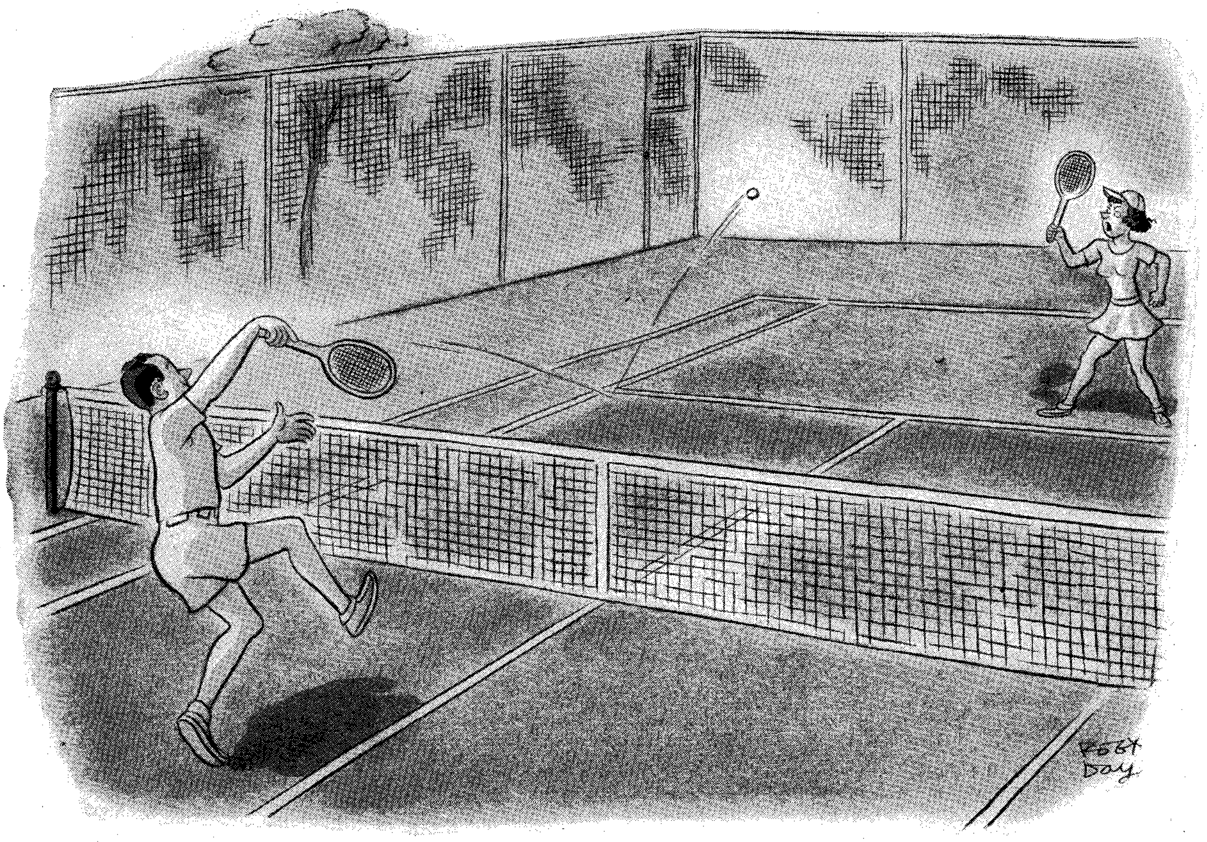
for the first time. "That is why he hasn't brought it back," she said. "It's at Pansy Flynn's." Into that name, Mrs. Bassillero might have been pouring machine-gun fire. "Not the first time your coat has been there, my dear," she followed up. "It probably walked there by itself, it knows the way."

The astonishment in Mr. Bassillero's face was chiefly that of a man who finds himself, through no fault of his own, suddenly on speaking terms with his wife again. He could not believe it. Then he slowly absorbed the innuendo. He appeared to be about to shout back at his wife; indeed, his arms moved nervously. I can only suppose he felt he was not dressed in the right clothes for uttering a domestic sarcasm, for all he did was pull down his two waistcoat ends with a force that made his collar stand out.

And then I had the only sensible idea that occurred to me during the luncheon party. "I'm passing there"—I did not say where—"on my way to the surgery. I will pick up your coat for you, Mr. Bassillero. In fact, if you'd like to give me Mr. Calverley's, I will make the exchange. I'll drop yours in for you this evening."

I looked from one Bassillero to the other and I saw that, having done my worst, I was beginning to triumph. I saw the embarrassment of two people who are about to lose the object of a very satisfying quarrel. Reluctantly Mr. Bassillero saw his grievance go; suspiciously Mrs. Bassillero considered the peace. Presently they fell into an argument about who was going to London and who to Scotland and when. It ended, where so many of the discussions of the Bassilleros must have done, on the central situation of their marriage—that Mr. Bassillero couldn't go to Scotland, or, indeed, anywhere else, until he could freely decide which coat to wear and that Mrs. Bassillero never made up her mind until she saw what he was doing first.

It is pleasant to do good to people. As I put Calverley's coat in the car and drove off from the Bassilleros', I felt that Dr. Ray would congratulate me. I had been a telephone for the Bassilleros, I had been the catalyst, I had administered "the only medicine"—tact. Calverley's coat, like Calverley disembodied, sagged beside me on the seat. Long, a dim gray herringbone cloth, it was not in fresh condition. The collar was greasy; there were the spots of Calverley's personal life on it; it was worn at the pockets and the second button hung loose. It had been left in so many places; it had been returned by so many hands anxious to get rid of it; it had hung on so many dubious hooks. It probably smelled of whiskey. As it lounged there in its creases, I could imagine Calverley's head sticking out of the collar, the face with the gentle eyes, the violent mouth, and the head-hunting smile. An ordinary stretch of herringbone tweed, with its tradition of decorum, can never before have conveyed such sensations of rampage and



"You just can't stand to see me win, can you!"

free will, though now it lay sly, slothful—conceivably, I fancied, in remorse.

I drove for a couple of miles through the long-settled greenery of this part of the country. It was the time of the year when the chestnut leaves are dark and drying. I had no intention of stirring up a mare's nest at Mrs. Flynn's but went—quite rightly, though this depends upon how you look at it—to Calverley's house. He lived in a small white lodge, a pretty, even arty place with a peacock cut out of the yew hedge. I got out, picked up the coat, and knocked at the door, and listened to the bees humming under the windows as I waited. A cottage woman who said she came in to clean and cook for Mr. Calverley opened to me.

"I have brought back Mr. Calverley's coat," I said. "I believe he and Mr. Bassillero took the wrong ones the other day."

The cottage woman took the coat in the guarded way of one who had been taking in the discarded clothes of Mr. Calverley from all kinds of undesirable people for many years. "Where is the jacket?" she said. "He had a jacket."

"I don't think they swapped jackets," I said. "Perhaps I could take Mr. Bassillero's coat back, if you know where it is."

The cottage woman became a defender of private property. "Mr. Calverley's gone to London," she said.

She had stepped back to hang the coat up in the little hall of the house, and I followed her in.

"He didn't say anything to me about a coat," the woman said.

"Isn't it hanging up there?" I asked.

"There's nothing there," she said, pointing to the mackintoshes and jackets hanging on the pegs. There was, I saw at once, a short gray herringbone coat hanging among them.

"I think I see Mr. Bassillero's coat behind the mackintosh," I said, advancing eagerly.

The woman backed toward the peg, made herself swell, and barred the way. "Oh, no," she said. "That is Mr. Calverley's coat."

"Oh—I mean the one behind the mackin—"

The cottage woman folded her hands on her apron and stuck her elbows out. "That's his best one," she said. "He only got it three days ago."

"Three days— But that's extraordinary. Are you quite sure?"

"I look after all Mr. Calverley's things. I'm mending it. It's the one," she said, playing her trump card with dignity, "that had the accident." The woman's cheeks puffed with offense. "You can see for yourself," she said, stepping scornfully out of the way.

I went to the peg and got the coat. As I did so, a peculiar thing happened. It divided into two pieces. It had been ripped almost in two from tail to collar. Half of one pocket was hanging off.

The woman's face swelled with a purple blush. "Mr. Calverley had a few friends in and it got torn," she said.

"No buttons, either," I said, grinning.

The woman did not like my grin. "Mr. Calverley," she said, "often buys things and gets dissatisfied. He is very particular about his clothes. He said it was too short on him."

Naturally, Bassillero was the name on the tape.

• •

At the end of the month, Dr. Ray came back. My last interview was in some respects like the first. He had a new disguise; he was sunburned. He put his hands in the pockets of his navy-blue jacket, tightening it at the waist; on his head was an imaginary yachting cap; and he swung from side to side in his swivel chair. After hunting, he said, yachting was the finest training for any profession. It taught you not to cross the line before the gun goes off.

"Which is what you did," he said. "You weren't very bright when you let Calverley have his coat back before you got Bassillero's."

"But how could I take that back?" I said. "It was ripped to pieces."

"Did you ever notice Calverley's hands?" said the Doctor. "Ever see him on a horse? Or pick up a headwaiter by the collar?"

Dr. Ray buzzed for his dispenser, and when the girl came in he asked her to find out whether Mr. Bassillero was still in Scotland. Then, as it were, swinging the tiller over and coming round into the wind, Dr. Ray looked me in the face. "I think you've made the right decision. Keep out of general practice. Research is more your line. Now, did you have any other trouble? The Fobhams—all quiet there? No heavy weather? Very odd—perhaps they're away, too."

—V. S. Pritchett

THERE'S SOMETHING TO WHAT CONFUCIUS SAID

I'VE never been able to make up my mind about tailors since Whitaker & Co. went out of business, early in World War II. My father used to go to Whitaker forty or fifty years ago, when he was in his twenties and thirties, and I remember admiring the cut of his shoulders, and the material and weave of his suits, when I was a child. He gave me an old Whitaker coat of his when I was in my teens—I suppose the trousers had worn out—and the contrast between it and my regular, ready-made clothing seemed dazzling. It made me feel as though I had an enormous amount of character, a good deal of which disappeared when I took it off.

When I reached man's estate and began to earn a salary, in 1928, one of the first things I did was get measured for a Whitaker suit. It was gray, with an unobtrusive but interesting blue pattern, and I recall my astonishment when, some months later, I saw a man on a Fifth Avenue bus wearing the identical garment. I had a feeling of secret fellowship for him—as if, although strangers, we belonged to the same college senior society, or Masonic order.

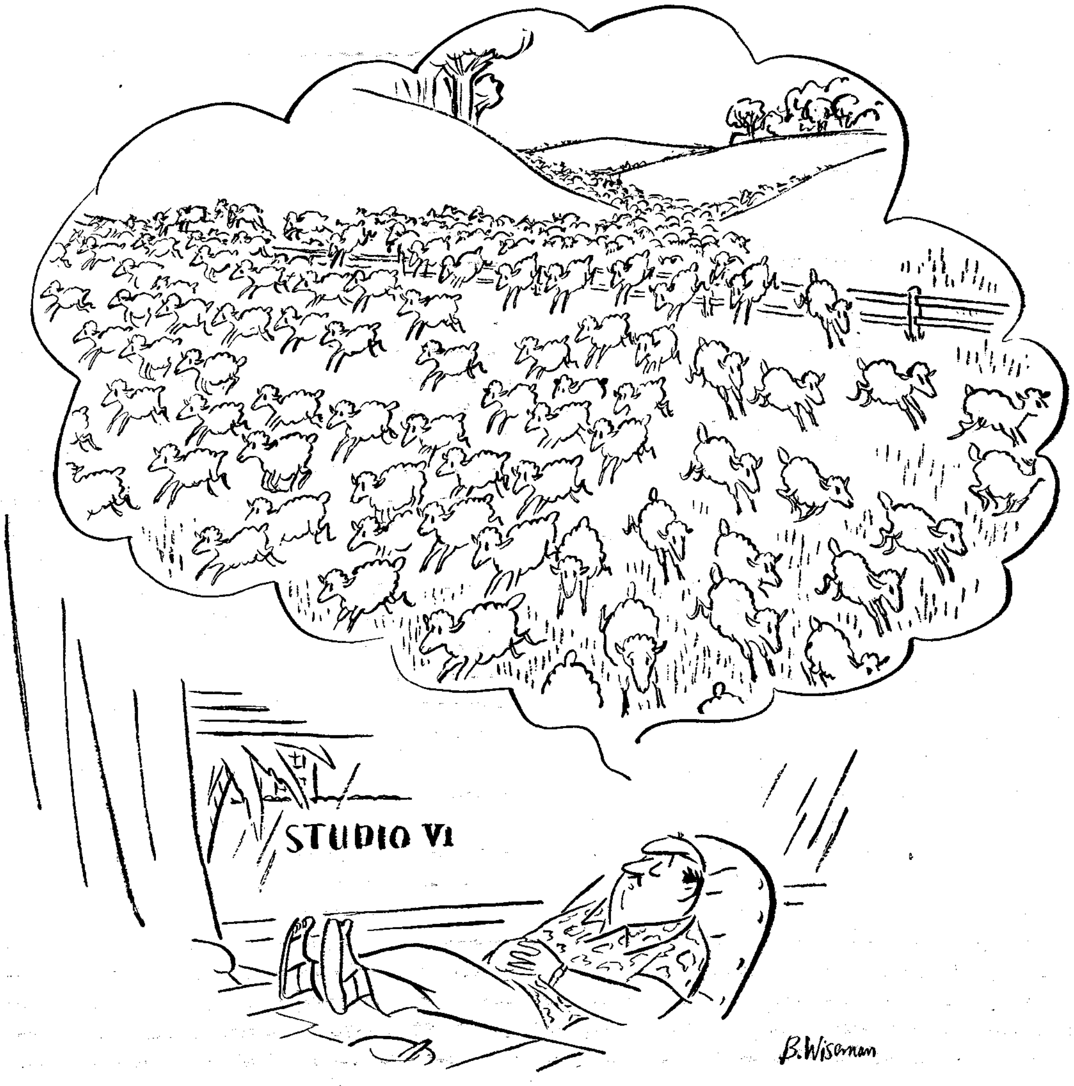
I had an old Abercrombie & Fitch number on at the time of my bus trip, so my fellow-voyager could hardly have had a corresponding feeling toward me—quite the contrary, doubtless, if anything. When I signed the customers' book at Whitaker's the first time I went there, I saw that the name above mine was Eugene Meyer's, so I knew I was in good company. I met Mr. Meyer in Washington two or three years later. I met him, by appointment, because I had been assigned by *Fortune* to write an article on the Federal Reserve Board, of which he was a governor. My fiscal conversation rapidly trailed off into small talk, and the chief thing I remember his saying was "How is your father?" He had been, he said, an usher at my father's wedding (and my mother's) twenty-seven years before. It struck me that he had provided this information to make me feel better about my reportorial inadequacy, and I received it with gratitude.

Later, in the same connection, I had a talk with his brother-in-law—Alfred A. Cook, the lawyer. My halting economic questions were greeted by Mr. Cook with less forbearance. "Geoffrey," he said, for we knew one another socially, "I don't think you know what you are talking about."

I subsequently got to know socially another Meyer brother-in-law, George Blumenthal. One evening after a dinner party, some fifteen years ago, he conducted me and thirty other guests on a tour of his Park Avenue Italian Renaissance house, past tapestries and El Grecos, right into his bedroom. There, in his white tie and double-pearl cuff links, he stretched out on his bed and pressed a button. A far-off window opened noiselessly, the way windows do in Cadillacs today. He pressed the button again, and the window closed. "Best thing in the house," he said. "You can open and close the window without getting out of bed." I certainly used to get around.

MR. COOK was right. The Federal Reserve assignment was taken away from me and given to Archie MacLeish. I was assigned to trout fishing, about which I also knew nothing. By this time, I was the possessor of two or three Whitaker suits, and my confidence was unimpaired. I continued to patronize Whitaker regularly, though sparingly, until 1943, when it disappeared into Saks Fifth Avenue. I disappeared into Saks, too, at the end of the war, and ordered a Whitaker suit, but when I got it, it bore a Wetzel label. Wetzel had also disappeared into Saks, and had apparently swallowed up Whitaker. I still have one pre-Saks, pre-Wetzel Whitaker garment, a tan gabardine suit, dating from the pre-rayon-nylon-orlon-dynel-dacron-acrilan period. It bears a label dated April 8, 1942, and the legend "Whitaker & Co., Fifth Avenue." In the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties, Whitaker labels read, "New York, London, and Liverpool." I always felt Liverpool was an exotic note. I haven't any idea what happened to the London and Liverpool Whitakers.

After the New York Whitaker disappeared into Saks, or Wetzel, I was not able to settle on any one tailor. It's like losing your true love; there are



successors, but they don't stick. I've tried Bell, Weatherill, MacDonald-Heath, M. Rock, Brooks Brothers' custom department, and Davies & Son, of London, but, as I said before, I can't seem to make up my mind. There are good things about them all, but my heart belongs to Whitaker, and there's no attachment like that to a departed one, especially when the demise occurred at the height of passion. I'm sure I've begun to idealize this splendid old defunct firm. I keep old Whitaker buttons, each inscribed with the company's name, in my collar-button box, and I think of having them made into cuff links. My gabardine is really worn out, and I've put on a good deal of weight in the past eleven years, so I've had gussets sewn in the trouser seat, but I can't bear to throw it away. I wear it once a year, on its birthday.

OLD WOMAN ON A DOORSTEP

Nona Domenica Garnaro sits in the sun
on the step of her house in Calabria.
There are seven men and four women in the village
who call her *Mamma*, and the orange trees
fountain their blooms down all the hill and valley.
No one can sit more deeply on this step

than Nona Domenica; when she folds her hands
in her lap, they fall together
like two Christs fallen from a driftwood shrine.
All their weathers are twisted into them.
There is that art in them that can not be carved
but only waited for. These hands are not

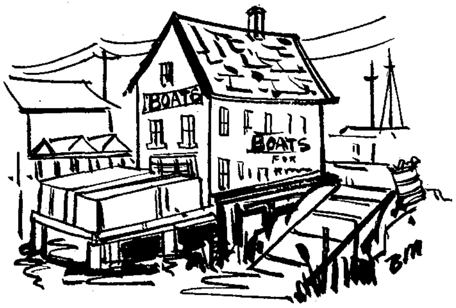
sad or happy or tired or strong. They are simply
complete. They lie still in her lap
and she sits waiting quietly in the sun
for what will happen: for example, a petal
might blow down on the wind and lie across
both of her thumbs, and she look down at it.

—John Ciardi

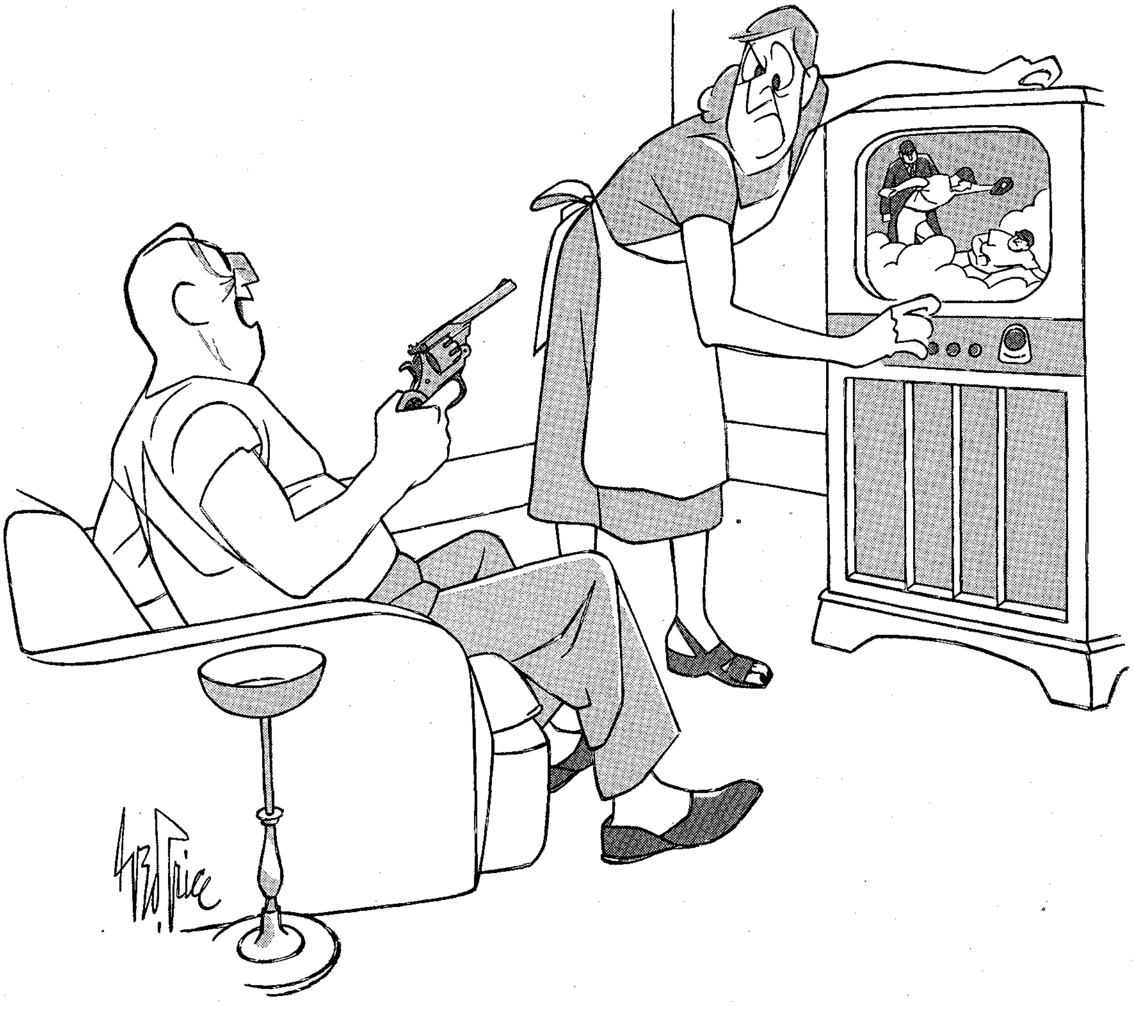
• •

I DON'T think of my predicament all the time—Nembutal and seconal help, work is a great anodyne, and there's always billiards at the club—but it was recently borne in on me, and hope for its lightening aroused, when I picked up the May issue of *Vogue*. I'm sorry to keep harping on *Vogue*, but it keeps coming to hand, and a *Vogue* in the hand invariably sets me to harping, and sometimes to carping. The May issue is called the Men's Issue, and features an article entitled "The 1953 Man in Vogue," which is bedecked with twenty-three photographs of American men, all of them wearing suits, or at any rate shirts and pants, at the race track, on the golf links, and so on. These characters are identified by *Vogue* as "twenty-four American men," but they are actually twenty-two, as we shall see. *Vogue* calls them "excellent illustrations of excellent ways for the man of 1953 to look—tailored, contemporary, correct." Their pictures, cut in different-size rectangles, are run together, like a Mondrian gone crazy, in the kind of layout that in fashionable ladies' magazines is usually accompanied by instructions to turn to page 193 for a name-dropping key after guessing yourself blue in the face, or by a list of the names printed upside down in a tantalizing box at the bottom of the page of pictures. Turn the magazine around, or stand on your head, and *there's* the teen-age Charlie Chaplin! Only, in this case there's no such key—maybe because, as *Vogue* says, many of the subjects were "photographed unawares." Publishing photographs of people and identifying them without their permission can be a touchy business—you disclose a man at the race track at a time when he told his wife he was with his mistress (there's a clock in the picture, and a calendar with the days crossed off), and there's the devil to pay.

I'm sure that legal caution was not, however, *Vogue's* motivation for the anonymity of its Men of 1953. It may have been a kind of snobbery. These twenty-four—or, rather, twenty-two—men are all prominent socially, and *Vogue's* assumption may be that its 360,024 readers, all of whom either are in the *Social Register* or got out under their own steam, are perfectly capable of recognizing them without neon lights saying Vanderbilt, Schiff, Ryan, Loew, etc. I don't get around much with my tailored contemporaries (I haven't dined in a house with an El Greco since George Blumenthal died, in 1941), and the only Man of 1953 I was able to recognize is Joe Thomas, a classmate of mine at Yale and a partner in Lehman Brothers. Joe appears in the *Vogue* gallery twice—once in a checked shirt, once in a white one—thus cutting its personnel down to twenty-two. The fact that *Vogue* didn't know this diminished my respect for its authority, and gave me my first suspicion that my sartorial predicament wasn't going to be lightened by the Men's Issue. This suspicion was subsequently verified.



DISTRESSED by my limited powers of identification, I pressed *Vogue* on a sporting friend, a man to whom the Turf & Field Club is a second home, and besought his aid. He studied the correct twenty-two of 1953 for a long five minutes (six and a half), and came up with Alfred Vanderbilt, John Schiff, T. Markoe Robertson, Milton W. Holden, Ronald Balcom, W. Palmer Dixon, Robert Strawbridge, John Barry Ryan, Alexander Cochran Cushing, and William Goadby Loew. According to the text that accompanies these unaware subjects and the eleven of whose names I am still unaware, style in a man's dress "is partly an inward dash that springs from a deep confidence in the calibre and contemporary rightness of his tailoring; partly an outward dash that results from a confident following of those new trends that are the most becoming, and the most comfortable, for him." I guess that's what these fellows reflect, and what I used to feel when I went to Whitaker—confidence and dash. Still, if I hadn't read that, I would have said simply that Schiff, Vanderbilt, Ryan, and Dixon are wearing dark suits with a light stripe; Loew is wearing a more tweedish outfit, with a double-breasted waistcoat; Cushing is in a dinner coat; and Strawbridge, Robertson, Holden, Balcom, and Thomas (in both pictures) are got up in slacks, white suits, or flannels. I now see that the first six are inward-dash men and the last five outward-dash men. Thomas looks the



"Hands off that dial!"

fleetest—I'd put him down for the hundred-yard outward dash in ten seconds flat—but this may be New Haven chauvinism on my part. My class has just celebrated its twenty-fifth reunion, and while I didn't attend it, the occasion has left me feeling rather mellow.

Why didn't the Men's Issue clear up my problem for me? The chief fault lies with me, of course, but apart from this, and apart from the magazine's inability to recognize the subject of one, or two, of its own pictures, the following passage made me feel about it the way Mr. Cook felt about me:

> And, in America, summer is the season when the ready-made comes into its own; many a man who patronizes a custom tailor the rest of the year, picks his summer suits off the racks. For good reason—few custom tailors can duplicate, *at the price,* a good ready-made cotton, linen, or tropical worsted suit.

Now, should a subject be separated from a verb by a comma? This is more important than you may think. Permit me to quote from a recent issue of the *Literary Supplement* of the London *Times.* In the course of a review of "Die dritte Walpurgisnacht. Mit einem Nachwort herausgegeben von Heinrich Fischer," by Karl Kraus, and "Karl Kraus. Eine Einführung in sein Werk und eine Auswahl," by Werner Kraft, the *Times* observes:

> Confucius was once asked what he would do first if it were left to him to administer a country. The Master said (in Professor Waley's scholarly translation of the *Analects*): "It would certainly be to correct language." His listeners were surprised. "Surely," they said, "this has nothing to do with the matter. Why should language be corrected?" The Master's answer (more freely translated) was: "If language is not correct, then what is said is not what is meant; if what is said is not what is meant, then what ought to be done remains undone; if this remains undone, morals and art will deteriorate; if morals and art deteriorate, justice will go astray; if justice goes astray, the people will stand about in helpless confusion. Hence there must be no arbitrariness in what is said. This matters above everything."
>
> It mattered above everything to the Austrian satirist Karl Kraus. He examined the language spoken and written by his contemporaries, and found that they lived by wrong ideas. Listening to what they said, he discovered the impure springs of their actions; reading what they wrote, he knew they were headed for disaster. To him the linguistic structure of the diplomatic correspondent's report revealed more of the political situation than the conference thus reported. The diplomatists may have had reasons to be optimistic, but portents occurred in their reported speeches—wrong subjunctives and false inflections. The hopes of the world, proclaimed in manifestos of good will, came to grief at the barrier of a misplaced comma. . . .

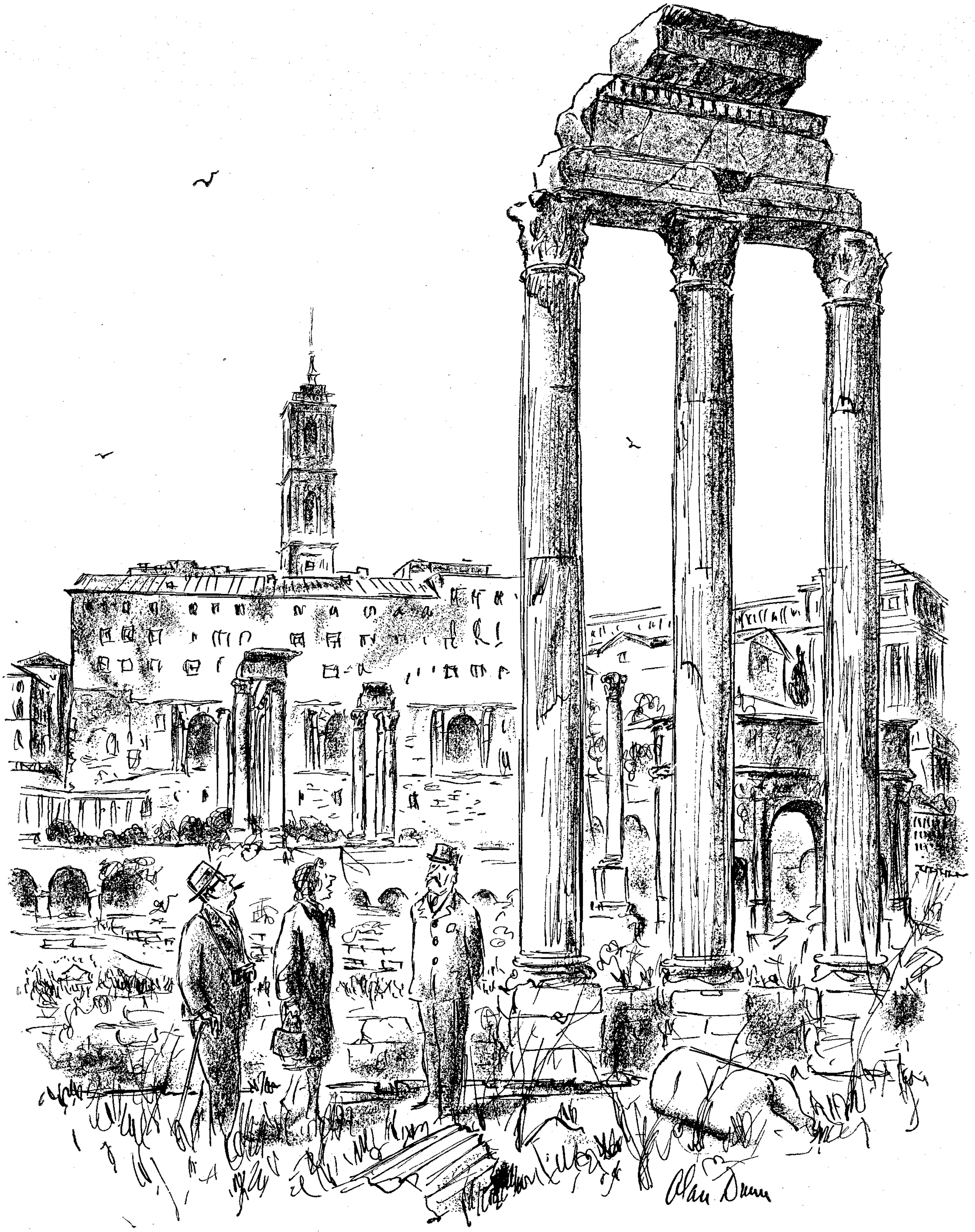
Well, that's where I, or my confidence in *Vogue* as an arbiter of men's fashion, came to grief. My grief deepened as I pondered what came around that misplaced comma. The fact is that few custom tailors can duplicate, at the price, *any* good ready-made suit, of whatever description—so if economy is the watchword, why just pick *summer* suits off the racks? A ready-made winter, fall, or spring suit offers a similar incentive.

When a man is in my condition, it doesn't take more than a couple of portents to unsettle him. *Vogue's* illogic and indifferent punctuation have frozen me in the stance of helpless confusion I have maintained since Whitaker got lost in Saks in 1943. Its recommendation of certain "master tailors"—Dunhill's, Saks-Wetzel, Stadler & Stadler, MacDonald-Heath, Raymond Twyeffort—has left me rudderless. I put on my residual Whitaker suit the other day and reread the article (Who wrote it, by the way? *Vogue* Senior Fashion Editor Bettina Ballard? Senior Feature Editor Allene Talmey? Shop Hound Despina Messinesi?), but confidence did not return. Or dash. I had visions of machine-made buttonholes; I felt headed for disaster. Maybe the fact that it wasn't the suit's birthday had something to do with it. Or it may have been those gussets; they aren't quite the same color as the rest of the trousers, and when I take off the coat I look a little like a rummage sale. —GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

> The school will accommodate children from 3 to 5 years old, and will operate from 1 a.m. to noon, Monday through Friday.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

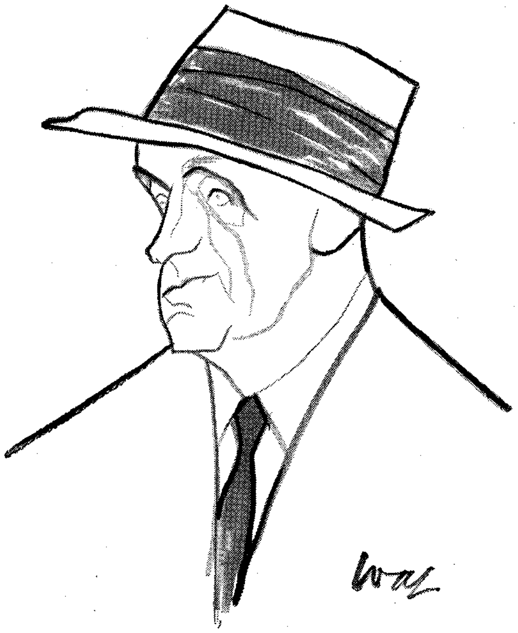
Up, kiddies! It's long after midnight.



"I suppose there's quite a story behind all this."

PROFILES

WITH THE MEAT IN THEIR MOUTH—I



John Cordes

JOHN CORDES, who retired at the end of 1949 as an acting lieutenant of detectives after thirty-four years' service in the Police Department, is the only man in the New York Department's history ever to win its Medal of Honor twice. No matter what shape the Police Department happens to be in at any given period—corrupt to the core, gleaming with virtue, or somewhere in between—this medal is never lightly bestowed. In the majority of cases it has been awarded posthumously, to men who have been killed while performing valiantly in the line of duty. Every New York cop, however cynical he may be toward all else in life, respects it, as members of the armed forces respect the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Born on Hudson Street in 1890 of an Alsatian father and a North German mother, Cordes (the name is pronounced "Cordeez," with the accent on the first syllable) spent a good part of his childhood in that then squalid neighborhood, which was infested with hoodlums known as the Hudson Dusters, who were one of the toughest gangs in the city and prowled the West Side from Greenwich Village up to Thirty-ninth Street. When Cordes was twelve, his father became ill and could no longer support his wife and five children. Mrs. Cordes, who had once been a practical nurse, moved the family up to Harlem, where she earned the rent by working as the janitress of the tenement they lived in. To help out the family finances, Cordes, who was the second oldest of the children, set up pins in a bowling alley and sold papers; also, for ten cents a head, he used to ride and convoy horses from a brewery at Amsterdam Avenue and 125th Street to a blacksmith shop at Eighth Avenue and 121st Street, and take them back, shod, to the brewery. The blacksmith was James J. Hines, who later became a power in Tammany Hall and was sent to prison in 1940 for owning too large a piece of the numbers racket.

The twelve-year-old Cordes had a racket of his own, which kept him in pocket money. Late at night, he would sneak about the roofs and fire escapes of the tenements near his home, cutting down his neighbors' high-rigged clotheslines and running off with them; next day, he would make a door-to-door tour of the distressed areas, selling new clothesline to the fuming housewives. A number of Cordes' childhood playmates grew up to fall foul of the law; some have died in the electric chair. "The border line between me and them was very thin," he says, in a voice that has been high and crackling all his life. "A little bad luck one way and another, and I might have finished like they did." As a detective, Cordes always maintained a charitable attitude toward the wrongdoers he matched wits and talents with, and beat; it may not have been exactly like shaking hands with a defeated adversary after a fierce battle, but it was akin to it. In his heyday, during the nineteen-twenties, Cordes used to make between two hundred and fifty and three hundred arrests a year. "Most of them thought I was the greatest son of a bitch ever born," he says in referring to the wrongdoers he sent to prison. A stranger, unversed in the Cordes idiom, might not realize that by this statement Cordes means that few of those men harbored lasting grudges against him. In a detached, nostalgic way, Cordes admires the technical skills of many of those he locked up. "He was a good kidnapper out of Cleveland," he will say, or "They were the best fur thieves in town at the time."

At the age of thirteen, Cordes left P.S. 43, where he was in grade 8-B, and got a job as a runner for a brokerage house that traded on the Curb Exchange, which at that time was still operating literally on the curbs of Broad Street. Runners stationed in the street communicated with order clerks up in the windows of nearby brokerage offices by signalling rapidly with their hands. A young Broadway smart named Arnold Rothstein, who was also getting his start in the financial world, used to take a pair of educated dice down to the Curb on paydays and clean the runners out.

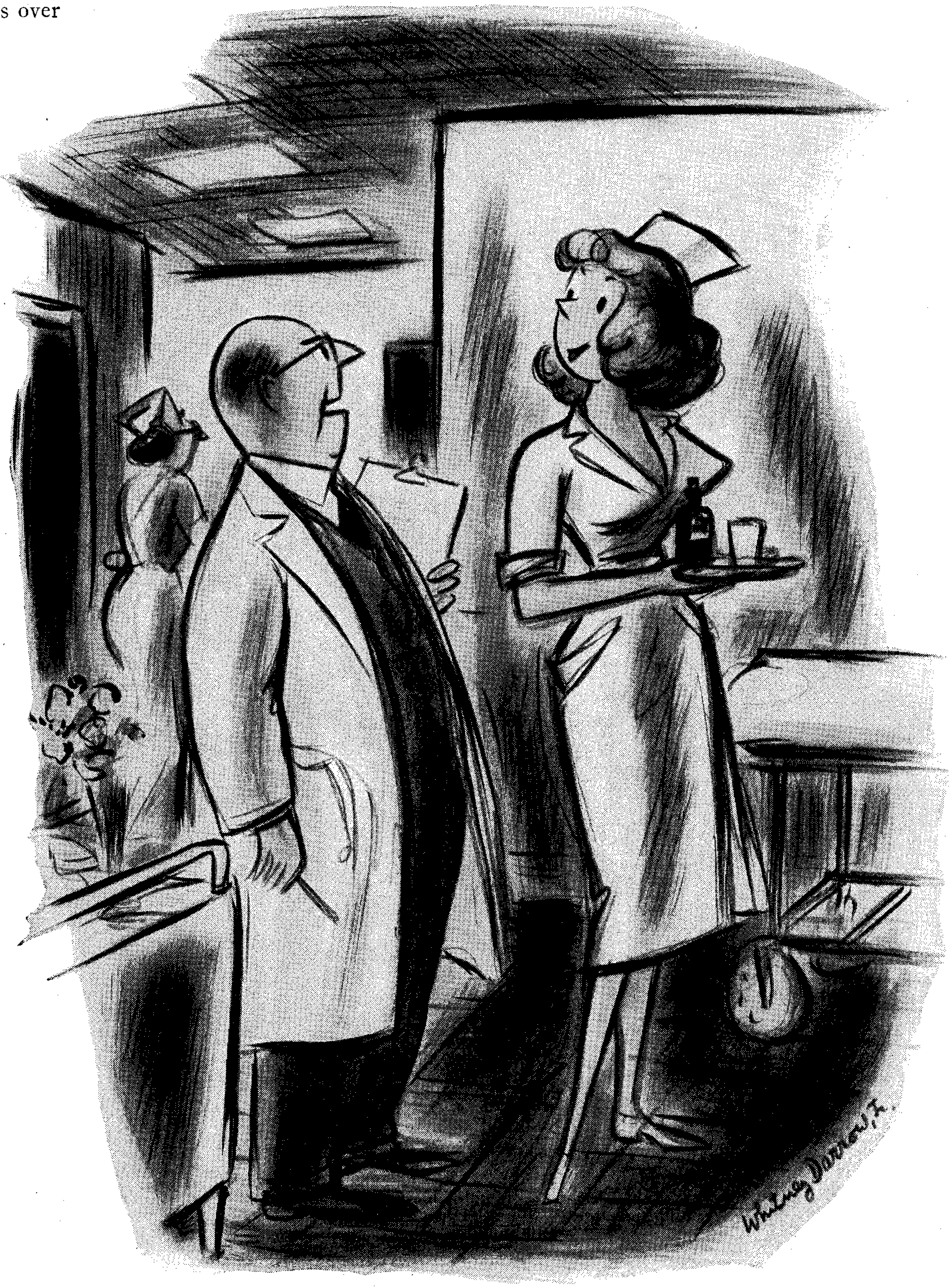
Cordes spent the rest of his teens with the Curb Exchange. A bright youngster, brisk and conscientious, he was an excellent runner and order clerk, and at the peak of his career there he was providing the signals for five brokerage offices simultaneously. His employers liked him and used to give him tips on stocks. He played the market successfully; by the time he came of age, he had accumulated a bank roll of twenty-five thousand dollars. For a while, he considered buying a seat on the Curb—one could be purchased for as little as twenty-five hundred dollars at the time—and going into business for himself. Instead, one day when he was barely twenty-one, he impulsively quit his job and left the market. He had always kept in top physical shape, and had enjoyed participating in as many sports as he could find time for—baseball, boxing, handball, wrestling, distance running, and swimming. He had been good at them, too. Now, jaded by frenzied finance, he decided to have fun for a while, so he went over to Newark and became a bicycle racer, competing regularly twice a week at the Velodrome there. The Velodrome bike racers were supposed to be amateurs, but in most cases the designation was laughable. One of them, a pedaller from Utah, was managed by Robert Arthur Tourbillon (known in the underworld, because of his initials, as Rats or Ratsie), who later became internationally famous as a confidence man, blackmailer, badger-game worker, and gilt-edged thief under the name of Dapper Don Collins.

To occupy himself between grinds, Cordes used to return to New York and labor as missionary for the O'Brien Civil Service Institute, a cramming school for citizens ambitious to attain permanent tenure on the public payrolls. His mission was to proselytize on the Institute's behalf, and for this he received a retainer of twenty-five dollars a week, plus five dollars for each proselyte. Cordes specialized in persuading gigantic men engaged in backbreaking labor that they were leading fruitless, futureless lives. Why not, he would urge them, try the Police Department, with its easier work, better pay, and pension on retirement? After all, passing the Department's physical and mental examinations was merely a matter of taking a few months of night courses at the Institute. He hung around docks, carbarns, packing houses, and stables frequented by draymen, preaching the O'Brien gospel; an able evangelist, he sent converts to the Institute in droves.

Cordes was not sold by his own sales talk; in the end, he gambled himself into the Police Department. One evening while he was looking things over in the O'Brien gymnasium, he noticed an enormous fellow, who worked days as a beef lugger in a packing plant, lying on his back on a mat and unsuccessfully trying to lift a thirty-five-pound bar bell that was planted under his neck. Lifting the bar bell from this position was an obligatory requirement for the police physical tests. "Look, friend, it's just a trick," Cordes said to the giant. "Here, let me show you." Cordes slipped off his coat, got down on the mat, and demonstrated the feat with ease. He weighed only a hundred and forty-five, stripped, at that time, and the beef lugger was nettled. "I suppose you think you could get on the cops," he sneered. "Certainly I could," replied Cordes, who had never before given the matter a thought. After some argument, he bet three hundred dollars that he could get on the cops and another two hundred that the beef lugger couldn't.

Between bike races, Cordes trained in the gym for the next few weeks and boned up on paperwork. (Up to this time, he had believed that his first name was Harry, but upon digging up the birth certificate that had to accompany his application papers, he discovered that his given name was John Henry Frederick. His mother had started calling him Harry in his infancy; at the age of ninety-five, she still does.) Cordes passed the physical and written exams with a rating of 90.91, which put him at the top of the list, and was admitted to the Department in August, 1915, shortly after his twenty-fifth birthday. The beef lugger flunked.

CORDES' police career got off to an unusual start. After graduating from the Police Academy, rookie cops ordinarily pound beats in uniform—first in the company of an older cop, then on their own. The very first day Cordes reported for duty, he was picked out of the ranks at Police Headquarters by Lieutenant of Detectives Daniel E. Costigan, whom the newspapers invariably referred to as Honest Dan, and detailed to plainclothes work. This was during the reform administration of Republican Mayor John Purroy Mitchel, and Police Commissioner Arthur Woods, a former master at Groton, had ordered Costigan to make war on the city's gambling—a burning issue in those days also. Costigan wanted some unknown faces on the special fifty-man squad he was organizing. Cordes didn't look the way a cop in plainclothes is popularly supposed to look. His brow was not low, his head stuck out in back, and his feet weren't noticeably


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"We're assigning you to the patient in Room 803, Miss Pavelle. He's lost the will to live."

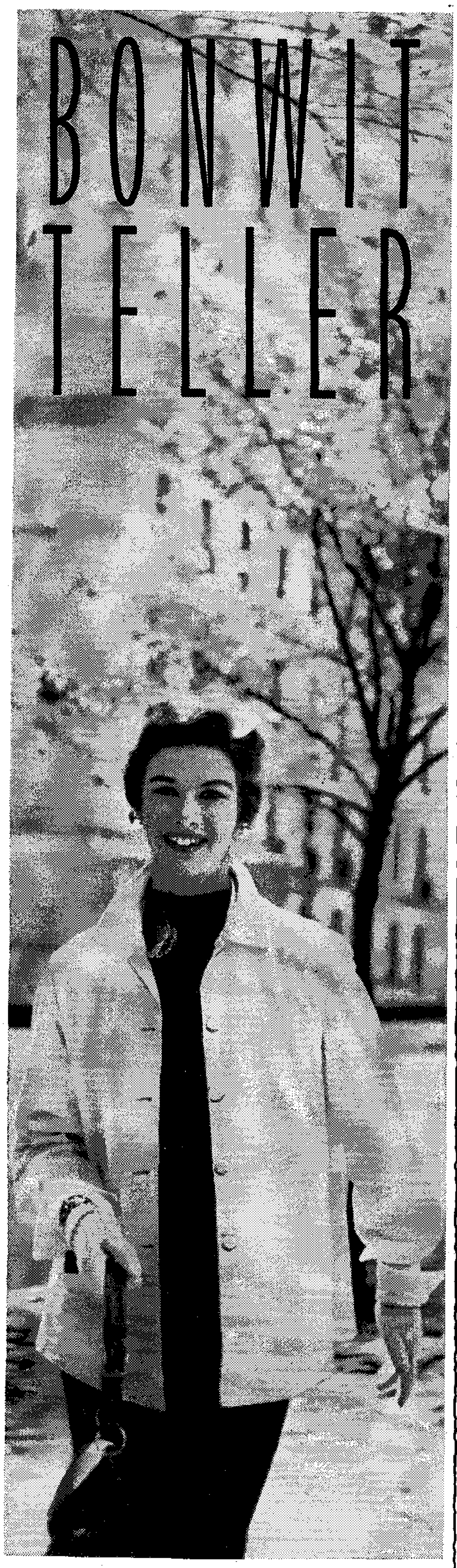
LE MUGUET DU BONHEUR
FLEURS DE ROCAILLE
FRENCH CANCAN

Famous Fragrances
by
CARON

BELLODGIA
LES POIS DE SENTEUR

The Greatest Name in Perfume

LA NUIT DE NÖEL
EN AVION
TABAC BLOND



THE LEATHER SHIRT
White Chimbamba capeskin jacket made like a shirt with slit sides. New as it can get. Smooth, polished and lined in contrasting crepe for a stunning color effect. Also beige, blue, pink. Done in sizes 10 to 16 55.00 by Samuel Roberts New York Boston Chicago Cleveland. White Plains

big; his expression was cheerful, and his manner was friendly; he had straw-colored hair that was somewhat curly, thick eyebrows, large, staring blue eyes, a fresh complexion, and not much meat on his bones for his five feet ten. Gambling-house steerers were taken in by his guileless air and had no way of knowing that his forty-three-inch chest was backed by rippling muscles. “There’s nobody so gullible as a guy who wants your dough,” Cordes says in recalling those days. “They chased me like they was dogs and I was a rabbit.” Posing as the ne’er-do-well son of a Canadian millionaire, he occupied a parlor suite at Mrs. Grunnhut’s celebrated boarding house on West Forty-fifth Street, where he was constantly receiving telegrams, purportedly from Montreal and signed “Dad,” that announced the imminent arrival of large consignments of cash, and in five weeks of sleuthing had no trouble getting into thirty-three gambling joints and obtaining evidence for a big raid that closed them all up. The detectives who raided the joints arrested Cordes along with the rest and put him in jail, so that he could listen to the talk of the gamblers in their cells and strengthen the case against them. “My God!” a dice hustler on his cell tier yelled. “They’ve even locked up that poor sucker from Canada!” The other gamblers laughed, but they did not the next morning in court when Lieutenant Costigan stepped forward and pinned a police shield on the poor sucker’s lapel. Cordes has staggering powers of recall, which enable him still, thirty-seven years later, to reel off the names and addresses of all thirty-three joints: Stony Melville’s wheelhouse (Stony was a former Wall Street broker), at 123 West Seventy-second Street; Al Levy’s horse room (better known as the Rock of Gibraltar), at 267 Grand Street; Baldy and Warren’s crap game (the biggest in New York), on three floors at 203 East Fifteenth Street; and so on.

Costigan, who was made an inspector soon after Cordes joined the force, saw that the young man was a born detective and kept him happily busy on the special squad. Hardly a day passed that Cordes did not remind himself how lucky he had been to escape pounding a beat in uniform. To an up-and-coming young detective, a uniformed cop seemed a sort of watchman—necessary, no doubt, but unglamorous. Cordes’ attitude toward detective work was that of a perfervid Boy Scout toward woodcraft, and he brought to it a Teutonic thoroughness and zeal inherited from his mother, and an appetite for competition acquired in sports and in the financial district. Many of his older colleagues, observing him sourly and listening to him pop off (for he was the voluble type), thought he was at least partly insane, and, looking back on his younger self, Cordes is often inclined to agree with them. “Jeezes, what chances I took!” he says. “I couldn’t have had good sense.”

Cordes loved to masquerade. While still hardly more than an apprentice, he successfully portrayed—in addition to the ne’er-do-well Canadian scion—a ragged hunchback, a soldier, a sailor, a streetcar conductor, a meter reader, a longshoreman, a contractor, and a whole stock company of bums. He also effectively played the role of a chopped-liver-and-Greek-salad glutton in the course of a crusade to wipe out a pre-prohibition institution known as the wine rink, a forerunner of the speakeasy. Ostensibly restaurants and mostly under Greek management, wine rinks were small, flyblown establishments that violated the excise laws by selling high-voltage wines without a license. Standard equipment in every wine rink was a large sign announcing that “free grape juice” would be served with every table-d’hôte meal ordered. No wine-rink menu ever listed more than two dishes—chopped liver and Greek salad. Chopped liver is self-explanatory; Greek salad is a medley of vegetables, with onions and olives predominating, that is pleasant enough but liable to become monotonous if over-indulged in. While obtaining samples of illicit wine sold as grape juice in twenty-nine rinks, Cordes and two other detectives, posing as gourmands, choked down a total of seventy-five portions of chopped liver and Greek salad in three days. (In the light of what prohibition was soon to bring, such sacrifices to such an end seem trifling indeed. Less than a decade later, in broad daylight, Cordes engaged in a fight for his life with two thugs who had kidnapped a pair of bootleggers. It was for thwarting the kidnappers that he was awarded one of his two Medals of Honor.)

HAD it not been for a man named Stephen Vassilopoulos, Cordes might easily have ended his police career after six years by quitting in disgust, or, the disgust muffled, he might have gone on and on, to retire finally not as a famous detective but as an obscure

HERE'S WHAT'S MADE IT PRACTICAL TO

plan your wardrobe in luxurious wool

JUST FOR WOOL
Woolite
Cold Water Soap
JUST FOR WOOL
AMERICA EXCLUSIVELY BY HONEY H

JUST FOR WOOL

Woolite

JUST FOR WOOL

Cold Water Soap

JUST FOR WOOL

$1.50

in the Round Pound

You can wash your cashmeres *30 times* for just about what it costs to have a sweater dry cleaned *once!*

These are among the fine stores from coast to coast that feature Woolite. For the distinguished store nearest you, write us and we shall tell you where.

Marshall Field & Co.
Chicago • Evanston

B. Altman & Co.
New York

Hudson's
Detroit

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas

Frederick & Nelson
Seattle

I. Magnin & Co.
San Francisco
Los Angeles
Seattle
Beverly Hills
Pasadena
Sacramento
Arrowhead Springs
Oakland
Santa Barbara

safely keeps all your precious wools at their loom-fresh best

Suddenly the rich, soft wools you love—those delicate cashmeres, knits and flannels—are as practical as any of the synthetic wool substitutes. For Woolite—a deliciously scented new soap powder—lets you wash your woollens as easily and successfully as nylon hose!

Pure as ever a soap can be, Woolite dissolves completely in cold tap water—quickly and gently floats out the dirt. In just three minutes, your woollens are fresher and fluffier than new—*without re-blocking or stretchers; no matting or shrinking.* Woolite lets you plan your wardrobe in favoured wools—without a care as to their care. And, be sure to pack several of those Woolite Round Pounds along with your college-bound woollens—to keep them at their loveliest through campus wear and tear.

Try Woolite once—you'll trust Woolite forever

HONEY HARBOUR COMPANY, LTD. **American formulators of Woolite, the just-for-wool soap at WASHINGTON, CONN.**
From the home of Fine Woollens

desk sergeant in some outlying precinct. For in 1921, he became a victim of politics. By that time, Tammany had returned to power by electing John F. Hylan as Mayor. Hylan appointed a new police commissioner—Richard Enright, a strange, large man from Steuben County. Enright had come to New York as a country boy, joined the police force, and worked his way up from the ranks. Inspector Costigan was senior to Enright in service, and Enright hated him, claiming that Costigan had once prevented him from being made a captain. One of Enright's first official acts was to remove Costigan from command of the special squad. Enright continued the squad under another inspector, but the fifty men Costigan had picked for it were all marked for the guillotine. Early in 1921, "for the good of the service," Cordes was ordered to buy himself a uniform and go pound a beat in Harlem. Actually, it was not even a beat; he drew a fixed post at the corner of 135th Street and Lenox Avenue. Patrolling a beat, a uniformed cop has at least several square blocks to do his stuff in; Cordes' demesne was little more than an intersection. He loathed working in uniform; besides, he had recently got married—to Vera Fay McCall, a girl from Marion, Indiana, whom he met in Newark during his bike-racing days—and he felt he owed it to his wife to get back into the Detective Bureau, where he thought his prospects looked better. At the end of about six months of helping old ladies across the street, he saw an opportunity and seized it.

Late one Sunday night in August, three masked hoodlums entered the bedroom of the man named Stephen Vassilopoulos, who had a candy-and-soda concession at Brighton Beach, where he also lived. The intruders bound Vassilopoulos to his bed with ripped-up sheets, strapped adhesive tape over his eyes and mouth, and set to work jimmying a safe he kept in his bedroom. The jimmy broke before the robbers could get the safe open, so they unstrapped Vassilopoulos' mouth and demanded that he tell them the safe's combination. When he refused, they began pulling out the hairs of his elegant thick mustache, one by one. Vassilopoulos opened the safe for them. The robbers left with twenty-one hundred dollars in cash and Liberty Bonds.

While this was going on, Cordes was sulking on his fixed post, working the midnight-to-8-A.M. trick. Shortly after he got home that Monday morning, a stool pigeon phoned him and said that a young waiter named Joe Paulse, who lived in a boarding house on West

"OKLAHOMA!" AT POPULAR PRICES!
Limited Engagement Ends Oct. 3rd
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S
OKLAHOMA!
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY
MATINEES: $1.20, 1.50, 1.80, 2.40
EVENINGS: $1.20, 1.80, 2.40, 3.00
Evenings, Mon. thru Sat., 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30
Please enclose stamped, self-add. envelope
Air-Cond. N. Y. CITY CENTER, 131 W. 55

R & H

RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S
New Musical Comedy
Me and Juliet
with ISABEL BIGLEY BILL HAYES JOAN McCRACKEN
RAY WALSTON MARK DAWSON JACKIE KELK
Air-Cond. MAJESTIC THEATRE, W. 44 St.
Eves.: $7.20, 6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.

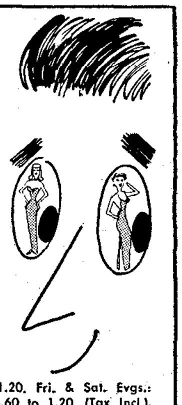
YUL BRYNNER
in
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S
The King and I
A Musical Play
with CONSTANCE CARPENTER
TERRY SAUNDERS
Air-Cond. ST. JAMES THEATRE, W. 44 St.
Eves.: $7.20, 6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.

NEW POPULAR PRICES!
MARTHA WRIGHT GEORGE BRITTON
In The Pulitzer Prize Musical Play
South Pacific
with MYRON McCORMICK • WILLIAM TABBERT • MARTIN WOLFSON
and MUSA WILLIAMS
Air-Cond. BROADWAY THEA., B'way & 53 St.
Mon. thru Fri. Eves.: $4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Sat. Eve.: $6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Wed. Mats.: $2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Sat. Mats.: $3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Tax Incl.

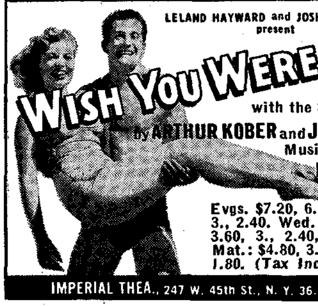
"Good for your funnybone. Perfect for Joy-Scouts."—WALTER WINCHELL
GEORGE KONDOLF presents
MENASHA SKULNIK RICHARD WHORF
IN "THE 5th SEASON"
by SYLVIA REGAN Staged by GREGORY RATOFF
The Cool Cool CORT THEA., 48 St. E. of Bway
Tues. thru Sun. Evgs. (No Mons.) $4.80, $4.20, $3.60, $3.00, $2.40, $1.80. Mats. Sat. & Sun. $3.60, $3.00, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20 (Incl. Tax).
Special schedule: Week of Sept. 13 ONLY
PERFORMANCES: Evs. Sun, Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Sat
Matinées Sunday & Wednesday

The Theatre Guild & Joshua Logan
present
PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
PICNIC
DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD
by WILLIAM INGE
RALPH MEEKER JANICE RULE
and PEGGY CONKLIN
Staged by JOSHUA LOGAN
Evgs. 8:30. Mon. thru Thurs.: $4.80, 1.80. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $6.-1.80. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30. $3.60,-1.20. Tax Incl.
AIR-COND. MUSIC BOX 239 W. 45 St., N. Y. 36

"GAY and INVENTIVE."
—Gibbs, The New Yorker
"ORIGINAL and FUNNY."
—Atkinson, N. Y. Times
COURTNEY BURR and ELLIOTT NUGENT
present
TOM EWELL in
GEORGE AXELROD'S Comedy
"the seven year itch" with
VANESSA BROWN
Robert Emhardt • Neva Patterson • George Keane
Directed by JOHN GERSTAD
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $4.80 to 1.20. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $6 to 1.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $3.60 to 1.20. (Tax Incl.).
Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope
FULTON THEATRE, 210 West 46th Street, (Air-Cond.)



IT'S WORTH A TRIP to NEW YORK
to see "THE SMASH HIT MUSICAL."—WALTER WINCHELL
LELAND HAYWARD and JOSHUA LOGAN
present
WISH YOU WERE HERE
The Musical
with the Swimming Pool
by ARTHUR KOBER and JOSHUA LOGAN
Music and Lyrics by
HAROLD ROME
Evgs. $7.20, 6., 4.80, 3.60, 3., 2.40. Wed. Mat. $4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80. Sat. Mat.: $4.80, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80. (Tax Included.)
IMPERIAL THEA., 247 W. 45th St., N. Y. 36. EVGS. 8:30



BEST MUSICAL—1953
DRAMA CRITICS' CIRCLE AWARD
Rosalind Russell
IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY HIT
"Wonderful Town"
air-cond WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St., N.Y. 19
Evgs. $7.20 to 2.40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $4.20 to 1.80

"Tingles with excitement"—Atkinson, Times
MAURICE EVANS in
DIAL M FOR MURDER
AIR COND.
PLYMOUTH THEA W. 45 St. Evgs 8:40 Mats Wed & Sat.

MOROSCO THEATRE, W.45 St. Mats.Wed & Sat.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
GREGORY PECK and AUDREY HEPBURN
in WILLIAM WYLER'S production of
"ROMAN HOLIDAY"
A Paramount Picture
and SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

NO SNAP, NO PUNCH, NO ZOOM, NO CRUNCH

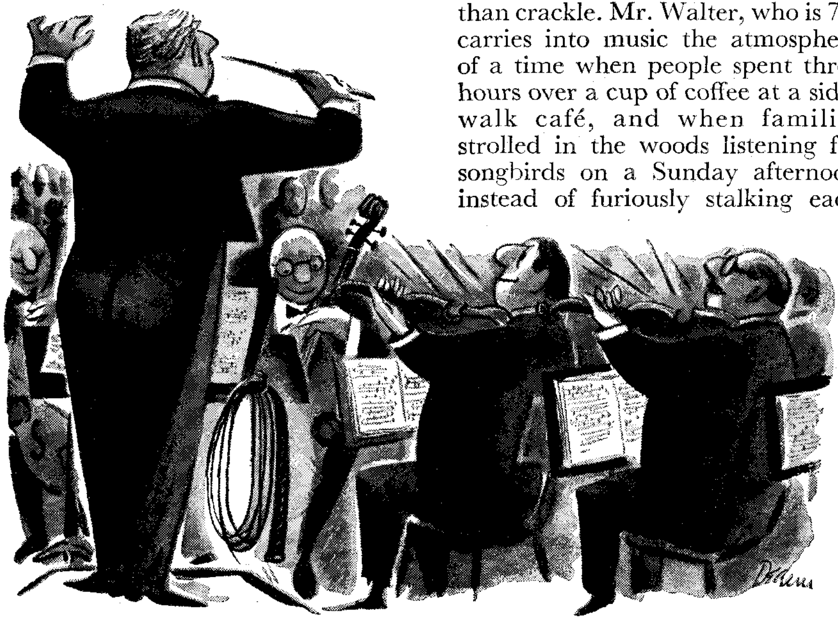
"WHY," exclaimed a friend of ours who describes himself as a marginally musical type, "do there have to be so damn many conductors that I can't keep them straight?"

The question is a reasonable one, and should not be fobbed off with an evasive answer such as, "There have to be so damn many conductors because there are so damn many orchestras." What our friend wants explained is not, we suspect, the multiplicity of conductors but their diversity. Why is it necessary to have some conductors who play the music a little too fast, and some who play it a little too slow, and some who stir it up while others gentle it down? To our way of thinking, there is everything to be said for a world in which some people play the music as written while others play it faster or slower or drier or juicier; but we are aware that our way of thinking may not be your way of thinking. So we put the question to a Qualified Person, a performing musician from whom we have swiped some of our most intelligent opinions, and were rewarded with our favorite answer of the year. "There have to be a lot of conductors," said this advisor, "so that there can be one Bruno Walter."

Mr. Walter may very well be the only conductor in history at whom no performer has ever got really mad, and for whom musicians regularly blow or fiddle their hearts out from motives not of self-preservation but of reverence and love. To appreciate this fact you should remember that the conductor of a symphony orchestra is to a second flautist what Henry Ford II is to a drill-press operator; he is strictly The Boss. Mr. Walter, though a man of commanding presence, is less a Boss than a wise and kindly father, a mild shepherd nudging his lambs to where the musical grass is greener. A Walter alumnus recalls a rehearsal at which the musicians fell to chattering among themselves while the maestro was explaining a point—practically a hanging offense under musical law. Mr. Walter tapped his baton sharply on the music stand, and the musicians cowered into their chairs to await an explosion of irony, scorn, fury and dismissals. They got, instead, ten seconds of crushing silence. "Gentlemen," then said Mr. Walter, "I cannot speak." This, according to all available evidence, was Bruno Walter's most violent outburst.

FROM a musical rather than a humanitarian point of view, it is Mr. Walter's distinction to be beyond dispute the greatest living conductor in the Viennese tradition. "Viennese tradition" is one of those enormously meaningful terms of which it is very difficult to tell the meaning. On one level, it means Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Mahler, Strauss and other sturdy monopolists of the concert hall, so that Walter's performances of the works of these spiritual compatriots have exceptional authenticity and interest. More generally, "Viennese tradition" can be said to mean a spirit of grace, lyricism, serenity, and the gentle pursuit of happiness. It means wine rather than benzedrine, and sparkle rather than crackle. Mr. Walter, who is 77, carries into music the atmosphere of a time when people spent three hours over a cup of coffee at a sidewalk café, and when families strolled in the woods listening for songbirds on a Sunday afternoon instead of furiously stalking each other's fenders on Route 9. He is songful, thoughtful, powerful and poetic rather than snappy, punchy, zoomy or crunchy. He strolls rather than marches. To experience a symphony with Mr. Walter is to saunter through it on foot, taking time to observe the flowers, to gaze at the sky, to inhale the air, to think about the sweet mystery of life, and to hold hands with your girl. If this strikes you as pretty fanciful, let's see *you* define "Viennese tradition."

Mr. Walter has performed all nine Beethoven symphonies on Columbia Records, and when you get around to the Ninth, there's a story you should know. Soon after recording the Ninth for Columbia, Walter conducted the piece again at a Pension Fund Concert for the musicians of the New York Philharmonic. During the last movement, with its powerful interplay of voices and instruments, there occurred one of those cases of spontaneous combustion, or natural grooviness, that sometimes takes place when everybody is feeling just right. Mr. Walter was so pleased with this reading of the movement that he suggested it be inserted in his original earlier recording. Columbia took up the suggestion, and you can now learn a lot about Mr. Walter, Beethoven, music, and life by grabbing a booth at your friendly record dealer's and comparing the two versions. If you happen to own the original recording and should decide that you prefer the new one, Columbia Records will be glad to swap with you, without cost, sullenness, or air of doing you a favor. They just want you to be happy. It's an old Viennese tradition. L.R.



These Are My Latest Records
by Bruno Walter

Beethoven: Ninth Symphony ("Choral")
Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York

•

Mozart: Symphony #40 in G Minor; Symphony #35 in D Major ("Haffner")
Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York

•

Mozart Arias with Eleanor Steber,
Columbia Symphony Orchestra

•

Mozart Arias from "The Marriage of Figaro" and "Concert Arias"—
George London, bass-baritone—
Columbia Symphony Orchestra

Bruno Walter records *exclusively* for

COLUMBIA RECORDS

799 SEVENTH AVE., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Originator of "Lp," the modern long-playing record

(*Advertisement*)

800,000 Partners

There's a lovely old story that Henny Youngman used to tell about the cashier in the restaurant who, everytime he rang up a check, would put half in the till, and half in his pocket. One day the boss noticed him putting the full amount of a check in his pocket, walked over quietly and asked, "What's the matter, aren't we partners anymore?"

We have an old story, too, about money. Week after week hard-headed businessmen from all over America have trusted us with their money—lots of money. Last week, for instance, we received 4,349 checks for a total of $78,282. All of this money was for 3-year subscriptions to Nation's Business—subscriptions that won't even start for another month.

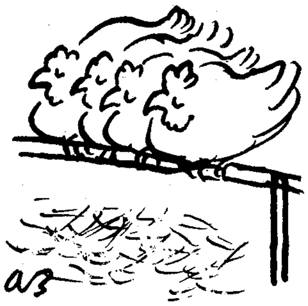
Other businesses collect money in advance, too, but usually the customer sees an exact sample of what he is buying—whether it's a carload of chewing gum or a new deluxe hardtop convertible. He knows the delivered article will be precisely like the sample. Satisfaction guaranteed.

But the subscriber who buys a 3-year subscription to NB has no way of knowing what the product will be like. He enters into a partnership with us, pays his $18 in high faith that we will fulfill our part of the obligation by delivering an interesting, useful magazine next month, and next month, and next . . .

It's fun to be in a business founded on such complete customer confidence. Also, it keeps us trying like hell. Nation's Business, *a general magazine for businessmen*, Washington 6, D. C.

(*Advertisement*)

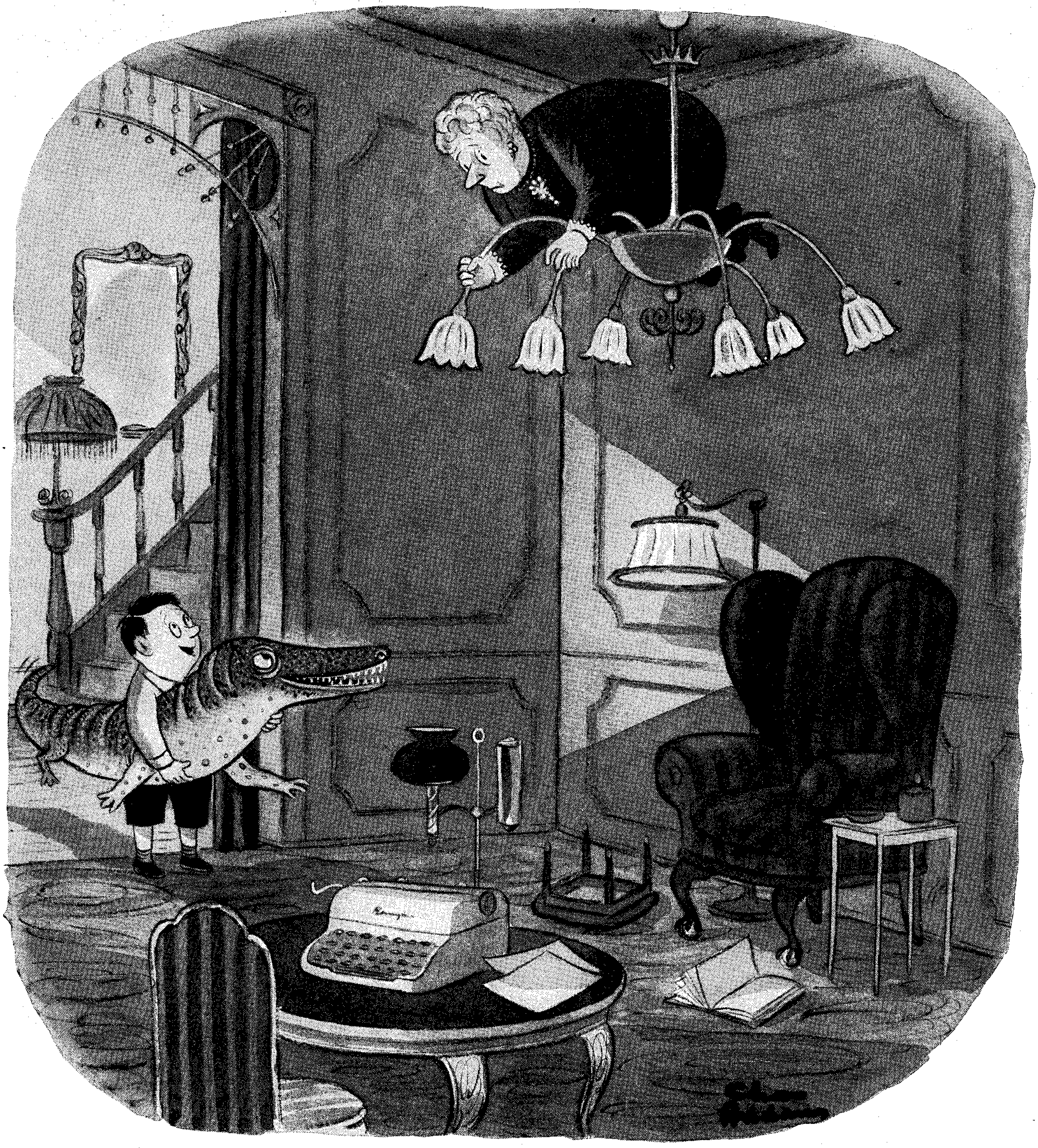
Forty-ninth Street, was one of the men who had plucked the Vassilopoulos mustache. Cordes at once changed into plainclothes and started shadowing Paulse; he also persuaded one of the boarding-house tenants to eavesdrop on the suspect's conversations on the hall telephone. Except when he was working his eight hours in uniform, Cordes kept after Paulse unrelentingly until Thursday midnight, saying nothing about the case to anybody. ("Those four days I never took off a shoe," he says.) On Friday morning, he went down to Headquarters, where he called on Assistant Chief Inspector John Coughlin, the head of the Detective Bureau, and told him he could break the Brighton Beach job. Coughlin promised Cordes that if he did, he would be taken back into the Bureau. Cordes said that at eight-thirty that evening Paulse was going to meet another of the robbers, Marino by name, in front of the Strand Theatre, at Forty-seventh Street and Broadway. Marino, he continued, had held out on the booty, and Paulse intended to kill him. Coughlin ordered Cordes to carry on, and promised to send him some help at once, just in case the murder might be attempted ahead of schedule. Cordes went straight to the theatre and took up a cautious watch outside it; in police argot, he took a plant. Soon he was joined by four detectives from the Coney Island station, in whose jurisdiction the Brighton Beach robbery lay. Cordes explained to them enthusiastically that here was a sure opportunity to break the case; evidently, his enthusiasm was not contagious, for after waiting around until four, they knocked off for the day, leaving Cordes alone. On the dot of eight-thirty, a Packard containing five men stopped in front of the Strand, and Marino stepped out of it. From the crowd in front of the theatre, Paulse rushed at him with a drawn revolver, but before he could pull the trigger, Cordes snatched the revolver away from him, knocked him to the sidewalk, and covered Marino and the four other men. He then took all six to the West Forty-seventh Street station house in the Packard. Snatching guns from would-be killers was a specialty Cordes later became celebrated for. According to regulations, cops must carry revolvers at all times; off duty they may carry revolvers of smaller calibre than the one the regulations prescribe, but armed they must be. Cordes, for some reason he cannot precisely define, always hated to carry a gun, and he frequently didn't; because detectives are not inspected as carefully before going on duty as are uniformed members of the force, and because of the fact that, armed or unarmed, he produced results, he usually got away with it.



Police went to Marino's rooms and found a missing piece of the broken jimmy, three masks, assorted weapons and ammunition, Vassilopoulos' Liberty Bonds and quite a lot of his cash, and some keys to the interior drawers of his safe. Within a few days, the third robber, one Mancuso, was captured, and all three were sent to prison for long terms. It was what the cops call a good pinch, and Cordes never worked in uniform again.

THREE months later Cordes made another good pinch. During the summer and fall of 1921, there were more than three hundred burglaries in houses and apartments of well-to-do residents of the upper West Side; in one, Eva Tanguay, the actress, lost ten thousand dollars' worth of jewelry and clothes from her apartment at 319 West Eighty-sixth Street. The common denominator of most of the burglaries was that they occurred during the afternoon, when their victims were away from home. After Cordes' return to the Detective Bureau, he was assigned to the West Forty-seventh Street station and teamed with a veteran detective named Patrick Manney, who was short, slight, and the father of fifteen children. For several weeks, the pair worked on the so-called "matinée burglaries." From apartment-house doormen and elevator operators they pieced together descriptions of two of the burglars. Early one afternoon in late November, Cordes and Manney spotted two men who fitted the descriptions standing at the corner of Forty-eighth Street and Broadway. One of the men was dark, the other fair; both were hefty and well dressed. When an uptown streetcar came along, they boarded it and rode to Seventy-second Street; the detectives got on and off with them. All the afternoon, the detectives tailed the two men. They watched outside as the pair entered half a dozen apartment houses, stayed a short while in each, and then came out empty-handed. Finally, the detectives' patience was rewarded when the two men went into an apartment house on the south side of Eighty-second Street between

(Advertisement)



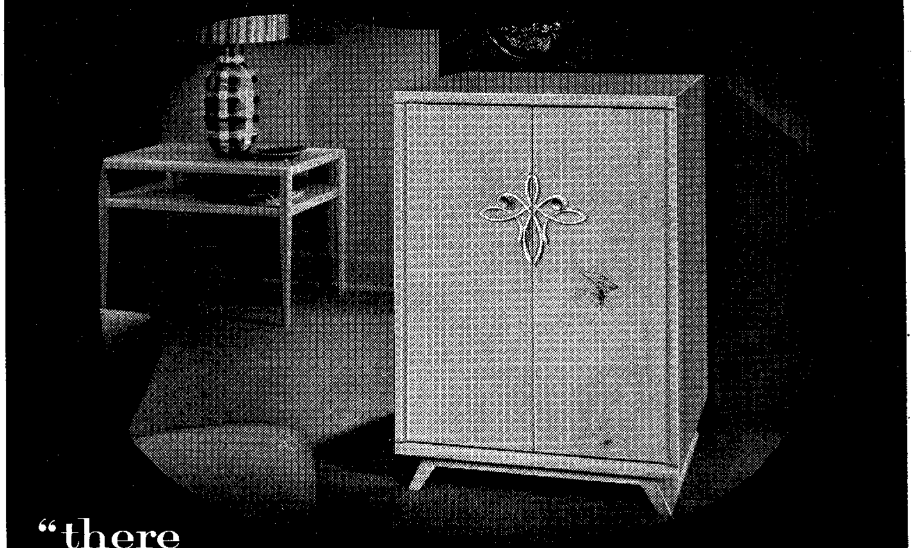
"I told you I'd win First Prize if I typed my homework on a Remington Quiet-riter."

Junior was right! The Remington Quiet-riter is the *perfect* portable for typing *everything* from themes to theses.

Whether on the campus or at home, students who use the Quiet-riter do their work faster, better ... receive up to 30% higher grades. Exclusive MIRACLE TAB permits you to set and clear tabulator stops *from* the keyboard. Test type the new Remington Quiet-riter at your dealer's today. Feature for feature ... dollar for dollar, it's your best portable buy.

A Product of **Remington Rand** INC.

with exclusive PANORAMIC VISION...



"there is nothing finer than a STROMBERG-CARLSON."

THE MODERNE—21-inch Panoramic Vision picture for widest viewing angle. Superb performance on UHF and VHF. Modern design cabinet in comb-grain limed oak veneers with gold finish decoration.

Television models from $249.95 including excise tax and warranty. (Slightly higher in South and West) • STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER 3, N. Y.

You too ought to taste
JACK DANIEL'S
black or green label
1/5 QUART
JACK DANIEL'S
No. 7 BRAND
QUALITY
Tennessee SOUR MASH WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
AWARDED THE HIGHEST GOLD MEDALS
1904
1905 GHENT BELGIUM
1913
ANGLO AMERICAN EXPOSITION LONDON 1914
AND CERTIFICATE OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE LONDON 1915

BY CHOICE
90 PROOF

JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY, LYNCHBURG, TENNESSEE

West End Avenue and Riverside Drive, stayed about three-quarters of an hour, then came out loaded. The dark man was carrying a large suitcase; the fair man had what appeared to be a big bundle of clothing over one arm. "We caught them with the meat in their mouth," says Cordes. The pair started toward Riverside Drive with the detectives tailing them.

About halfway down the block, Suitcase crossed to the north side of the street and continued walking toward the Drive; on the south side, Bundle kept right on going. Five or ten yards from the Drive, the two men realized they were being followed, and started to run. On this occasion, both detectives were unarmed. Manney took off after Suitcase and Cordes took off after Bundle. Manney caught Suitcase, who towered above him, on the west side of the Drive, and when he closed in to seize him, Suitcase pulled a two-pound jimmy from his pocket, hit Manney on the side of the head with it, and started to run again. Manney staggered, recovered, caught up with Suitcase, and jumped on his back. Suitcase shook him off and hit him on the head again with the jimmy, but then the father of fifteen whipped his blackjack out of his hip pocket, slammed it along Suitcase's jaw, and stiffened him. Meanwhile, Cordes had chased Bundle down the east side of the Drive, overhauled him, and sent him crashing into a fence by using the chaser's trip; that is, he had flung out the toe of his right shoe and caught Bundle under the right heel. Bundle lay face down on the sidewalk, as though stunned, but when Cordes bent over him, he whirled around onto his back with a .45 automatic in his right hand. Cordes seized him by the wrist with his left hand and turned the gun aside. The two rolled back and forth on the sidewalk as they battled for the gun, flailing at each other with their free fists; Bundle not only hit and kicked Cordes repeatedly but bit him several times. At last, Cordes got possession of the gun and brought its butt down on Bundle's head. Crowds of people had gathered around both fights, and many others were watching from apartment windows and bus tops; it cost money to see this sort of thing in the movies. After Cordes and Manney had subdued their prisoners, they had to convince their public that they represented the law, and not the underworld.

Bundle turned out to be William Neeley, twenty-nine years old, who had served a term in Sing Sing for burglary, was wanted in Atlantic City for a ten-thousand-dollar jewel robbery in the

Traymore Hotel there, and was free on bail on a counterfeiting charge in Asbury Park. Suitcase was Eugene Metuli, twenty-seven years old, who, in Cordes' words, "was wanted by everybody but the Church." More than a hundred keys were found on Metuli; Neeley had about fifty. The loot, which amounted to three thousand dollars' worth of jewelry and clothing, had been stolen from the apartment of Justice Henry W. Herbert, of the Court of Special Sessions. The final sentence from the *Herald's* story reporting the capture of the matinée burglars read, "They [Neeley and Metuli] said they were friends of Waxey Gordon, an old-time gangster, who was once one of the leaders of the Dopey Benny Fein gang, and has served time in prison." Gordon became New York's Public Enemy No. 1 during prohibition and died last year in Alcatraz, where he was serving a twenty-five-year sentence.

The next summer, Cordes was transferred to the East 104th Street station, where he worked for Captain of Detectives John Lyons, who soon came to admire his work as a skillful and dogged shadower of criminals and suspects. Lyons could see that Cordes combined all the attributes of a successful tailer—iron legs and arches, the considerable acting ability a man must have to make himself unnoteworthy, and a sixth sense of anticipation—and he thought highly of Cordes' often repeated dictum: "Be easy and natural, never let the other guy make your eyes, and keep trying to figure out what he'll do next." When Captain Lyons was presently transferred to the Thirty-first Detective Precinct, with headquarters in the East Sixty-seventh Street station, he took Cordes along.

ON Thursday evening, March 29, 1923, at ten minutes to eight, Cordes, wearing a green cap and a new camel's-hair overcoat with red and brown checks, was on his way to report for work. He was riding down there from his home in Harlem in a black five-passenger Studebaker driven by his brother Freddie, who owned the car and was a clerk at Lewis & Conger's. On the way downtown, Freddie stopped in front of a United Cigar store at 954 Lexington Avenue, just south of Sixty-ninth Street and not far from the station house. Freddie had run out of cigars—Optimo Blunts were what he smoked—and his brother had offered to get out and get him some.

By rights, it was Cordes' day off, but during the afternoon a fellow-detective who was getting married that evening

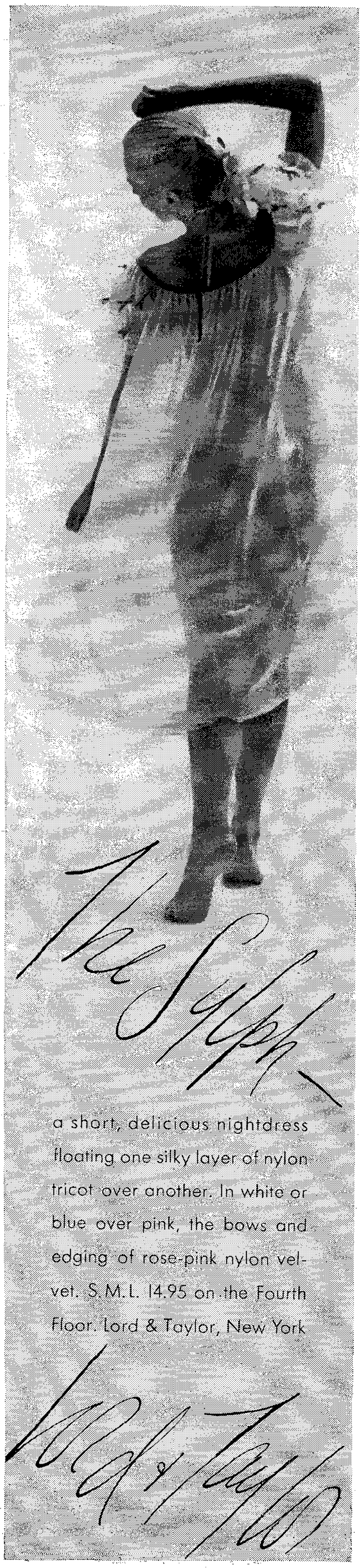
White Stag

Three Ways to Look at Ease

The Weatherneck is the ultimate in styling from out of the West where we define fashion for men as a "flair for comfort". Its knit collar zips to a snug turtleneck . . . fits down to a Continental square collar . . . or opens up for free and easy appearance. Any way you wear it, it looks as casual and at-ease as it feels.

In 100% Wool Suede, it is available in scarlet with grey knit, tan with brown knit, blue with navy knit, at 22.50. Sizes range from 36 to 46.

These White Stag jackets are available in most fine stores. Write us for the name and address of the store nearest you. White Stag, Portland 9, Oregon.



a short, delicious nightdress floating one silky layer of nylon tricot over another. In white or blue over pink, the bows and edging of rose-pink nylon velvet. S.M.L. 14.95 on the Fourth Floor. Lord & Taylor, New York

had called up to say that the man who had volunteered to take his trick for him had let him down, and Cordes had agreed to take the trick instead. Something had happened that morning that Cordes remembered later. A cross-eyed eight-year-old boy named Tommy Radlup, whose father ran a fruit stand near where Cordes lived, was in the habit of panhandling the detective whenever they met on the street. Cordes usually gave him a nickel or a dime, but that morning he had had no change and had passed the boy up. "Awright for you," Tommy had said. "You're gonna have bad luck."

About five minutes before Freddie stopped the Studebaker for his brother to get out and get him the cigars, two robbers had entered the cigar store and pulled revolvers on William Einhorn, the salesman. They were Patrick Ahearn, twenty-three years old, and John Whitton, eighteen; both were narcotic addicts and both belonged to what was left of the Hudson Dusters. Ahearn towered over Whitton, who was four feet ten inches tall and weighed a hundred and eighteen pounds, but Whitton, known on the West Side as the Mutt, dominated him. The previous Saturday, Whitton had escaped from the East View Penitentiary, in Westchester. He was looking for a stake.

The cigar store was small and had only two showcases, which were placed at right angles, forming an L. The longer showcase, which faced Lexington Avenue, contained mostly pipes and supported the cash register; the other was on the south side of the store, and its shelves were filled with boxes of cigars. In the wall behind the cigar showcase was a small safe, close to the floor. At the north end of the pipe showcase, opposite the door opening on Lexington Avenue, was a waist-high, swinging wooden gate, the only entrance to the rear of the showcases. In the northwest corner of the room was a door that led to a stockroom, from which there was no other exit. Keeping their guns on Einhorn, Whitton and Ahearn went behind the counter. Ahearn cleaned out the cash register, in which there was $16.98, and then took a stand behind the gate to act as lookout. Whitton gave Einhorn a push. "Get down to the safe and give me the money," he said. The safe contained eighty dollars in bills and coins; the coins were done up in paper-covered rolls. After Einhorn turned the money over, Whitton ordered him to stay crouched on the floor.

Cordes, due at the station house in ten minutes, hurried into the store and was almost at the cigar showcase, which was only a few strides from the street door, when he noticed that the sales personnel were wearing caps and blue work shirts. Something bad was happening, he realized instantly, or had happened already; if it was what he thought it was, to turn on his heel and head for the door without a word might well be the last walking he ever did. The taller man, standing behind the gate, had his right hand in his coat pocket in a way that Cordes did not like at all. Cordes leaned over the cigar case and pretended to study the brands. Behind the cigar counter, and just a bit to his right, stood the runt. When the runt moved slightly, Cordes saw a .38 in his hand, with the muzzle pointing toward the floor. Cordes, as usual, had no corresponding weapon with him.

"I don't see the particular type of cigar I smoke," Cordes said in his high voice, staring at a full box of Optimo Blunts on the top shelf in the case. "Guess you're out of them. Well, I'll be in again." He started to back toward the door.

"Just a minute, Mister," the tall man behind the gate said. "You'll get your smokes." He stared at the runt behind the cigar counter, presumably expecting him to act like a salesman, but the runt interpreted the stare as a signal to produce Einhorn and, looking down at the floor, made a beckoning gesture with his left hand. The top half of a very frightened man, who was more appropriately wearing a mohair jacket, rose up beside him and appealed to Cordes with his eyes. Cordes was almost to the door. "Be in again," he repeated, as though he had not noticed the frightened man at all.

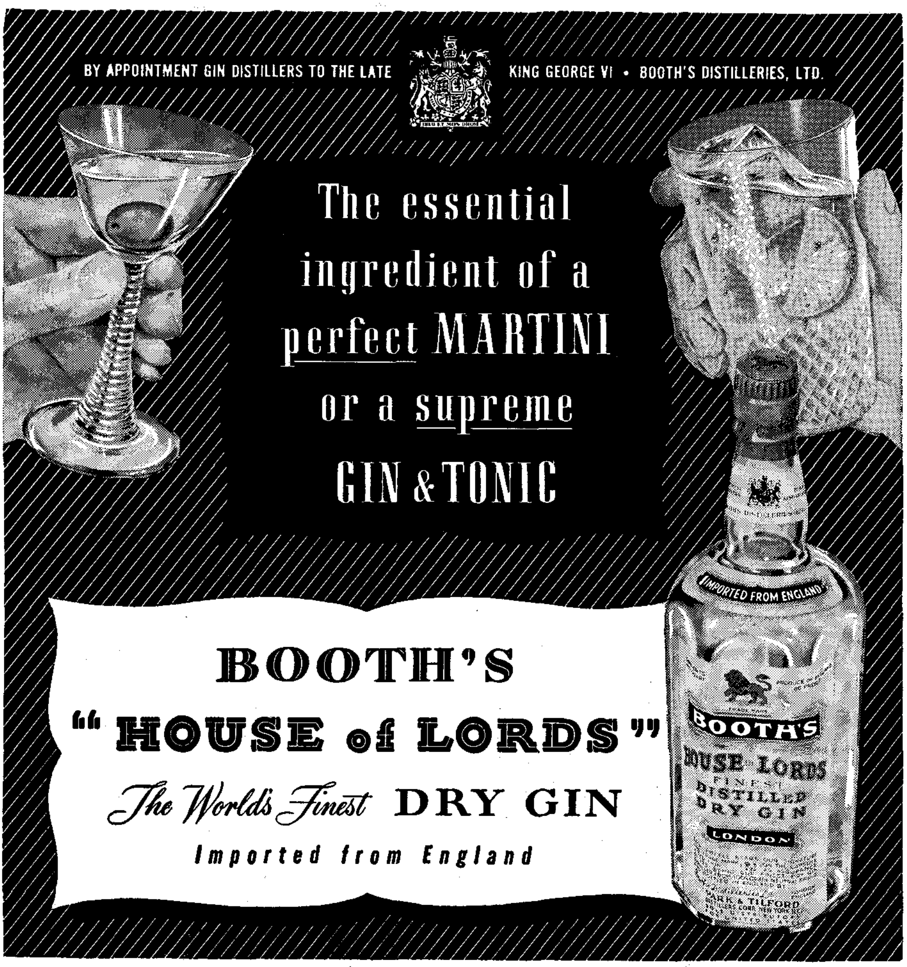
Whitton fired at Cordes' heart, just as Cordes instinctively covered it with his right hand. The bullet was slowed down by the hand, which it pierced through the palm, and by the camel's-hair coat and the clothing underneath, and wound up by merely cutting the flesh on the left side of his chest. Cordes fell to the floor. "Give it to the son of a bitch!" Whitton yelled. Ahearn came running from behind the gate and bent over Cordes to finish him off with his gun. Cordes snatched the gun from him and, firing with his left hand, shot him in the stomach. Ahearn went down. From the floor, Cordes opened fire on Whitton, who had taken shelter behind the cash register. They exchanged several shots. Cordes was still shooting left-handed and his bullets went wild. Whitton hit Cordes in the right shoulder and on the inside of the left thigh near the knee. Then, like Ahearn, he ran out from behind the gate to finish Cordes off. Cordes snatched his gun, too—Ahearn's was by this time out of ammunition—but Whitton got back through the gate before Cordes could fire. Although Cordes' shots kept going wild, they drove Whitton through the door into the stockroom. Cordes dragged himself to his feet, staggered to the cigar counter, found Einhorn lying face down but unhurt behind it, and learned from him that Whitton was trapped in the stockroom, as there was no exit from it. Cordes then lurched out into Lexington Avenue and almost collided with his brother, who, when he realized where all the noise was coming from, had jumped from the Studebaker and dashed toward the store. "For God's sake," Cordes told Freddie, "beat it over to the station house and get my partner! Tell him I got a good pinch here."

Freddie started for the car, but just then there was a shot from the east side of Lexington Avenue that hit John in the back of his right shoulder. It had been fired by a sergeant from the uniformed force in Brooklyn, who was spending his day off with a maid who worked in the Lexington Avenue neighborhood. The sergeant was almost falling-down drunk. He had, however, obeyed the regulation about being armed while off duty; hearing the shooting and seeing Cordes with a gun in his hand, he had mistaken him for a robber. Stumbling across the street, he fired two more shots before he reached the Cordes brothers. One shot went through the glass of the cigar-store door and broke a mirror that backed the pipe showcase; the other went through a window of a store next door.

Cordes had been knocked down by the shot that struck him in the shoulder, and Whitton's gun had fallen from his hand and skidded down the street. He got to his feet and took his detective's shield, in its leather case, out of his pocket and showed it to the sergeant as the latter came lumbering up. "Please don't kill me, Mister," Cordes said. "I'm a policeman." The sergeant put the muzzle of his gun against Cordes'

(Advertisement)

"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."

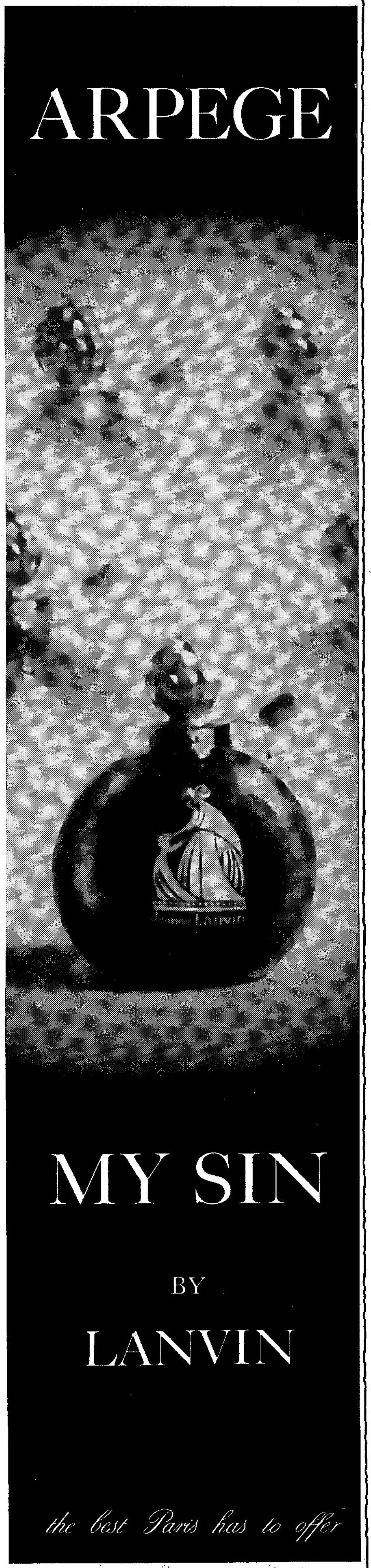

BY APPOINTMENT GIN DISTILLERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI • BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.

The essential ingredient of a perfect MARTINI or a supreme GIN & TONIC

BOOTH'S "HOUSE of LORDS" The World's Finest DRY GIN

Imported from England

Imported by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK • DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF



BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

right cheek and pulled the trigger. The bullet just missed Cordes' jugular vein and lodged in the spongy part of his right mastoid; amazingly, it did not knock him down. He spun around several times, stopped, got his bearings, and kicked the sergeant in the groin. The sergeant fell, his gun went off, and the bullet from it hit Freddie in the left elbow.

Cordes' right jawbone was fractured in three places, and there were two wounds in his shoulder, one in his leg and another in his chest, and a hole through his right hand, but rage overcame the terrible pain he was suffering. He picked up the gun he had dropped, shoved his right forefinger into the hole in his cheek, went back into the store, and, stepping over Ahearn, who was lying unconscious on the floor, entered the stockroom, where he arrested Whitton.

When Cordes got Whitton to the street, help had not arrived from the station house, because nobody had called for it. Freddie, surrounded by a small crowd, was lying on the sidewalk while an amateur surgeon applied a handkerchief tourniquet above his elbow. No uniformed cop was in sight; the drunken sergeant had disappeared. Now pain began to creep up on Cordes, and he was afraid he might collapse and his unhurt prisoner escape before he could deliver him into safekeeping. The East Sixty-seventh Street station was two and a half blocks away; Presbyterian Hospital was nearer—at Seventieth and Park. Cordes, accompanied by Freddie, marched Whitton to the hospital. On the way, Whitton said to his captor, "You're gonna die, Mister. Lemme go and I'll say a prayer for you." Cordes told him to save his prayers. "Anyway," he added, "if I thought I was gonna die, I'd kill you first." The reception clerk at Presbyterian's Park Avenue entrance refused to admit them, insisting that they go to the accident-ward entrance, on the Seventy-first Street side of the building. "So I follied directions and walked around there," Cordes says. From the accident ward, he phoned his partner, Emil Mack, at the station house, and soon Mack and other detectives came to pick up Whitton. Whitton tried to ditch the eighty dollars from the cigar-store safe, but he had dropped only three dollars in rolled-up coins under a cot when a detective caught him at it. Meanwhile, Ahearn had been sent in an ambulance to Bellevue for repairs. Surgeons worked all night over Cordes at Presbyterian, and the next morning, in front-page stories of the shooting, several newspapers said that he would probably die.

Instead of dying, Cordes went home six days later, although not with the approval of his doctor. He would have been home a day earlier if it had not taken him twenty-four hours to persuade his wife to smuggle him in some clothes in which to sneak down the hospital's back stairs and escape.

THE Sunday after Cordes had returned home, he was taking a walk in Mount Morris Park when a smiling, ruddy man of middle age, who weighed more than two hundred pounds and was solidly built, called at the Cordes apartment, which was on the ground floor of a building on Mount Morris Park West, near 124th Street. The caller told Mrs. Cordes that he was a detective and an old friend of her husband's, and would like to see him. She said that Cordes would be back any minute, and invited him in to wait. He sat down in an armchair in the living room; Mrs. Cordes excused herself to finish some work she was doing in another part of the apartment. She noticed that the visitor had a rosary in one hand. He kept smiling to himself and fingering the beads.

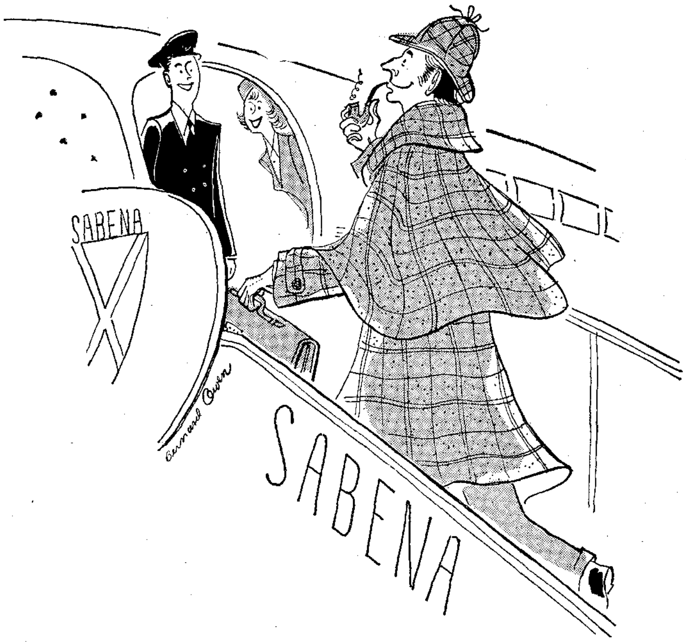
This man, whose name was Peter James McKenna, was not a detective but an ex-convict who had just been released after serving a year in prison, during which he had become a religious maniac. In 1922, Cordes and his partner at the time, Detective James Sheehan, had arrested McKenna in Harlem, along with a young Canadian named Hector Harold Garmant, for forging certified checks and being in illegal possession of a number of revolvers and blackjacks. Back in 1912, when McKenna owned a liquor store at Second Avenue and 124th Street, he was an important prosecution witness in the trial of Police Lieutenant Charles Becker for the murder of the gambler Herman Rosenthal. Becker was sent to the electric chair. In 1914, McKenna was sentenced to ten years in Sing Sing for grand larceny; two years later, Governor Charles S. Whitman, who had been District Attorney at the time of the Becker case, pardoned him. After arresting McKenna and Garmant in Harlem, Cordes and Sheehan started to take them downtown in a Model T Ford. Sheehan was driving. McKenna, riding in the back seat with Cordes, kept boasting about his friendship with Whitman. "I sent one cop to the electric chair and I'll send you, too," he said, and punched Cordes in the jaw. Cordes picked up a tire pump that happened to be lying on the floor of the car and hit McKenna over the head with it. Whitman, who after leaving Albany had gone into private practice, took McKenna's case and succeeded in getting the forgery charge against him quashed, but McKenna had to serve a year for the Sullivan Law violations.

When Cordes—his right hand and shoulder were still in bandages and his jaw was wired—returned to his apartment from his walk, McKenna rose and pocketed his rosary. "God didn't take you, so I've come to finish the job," he said in a thundering voice, and tried to seize Cordes by the throat. Cordes ducked and dodged. The living-room furniture was too heavy to wield with his one free hand, so he ran into the dining room, where the chairs were lighter, grabbed one, and stiffened McKenna with it first crack. He then dragged him out of the apartment, down the hall to the building entrance, and threw him into the street. McKenna never came back. He eventually died in an insane asylum.

The McKenna imbroglio exhausted Mrs. Cordes' patience and she appealed to Cordes' doctor, who ordered him back to the hospital. Cordes just laughed. The doctor appealed to the Police Department. Cordes was commanded to go to the police convalescent and vacation camp at Tannersville, in the Catskills, and finish his recuperation with no more monkey business. He managed to stick it out there that spring and summer (his wounds healed nicely, although the bull's-eye the sergeant scored on his cheekbone gave him splitting headaches for twenty-five years), but as fall approached he began to get restless. On Labor Day, Commissioner Enright, whose nephew, Syd Enright, was superintendent of the camp, paid a visit of inspection to the place and asked Cordes how he was getting along. "Fine," Cordes said. "And you're gonna make me a first-grade detective." Enright made a harrumphing noise and passed on down the line. He still thought of Cordes as a protégé of his old enemy Costigan.

IN early October, the cops at the camp read in their newspapers about a fourteen-thousand-dollar payroll robbery at the International Motor Truck Company, in Long Island City; one of three robbers had critically wounded the cashier, a sixty-year-old man named John Fetzer. That evening, Cordes was playing cards when a stool pigeon phoned him from New York and asked if he had seen the news from Long

Rosette
Pennington
20 E. 56th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.
PLaza 9-3737
From our New
Chez Rosette Salon
on our Street Floor
A new shop featuring
dresses with young ideas — at
young prices — $25 to $50.
Illustrated — rayon velvet
with lace collar and cuffs.
Black only — sizes 10 to 16.
By Filcol $50.
Arther Morris
in Norfolk, Va.



SABENA
SABENA

"*It's no mystery—the best way to go to Europe is by SABENA!*"

The SABENA System reaches the 75 principal cities of Europe, the Near East and Africa. See your Travel Agent, or SABENA Belgian Airlines, 422 Madison Ave., New York 17. Chicago, Washington, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Detroit, Dallas, Miami.

(*Advertisement*)

Peck *and* Peck

Extravagantly pretty!
The Tweed with its own Furs

Just the sort of whimsy Juniors love! The soft wool-and-rayon tweed, shaped to become a young figure — the fur cuffs detachable at will. In black-and-white, purple-and-black, green-and-black; all with black-dyed Mouton lamb. Sizes 9 to 15 . . . $25.

Palumbo

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia
Baltimore • Detroit • Cleveland • St. Louis
Indianapolis • Atlanta • Washington, D. C.
Cincinnati • Hartford • Buffalo

Island City. Cordes said he had. "Well," said the stool, "I think we can do it all right on the guy who got the cashier." He went on to give Cordes some details, and Cordes told him to call the camp the next night and leave word that Mrs. Cordes' mother was dangerously ill in New York, and probably going to die. Cordes' wife has been an orphan since childhood. There was a freezing hailstorm the next night when the message came, but Cordes, after putting on such a convincing show of being an anxious son-in-law that Syd Enright lent him twenty-five dollars for expenses, hired a taxi to take him to Rhinecliff, where he caught a 3:25 A.M. train to New York.

The man Cordes was after was a man he knew well—Eddie Purtell, a thirty-two-year-old member of a West Side mob that was headed by James Cunniffe and was the hottest stickup outfit in New York. Despite the continuing bitter-cold weather, Cordes took a plant outside the tenement house Purtell's mother lived in on Ninth Avenue, at Twenty-eighth Street, grabbing a little sleep only when he couldn't go on without it. At about four in the morning of the ninth day, he climbed the steps of the Ninth Avenue "L" station at Thirtieth Street to go to the men's room. He went through the turnstile and out on to the platform, and, glancing down at the icy street below, saw that a horse hitched to a Borden Milk Company wagon had fallen. On the edge of a small group of men that had swiftly gathered to look on was Purtell. Cordes hurried back through the turnstile and down the stairs, and went up to Purtell. "Why, hello, Johnny," Purtell said. "I thought you was hurt real bad."

"Superficial flesh wound," said Cordes.

"What brings you out this early?" Purtell asked.

"You," Cordes said, and then improvised, "Coughlin told me to bring you in."

Coughlin, the head of the Detective Bureau, was a magnificently built man, well over six feet tall, who wore a pince-nez and dressed like a banker. Since it was unlikely that he would be at his desk for several hours, Cordes, to kill time, walked Purtell down to the Battery, then back uptown to the neighborhood of Police Headquarters, on Centre Street, where they had breakfast in an all-night restaurant and sat around until Cordes figured Coughlin would be at work. "What's he want me for?" Purtell kept asking. Cordes would shrug, and say, "Search me. All I know is he told me to bring you in."

"What are you doing here?" Coughlin demanded when Cordes appeared before him with Purtell. "You're supposed to be in Tannersville."

"Sure," Cordes said. "But don't you remember you phoned me there last night and told me to bring Purtell in? Well, here he is."

There was a pause before Coughlin spoke. "I did no such goddam thing," he said, but there was a faint note of doubt in his voice.

"I guess you must of been drunk when you called me," Cordes said casually. "Well, anyway, now we got Purtell here, it's a shame to waste him. Let's take him over to Long Island City and have a guy there in the hospital look at him."

At St. John's Hospital, in Long Island City, Fetzer, the cashier, positively identified Purtell as the man who had shot him during the payroll robbery. Later that day, three more witnesses identified him as one of the robbers. Purtell was locked up. "Now are you satisfied that you told me to come down and collar that guy?" Cordes asked Coughlin.

"Yes, I am, you fresh little bastard," said Coughlin.

The following spring, Purtell was given a thirty-year sentence in Sing Sing.

A COUPLE of weeks later, Cordes was not only made a first-grade detective but awarded the Medal of Honor for his gallantry in the cigar-store stickup. Ahearn, whom Cordes shot in the stomach in that fracas, drew an indeterminate sentence, was sent to the Elmira Reformatory, and was paroled after serving eighteen months. Cordes lost track of him for about four years. Then, one day, he received the following letter:

PAT'K. AHEARN,
307 W. 13TH ST.
CITY

MR. CORDEZ

I am taking the liberty, By asking you if you could get me a job. I have been working on the docks but things are slow so I dont get mutch work now.

I seen your name in the paper this morning stating you wer one of the best men in the department, That was What made me think of you. I guss you know who I am. I am the fellow that was playing tag with you that night in the cigar store when you taged me out. Well John how do you feel. I feel pritty good only when I sneze I get cramped up.

Wishing you luck and hoping to hear from you.

PADDY.

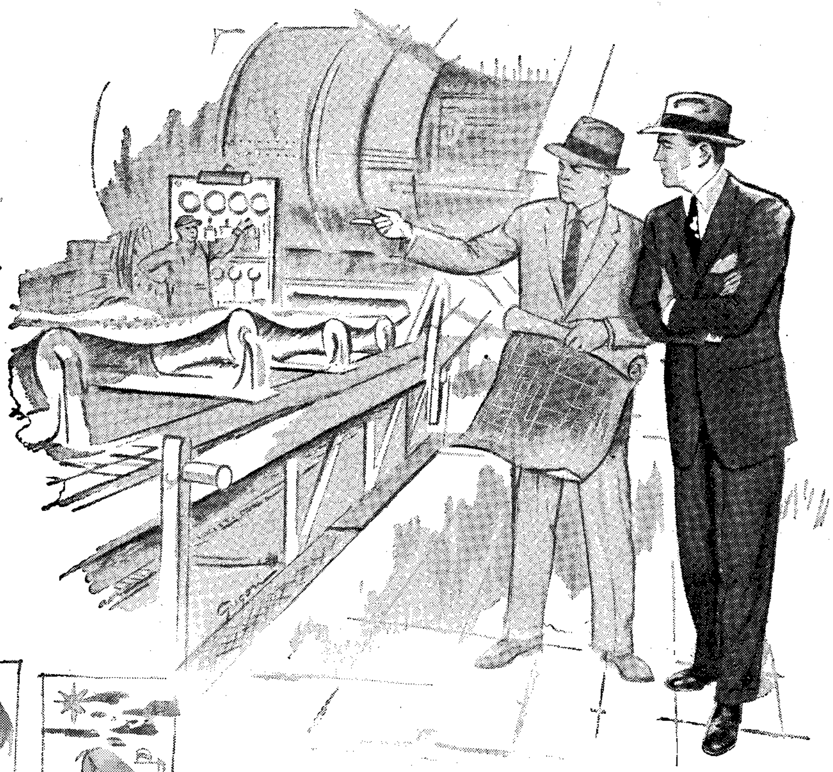
Cordes got Ahearn a longshoreman's job, and kept an eye on him. Ahearn became a respectable citizen and still is.

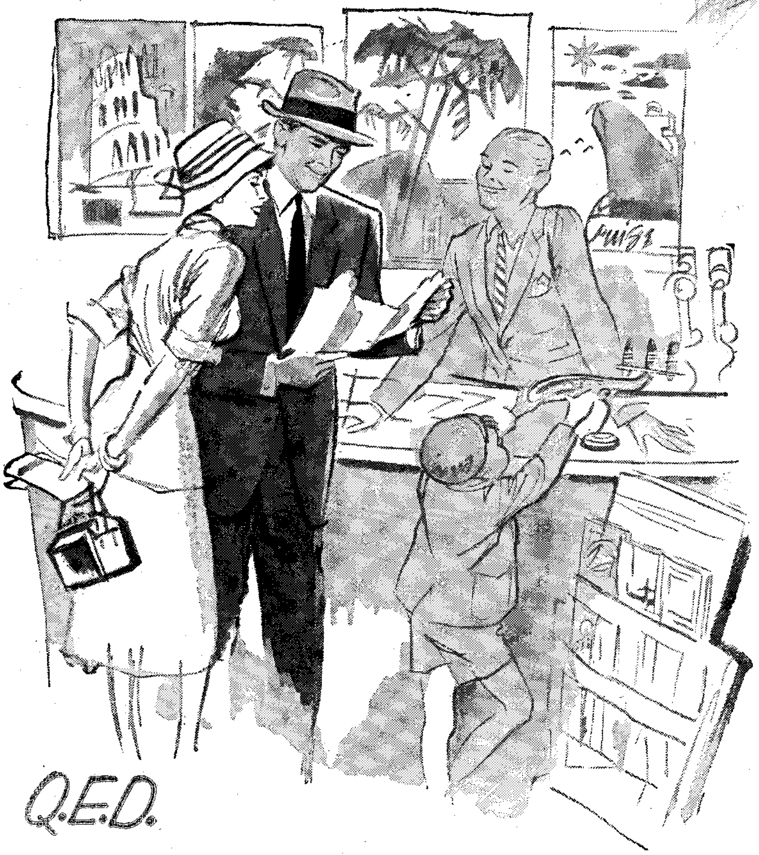
Whitton, who shot Cordes in the

The man in two positions to buy

As a business man—

He buys, or influences the buying of many types of products and services for his company.





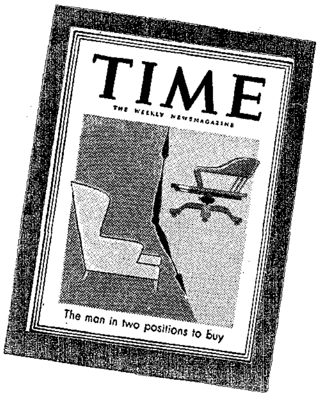
As a family man—

He has far better than average means, broader than average interests. He and his wife and children are consistent best customers for all types of consumer goods.

Q.E.D.

His magazine is TIME. Again and again, group after group of America's most successful men say that TIME is the one magazine they value most—for information, for ideas, for entertainment.

It is not just *what* TIME reports—it is not merely the *thoroughness* with which the reports are made—it is also the *way* in which TIME tells the news that has attracted to it each week more than 1,700,000 of these men and their families—best customers in two positions to buy.



wallachs

EMPIRE STATE BUILDING
350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

a tattersall vest of fine imported British fabric

8.95

These 100% all-wool Tattersall vests are the height of style and finely tailored with four pockets. You'll be seeing Tattersall vests at all the smart get-togethers this Fall, and you're sure to want one to take back to college or to wear at the club. We have them in the following color combinations...black and red on white, brown and ivory on white and black and blue on white. At an extremely low price. Sizes 36-46 regular; sizes 38-46 long.

Mail and phone orders promptly filled.

Wallachs—323 E. 44th St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.
Mail Shopping Service—MU 6-3400
Tattersall Vest, 8.95

	Quan.	Size	Color
Reg.			
Long			

M.O. or Check ☐
C.O.D. ☐
Charge ☐

Name..
Address..
City..................................Zone......State.................

N.Y.C. delivery subject to 3% sales tax.
Add 21¢ shipping charges outside N.Y.C. Delivery.

hand, chest, shoulder, and leg, was sentenced to fifteen years and served them. Cordes did not see him again until one day in the spring of 1940, when he ran into him on Pier 45, on the North River. Cordes had by then become an acting lieutenant and was in command of the Manhattan waterfront. "Well, well, if it isn't the Mutt!" Cordes said. "What are you doing here?" Whitton told him he was working on the pier as a longshoreman. "O.K., and good luck," Cordes said, "but if you're gonna steal, I'll throw you back in jail." Cordes got weekly reports on Whitton for several months; the man's conduct was good and he was a first-rate longshoreman.

One Sunday morning in December, the Anchor Line's Cameronia docked at Pier 45, and Cordes, who was in the vicinity at the time, was buttonholed by a vice-president of the line. "That fellow Whitton," the vice-president said. "I want him out of here. He's a murderer."

"Give him a break," said Cordes. "He's trying to turn square and he's doing a good job at it. If you kick him out, he'll get bitter and go bad again. He's one of my boys and I'll answer for him. Just leave him to me."

"He's a murderer," the vice-president repeated. "I don't want him around, I tell you."

"It wasn't you he tried to murder," Cordes said. "It was me. And if I don't hold it against him, why should you? I tell you what we'll do. We'll go aboard the ship and leave it up to the skipper." The vice-president agreed.

The captain of the Cameronia ordered breakfast in his cabin for his guests. Cordes didn't wait until it arrived. "Suppose there's a kid eighteen years old," he said to the captain. "His mother and father are drunken bums who've kicked him around practically since the day he's born. He's got three strikes on him before he can even get up to the plate, and he's already in trouble with the law when he's only fifteen, sixteen years old. All right, one night he runs into me during a stickup. Put yourself in my place, Captain—you're the cop, I'm the stickup kid. It'd be self-preservation, wouldn't it? We're both out to get each other, but I happen to get you first. But I don't kill you, and you get over your wounds pretty fast. O.K., they give me fifteen years, and I pay my debt. Then we run into each other—seventeen, pretty near eighteen years later. You'd forgive me, wouldn't you, Captain?"

"No," the captain said. "I wouldn't. If you shot me, I'd get back at you, if I

Manhattan of Distinction

Some of Manhattan's most distinguished manhattans owe their very special charm to Lord Calvert, the very special whiskey.

•

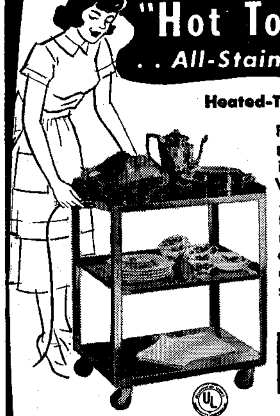
On special occasions, and to make *any* occasion rather special, you couldn't possibly do better.

•

We earnestly suggest you try Custom Distilled Lord Calvert. It costs a little more, tastes a little better ...and can you think of any one more deserving?

Calvert Distillers Corporation, N. Y. C. Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Famous LAKESIDE
"Hot Top" Cart
. . All-Stainless Steel!



Heated-Top Serving Cart!

Practical all-purpose cart with heating unit in top shelf. Warms foods, plates . . . cord detaches for everyday use as regular cart. Precision ball-bearing casters, 15½ x 24" shelves. $57.50 (Higher in West)

EXTRA MAID CART without heating unit $34.95

At Woodward & Lothrop, Olds & King, Halle Bros., ZCMI, VL&A, Stix Baer & Fuller, Marshall-Field, Rich's, Foley's, Maison Blanche, LaSalle & Koch, Joseph Horne Co., Hutzler Bros., The Emporium, Dayton's, Bamberger's, H. C. Capwell, Schuster's, Strawbridge & Clothier, Lewis & Conger, Macy's, Frederick & Nelson, H. & S. Pogue, Jordan Marsh, Hammacher-Schlemmer, J. L. Hudson, Gokey Co., Burdine's, L. S. Ayres, and other fine stores or write:

LAKESIDE MFG. CO. 1972 S. Allis Street
Milwaukee 7, Wis.

Mothersills

The fast-acting aid in preventing and relieving Travel Sickness.
for Adults & Children
THE WORLD OVER

MOTHERSILL'S 53 TRAVEL REMEDY
AT DRUGGISTS

had to wait till I was a hundred to do it. Now sit down and have some breakfast."

"I don't want no breakfast," Cordes said. "You're worse than this other son of a bitch here. A poor guy's trying to straighten up and do right, and you're insisting that he stays wrong all the rest of his life. And it's bastards like you that are always hollering for more police protection." Cordes slammed the door of the cabin, went down to the dock, and picked up Whitton. Fifteen minutes later, he had Whitton working on another pier.

Within a few weeks, a case of ten disassembled Thompson sub-machine guns, valued at two hundred dollars apiece, which had been made by the Auto-Ordnance Company, of Utica, and were on their way to the British Army, were missing from a consignment on Pier 54. The police dropped grappling hooks in the North River near the end of the pier and hauled up the case the guns had been packed in but not the guns. On the afternoon of Washington's Birthday, the phone in Cordes' office rang, and a man's voice asked for him. "The lieutenant's not here right now," said the detective on duty. "Can I take a message?" "Tell Johnny," the voice said, "that if he'll go back of the haberdash store on Fifteenth between Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues, he'll find something he's been looking for." Cordes and a detail of cops went to the back yard of the haberdashery and found the ten Thompson sub-machine guns, all assembled and wrapped in burlap bags.

The following May, Whitton's body was fished out of the North River with three bullet holes in it. Word went around the waterfront that he had got it for stooling on the machine-gun job. Cordes, however, is convinced that this was an unjust accusation. "The Mutt didn't stool and he wouldn't stool," he says. "What happened was he had some of the union leaders, the low brass, scared to death and they decided to get rid of him."

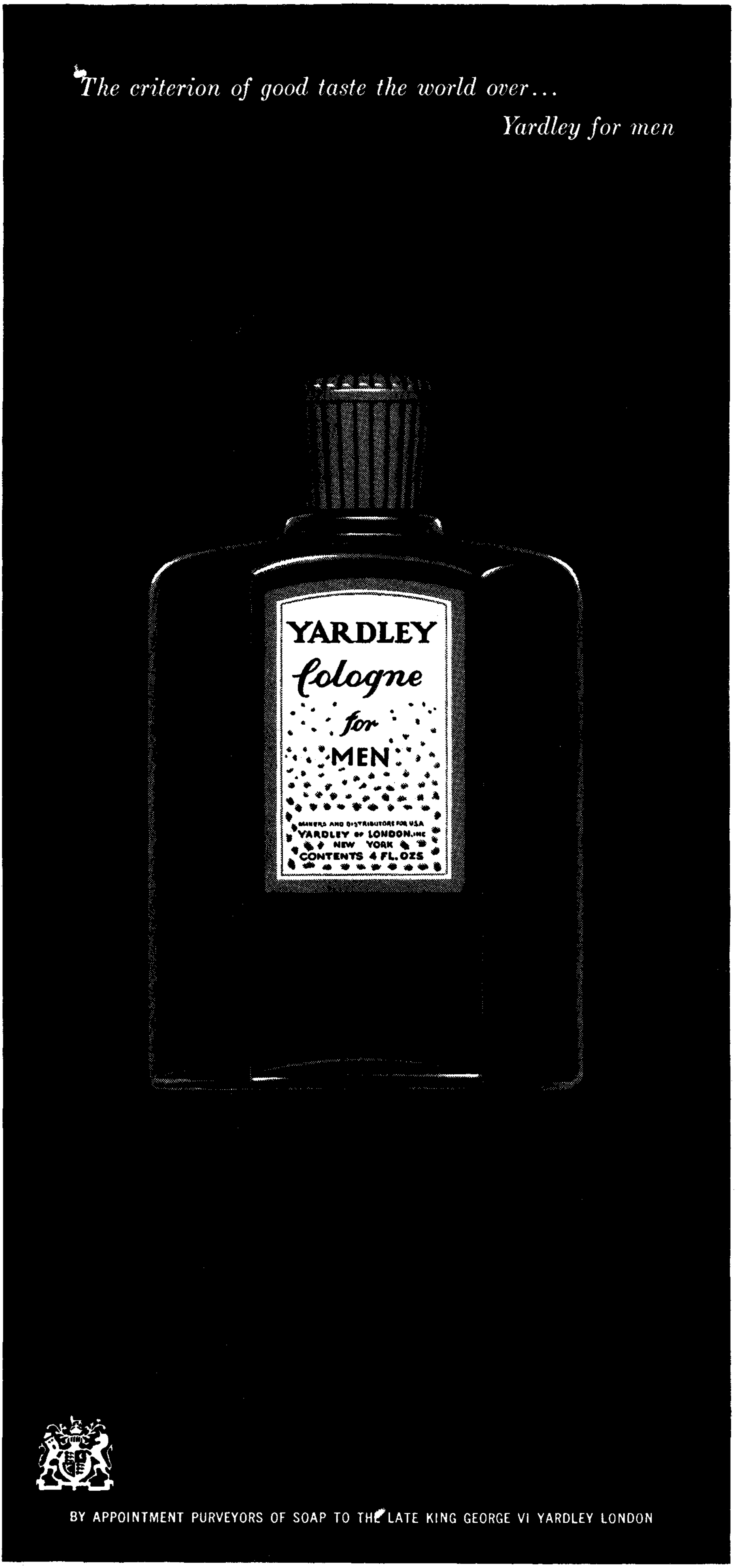
Tommy Radlup, the cross-eyed boy who predicted that Cordes would have bad luck, became a stickup man in later life. —JOEL SAYRE

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Cordes.*)

•

Set to battle it out for the group 3 councilman position are F. D. (Dick) Bailey and C. L. Parker. Present holder of this post, stormy political pretzel, Archie Whigham, is not seeking another term.—*Chattahoochee* (*Fla.*) *News.*

Just give the news, please!


The criterion of good taste the world over...
Yardley for men
YARDLEY
Cologne
for
MEN
MAKERS AND DISTRIBUTORS FOR U.S.A.
YARDLEY OF LONDON, INC.
NEW YORK
CONTENTS 4 FL. OZS
BY APPOINTMENT PURVEYORS OF SOAP TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI YARDLEY LONDON

Makers and Distributors for U. S. A., Yardley of London, Inc., New York

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mr. Webb and His Wee Handicaps

MATINEE · 2 SHOWS
COMEDY · SHORTS

IT has evidently become a Hollywood article of faith that Clifton Webb cannot function profitably as an actor unless he runs in harness with a few children. Since Mr. Webb is a performer of remarkable versatility, it's a shame that he should so often be compelled to adjust his pace to the abilities of colleagues only lately graduated from perambulators. Almost any small fry are difficult to have around for more than a short spell, but the ones that customarily come Mr. Webb's way are particularly trying, being of a West Coast variety so self-consciously childish that one suspects them on sight of being midgets who respect Dad only if he's old and grand.

A sample of the crowd Mr. Webb has to pal around with these days is to be seen in a movie called "Mr. Scoutmaster." In this one, our man is up against an even larger quota of little tykes than usual, there being more than a dozen whooping about. They are all so furiously young and high-spirited that for a while I was hoping Bill Sikes or somebody of the sort would materialize from time and space and take a bit of the starch out of them. Anyhow, the excuse for having them in the film is to give Mr. Webb a chance to experiment with all the tired whimseys about Scoutmasters and their charges; we get not only a lengthy description of the difficulties of administering the Tenderfoot test to a bunch of potential delinquents but a full account of the misadventures that befall the Be Prepared set on an overnight outing in the woods. Not content with these wheezes, the authors of the piece, Leonard Praskins and Barney Slater, have tossed in some lachrymal nonsense about an orphan who wants to be adopted by Mr. Webb, supposedly a television commentator involved with breakfast foods when he isn't carrying on as a Scoutmaster. (The Praskins and Slater jokes about breakfast foods are as mildewed, incidentally, as their Boy Scout humor.) Mr. Webb and the orphan in question have several spats because the former disapproves of the boy's fabrications about coming from a rich and loving family, but in the long pull—and it's a very, very long pull—he takes the youth into his home. As is usual in these affairs, Mr. Webb is gelid, precise, and something of a martinet, but you know that, deep down under, his heart is abrim with love for the younger generation. In the circumstances, it's hard to figure out why.

Besides Mr. Webb and the tiny annoyances, "Mr. Scoutmaster" has in its cast Edmund Gwenn, who plays a kindly and desperately antic clergyman, and Frances Dee, who serves as our hero's wife. She is a lady much given to peering dolefully into space and brooding because little feet don't patter about her house. Obviously, she doesn't know when she is sitting pretty.

AFTER leaving the Scouting taffy pull, I moved on to an optical illusion called "Wings of the Hawk." This is a three-dimension work and has to do with a Mexican revolution. One of my lenses (the right one) stopped polarizing about Reel 2. That was all right with me. . . . In the same direction geographically, we have "Plunder of the Sun," a story of Mexico *and* Cuba. This is no time to go south. . . . Another cure for any wanderlust you may have is "Fair Wind to Java." It has to do with a Javanese dancing girl, the captain of an American freighter, and a fugitive from Mott Street who operates a Chinese junk. A three-million-dollar Republic *subgum.*

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "The Passionate Years," by Caresse Crosby*]

Dick was in Plattsburg in training camp the day the baby arrived and he sailed for France before ten days were up—before I was up, too. I was not even strong enough to wave him Godspeed.—*Page 67.*

Dick left for overseas duty when Polleen was ten days old. I was feeling very wobbly still, but the doctor allowed me (I would have gone anyway) to travel from Windward to New York to meet, greet and bid him farewell.—*Same page, same baby.*

•

Dr. Mangus, on leave from Ohio State, is performing a dual function in this state. He is a research sociologist and director of sexual deviation at Langley-Porter Clinic, San Francisco, and is a visiting lecturer in the University of California Division of Psychiatry, Berkeley.—*Chico (Calif.) Enterprise-Record.*

He must be just as busy as he can be.

Custom Tailors Chipp *Furnishers*

CHIPP TRAVELLERS ON THE ROAD

Periodically, during the year, Chipp representatives visit many cities to exhibit distinctive Custom Tailored and Special Cut Clothing for Men and Custom Made Clothing for Women. Also, at this time, Chipp carries a complete sample range of exclusive accessories for men. Listed below, are the names of the cities, hotels and dates of our Fall showing.

CITIES	HOTELS	DATES
Baltimore	Southern	Sept. 15
Buffalo	Statler	Sept. 28
Charleston	Daniel Boone	Sept. 8
Chicago	LaSalle	Sept. 14, 15, 16
Cincinnati	Netherland Plaza	Sept. 10, 11
Cleveland	Statler	Sept. 24, 25, 26
Dallas	Adolphus	Sept. 21, 22
Denver	Albany	Sept. 24, 25
Detroit	Cadillac	Sept. 21, 22
Evansville	McCurdy	Sept. 17
Houston	Rice	Sept. 16, 17
Indianapolis	Lincoln	Sept. 12
Los Angeles	Biltmore	Oct. 1, 2
Louisville	Brown	Sept. 9, 10
Memphis	Peabody	Sept. 11, 12
Midland	Scarsborough	Oct. 5
Minneapolis	Radisson	Oct. 12, 13
New Orleans	Roosevelt	Sept. 14, 15
Oklahoma City	Biltmore	Oct. 7, 8
Philadelphia	Bellevue-Stratford	Sept. 10, 11
Pittsburgh	William Penn	Sept. 8, 9
San Francisco	St. Francis	Sept. 28, 29, 30
Rochester	Sheraton	Sept. 29, 30
San Antonio	Gunter	Sept. 18, 19
St. Louis	Chase	Sept. 18, 19
Toledo	Commodore Perry	Sept. 23
Tulsa	Mayo	Oct. 9, 10
Washington, D. C.	Willard	Sept. 8, 9
Wilmington	DuPont	Sept. 14

WE INVITE WRITTEN REQUESTS FOR OUR EXACT DATES ON REMAINING SCHEDULE

Our buyer visited Great Britain and the Continent and placed orders for exclusively designed tie materials and fabrics, carrying out the theme for fine quality and conservative styling for which Chipp is noted. The result of this European trip will be in evidence at our exhibits and our shops.

In addition to our Custom Clothing and our Special Order Department, Chipp now offers Ready-Cut Clothing.

The Chipp Ready-Cut is designed with soft natural fronts, shoulders without padding and small lapels. All important details of the conservative styling for which we are well-known. A special selection of patterns will be maintained for this department. Model sizes will be available for try-on to determine proper fit. Ready-Cut Coat and Trousers from $85.00. Ready-Cut Jackets from $65.00. Also Special Order Coat and Trousers from $120.00. Special Order Odd Coat from $85.00. Custom Made Coat and Trousers from $155.00. Custom Made Odd Jacket from $115.00.

Chipp

14 EAST 44th STREET
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

650
600
650
700
750
600
650
700
650
600

THE PANTHER AND THE GEODETIC SURVEY

A ferocious panther was just one of the many hazards encountered by a recent government mapping expedition to Latin America. Wild boars broke up the campsite and treed the surveyors for hours. Mountain peaks were scaled only to find the view ahead blocked by much higher peaks. For even today with modern aerial mapping, it takes men on the ground, tramping through jungles and over mountains, to establish exact points of latitude, longitude, and elevation.

To the unrelenting efforts of men like these, Rand McNally is indebted for much of the basic material used in producing maps for business, school, home, and the highway. Maps which are skillfully drafted and carefully edited for the utmost usefulness and accuracy.

This same care and professional skill distinguish all the other products and services of Rand McNally . . . from the publishing of outstanding children's books, textbooks, and adult nonfiction . . . to the printing of travel tickets, catalogs, and other specialized printing for commerce and industry.

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS · PRINTERS · MAP MAKERS

CHICAGO • NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO • WASHINGTON

ESTABLISHED 1856

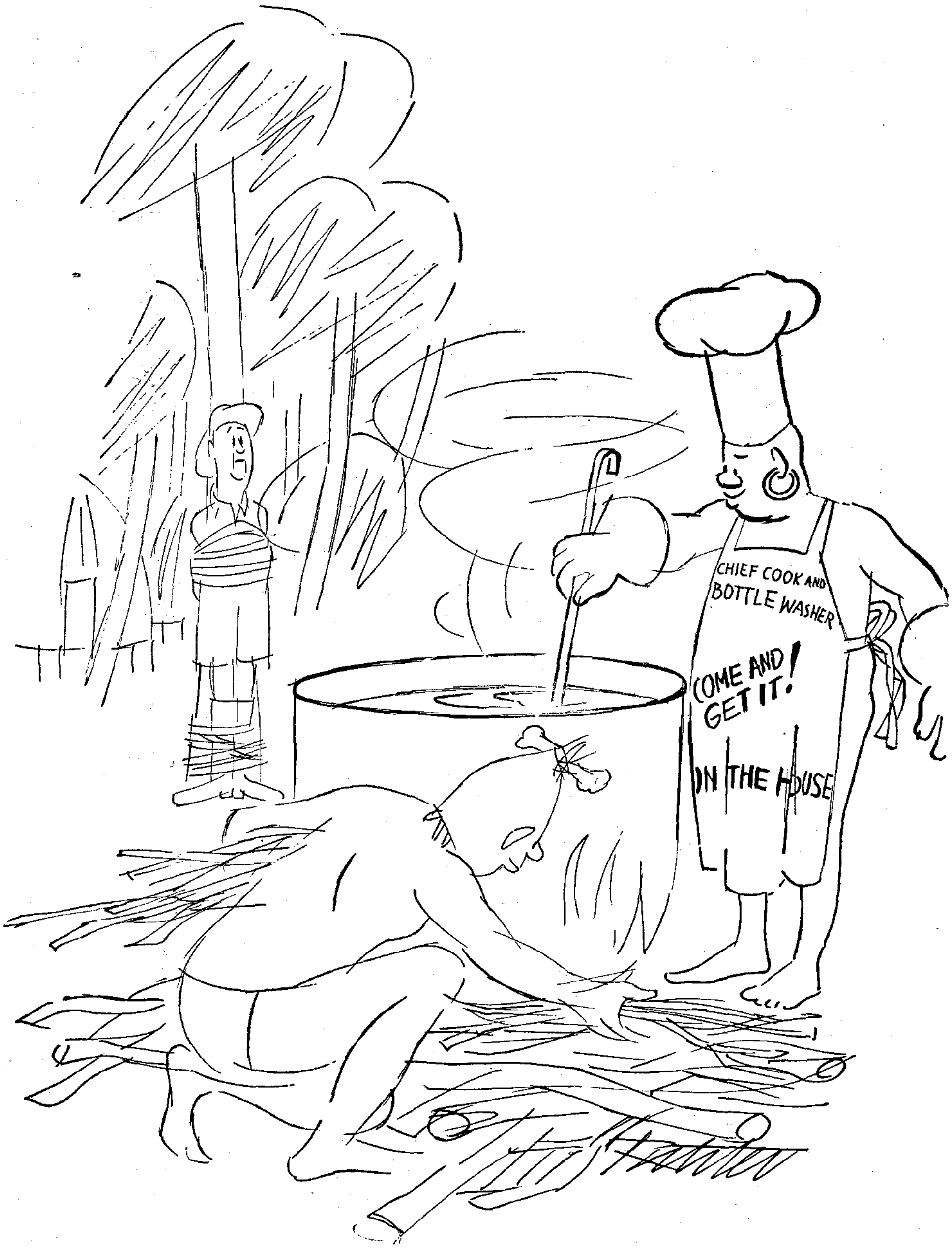
LETTER FROM LONDON

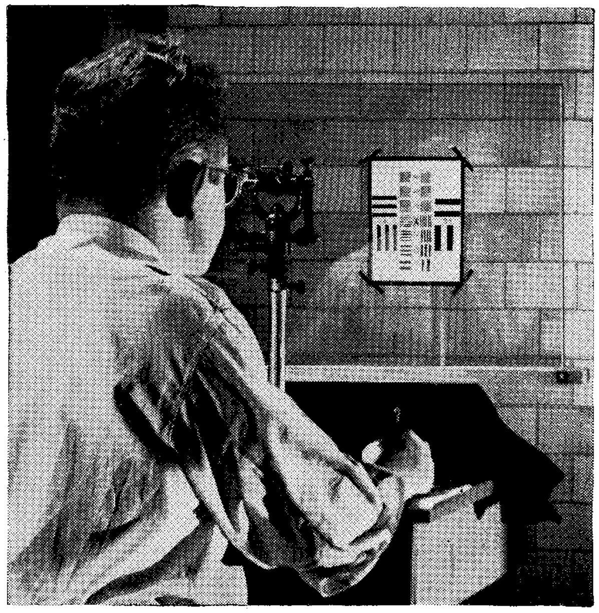
August 26

Parliament, like millions of the electorate, is on vacation, and as things stand at the moment its members will not get back to work until October. When they do return, it looks as though there will be some lively fighting over a familiar old bone of contention that the Opposition has regularly dug up during the past eighteen months or so—the fear that the British Government has committed itself to an extension of the Korean war into China should the armistice be broken. After August 7th, when the news was released that Britain, along with the fifteen other nations with troops in Korea, had signed a United Nations declaration containing a clause that refers to such an extension, the agitation became so great that some Labour members have urged an earlier recall of Parliament. In any case, Labour will fill the air with sound and fury on the subject at its Party conference in October. It claims that the Government has made a half promise to engage in an action to which public opinion here is more or less unanimously opposed, that the half promise was kept in the dark until Parliament had scattered for its holiday, and that the threatening sentence over which the row started up is dangerous even if the sixteen governments concerned do not have every intention of carrying it out to the letter. Downing Street replied with a brisk broadside fired into the middle of these objections. One telling shot noted that the policy the Conservative Government has signed on for is in no way new or full of fresh risks, since the Labour Government itself, when in power, agreed in effect to take what Mr. Churchill later characterized as "prompt, resolute, and effective" action against China if the need arose. The Labour Party is showing no signs of having heard. The Downing Street statement, incidentally, was considered such an unmistakable product of the old Churchill hand, once more at work, that it seemed a sort of good news in that respect anyhow.

The French crisis was another worry for Britons to pack away in their holiday suitcases. The immediate local reaction to this one, apparently, was the irritable rewriting of lots of labels on the suitcases. France must have been badly hurt in her pocket as well as her prestige, to judge by the number of British vacationers who had been planning to blow some or all of their new annual foreign-currency allowance of forty pounds there and who either routed their Continental trips another way or, if they were heading for a French vacation spot, cancelled the whole thing.

Lots of Britons who customarily go no farther than their own beaches in the summer will certainly be glad if the findings of a recently published Government report are soon translated into action, the results of which they will be able to note without stirring from their deck chairs. Ever since 1926, when it was discussed by England and other interested countries at an international conference in Washington, the subject of oil pollution along the British coasts has been intermittently before the public eye. In recent years, the oil itself has become horribly evident on the soles of the public's sneakers, on the seat of its bathing pants, and on the carpets of its seaside hotels, and there have been such cries of pain and rage from the holiday trade that the Government last year appointed a committee to make an investigation. The committee's report has come out in time, maybe, to console this season's disgruntled beach parties and innkeepers. The problem has been around since the First World War, and it has become really serious now that Britain imports seven times her prewar volume of crude oil. Though most tankers at present keep to the 1926 agreement to pour out oil sludge and tank washings only when they are more than fifty miles from any coast, the committee has concluded that, owing to the playful habits of winds, tides, and currents, which throw the stuff right back on land, an international no-dumping zone stretching a thousand-odd miles into mid-Atlantic should be one of the remedies. Meanwhile some of Britain's worst-infested stretches of seashore include, unhappily, some of its loveliest


CHIEF COOK AND BOTTLE WASHER
COME AND GET IT!
IN THE HOUSE



An L·O·F Scientist making a resolution test on a sample of the new glare-reducing TV screen.

Here L·O·F Scientists measure haze and light transmission of different development samples of the screen.

NEW TV SCREEN DEVELOPED BY LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD GREATLY IMPROVES PICTURE CLEARNESS

The picture on your television screen is formed by the contrast between blacks and whites and shades of gray. The clearer the contrasts, the clearer the picture. If excessive brightness throws a haze of light over the picture, the contrasts are not well defined, details are lost, and the picture is not as clear as it *can* be.

About the time television was growing into wide usage, L·O·F scientists were working in our laboratories to produce automobile windshield glass which would provide easier, more restful seeing on the highway. The result was the glare-reducing *shaded* E-Z-EYE Safety Plate Glass that you now see in so many automobiles.

We applied this research with glass and plastic laminates to the problem of better television optics when, in April, 1952, a large manufacturer asked us to develop a screen which would give a superior picture. We developed a completely new kind of screen—actually a light filter—which reduces the haze of brightness and makes the picture much sharper. It makes television viewing more enjoyable and less tiring.

Both *shaded* E-Z-EYE and the new television screen are a special kind of safety glass, a sandwich composed of two pieces of glass with a thin sheet of colored plastic between. In the television set, safety glass is used to protect the tube. The plastic is a neutral color, especially formulated to transmit only certain wave lengths of light and block the others.

The new TV screen had to be designed specifically to work with the wave lengths of light produced by this particular television tube. It had to be tailored to the phosphors. In developing a screen, we first had to find a dye suitable for the plastic used in safety glass. Then we had to find the right *color* of dye, with the proper neutrality, absorption bands, and transmittance values. We tried innumerable combinations.

We tested and experimented, using a spectrophotometer and other instruments. Then tested and retested. Many of the test screens produced a better than ordinary picture, but none gave the clarity we believed possible. Finally, after many months, we found the answer, and the new screens are now in use.

For maximum pleasure and eye comfort, be sure the set of your choice is equipped with the new Libbey·Owens·Ford glare-reducing TV screen.

MILESTONES IN GLASS DEVELOPMENT AND IMPROVEMENT

1930	Safety Glass	1939	Hi-Test Safety Glass
1937	*Tuf-flex** Tempered Plate Glass	1939	Curved Automobile Glass
1937	*Thermopane** Insulating Glass	1948	E-Z-EYE Safety Glass with the *Shaded* Windshield
1952	The L·O·F Television Screen		

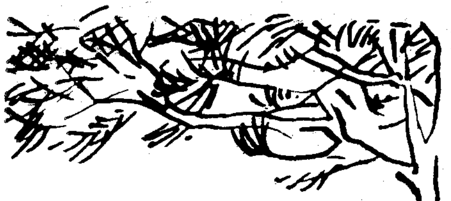
LOF GLASS · PLASKON · FIBER-GLASS

GLARE-REDUCING
TELEVISION SCREEN

a product of

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD GLASS COMPANY
Nicholas Building · Toledo, Ohio

*®



Eleanora Garnett

arrives next week

from Rome

with her

New

Collection

designed and

hand-made in her

Villa Sacchetti

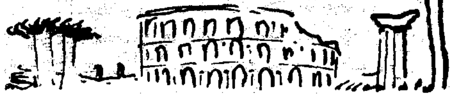
workrooms, and ready

for you

to put on at once.

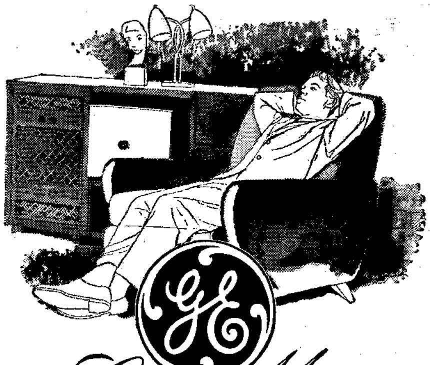
47 East 51 Street, New York

ELdorado 5-5275



and best-loved scenery, such as the Cornish coves, parts of the pretty Isle of Wight, and the wild coastline of south Wales. Ornithologists have been particularly concerned about the damage caused to sea birds, which suffer worse than man, since man can at least try to scrape the sticky stuff out of his hair and off his elbows and toes. The birds, less fortunate, become glued up with oil, which destroys their natural insulation against cold and water, so that they freeze to death on land or drown trying to reach it. During the last two summers, the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds has asked amateur naturalists to help by keeping records of oiled-up sea birds found either dead or miserably dying along the coasts. The Society figures that probably a quarter of a million birds die each year—thousands in winter, when there are no summer visitors around to check up, and uncounted thousands more far out on their native sea while struggling to make shore. The breeds hardest hit are gulls, guillemots, ducks, grebes, and divers; Scottish ornithologists are especially anxious about the survival of the red-throated divers. Plenty of human beings hope to goodness that the Government report, which got a lot of publicity, is the first encouraging move toward getting something done—and soon.

THIS is a fine time of year for London balletomanes. The Festival Ballet is giving a number of programs (including the new "Alice in Wonderland") at the Royal Festival Hall. Roland Petit's troupe has just opened at the Stoll, and the Sadler's Wells dancers are back at Covent Garden for a fortnight. They were preceded there by the Royal Danish Ballet, which had never before performed outside Scandinavia and was welcomed with rapture by audiences that crowded every inch of standing room. The company is one of the oldest in Europe, having been founded in 1748. Its first director was the great ballet master Vincenzo Galeotti, and later, from 1829 to 1879, it was directed by the equally great August Bournonville. The troupe, with filial piety, performed one of Galeotti's ballets, "The Whims of Cupid and the Ballet Master," and several of Bournonville's, and these carefully preserved museum pieces emerged wonderfully fresh and sparkling. In Bournonville's three-act ballet "Napoli," a famous item of choreographic history, the Danes exhibited their particular strength, which is excellent male dancers and vigorous ensembles, rather than star performers.



Custom Music Ensemble

G-E DUAL COAXIAL SPEAKER A1-400

Revolutionary sound component of the complete ensemble.

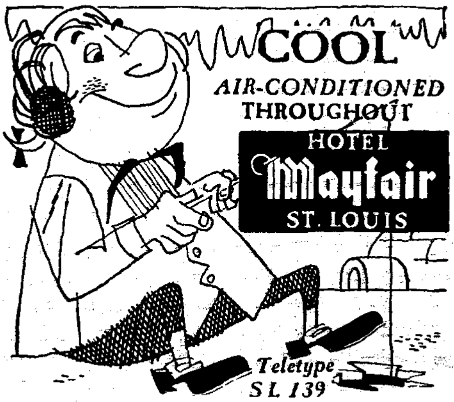
IDEALLY MATCHED G-E high-fidelity equipment. Enjoy new sound quality... new recording pleasure. Individual units or a complete ensemble available through local G-E distributors.

General Electric Co., Section 8793-5, Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

HIBACHI
The "Original" Charcoal Barbecue

Modernized and imported from the Far East, for centuries it has provided sole source of cooking and warmth, "Hibachi" Broiler-Brazier acclaimed, "most sensational barbecue on West Coast." *Available in Eastern States by mail only.* Operates on a handful of charcoal or briquets. Cast iron with asbestos insulation to keep hardwood base and handles cool, holds "cooking heat" for hours. No smoke. Sliding draft door gives perfect temperature control. Ideal for picnics, fishing-hunting trips, yachting, patio and hearth-side gatherings. Elegant Xmas gift. Complete with stainless steel grill, $21.95 ppd. No COD. California Living, Dept. A, 1119 South Hope St., Los Angeles 15, Cal.

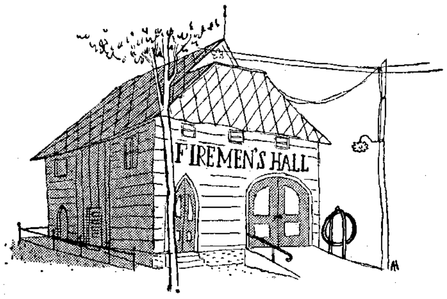


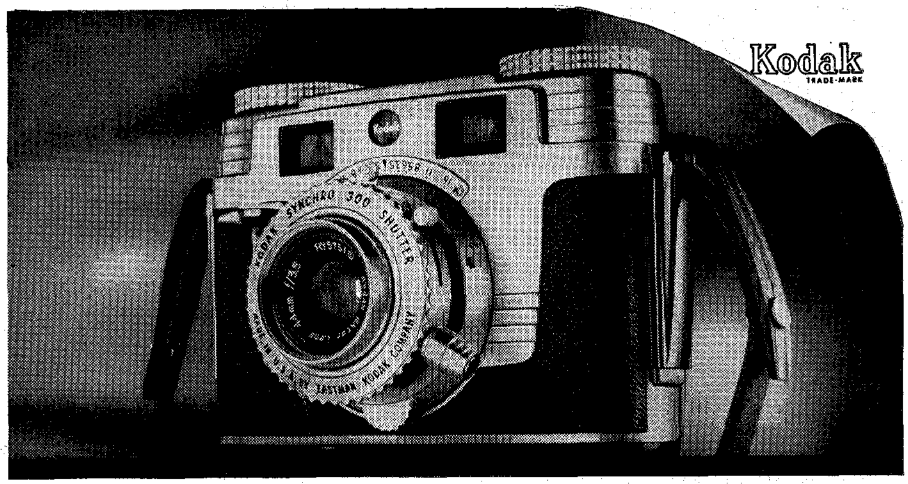
COOL
AIR-CONDITIONED THROUGHOUT
HOTEL
Mayfair
ST. LOUIS
Teletype SL 139

The story, which has to do with a Neapolitan maiden rescued by her fisherman lover from the amorous advances of a peculiarly brawny sea sprite who wants the girl to try housekeeping with him in Capri's Blue Grotto, is quaint and touching. The audience loved the bit of stage magic whereby the heroine (Kirsten Ralov) whisks out of her peasant dress and into the watery weeds of a naiad in two startling seconds—and bang onstage, without any of the usual tactful corps-de-ballet swans or nymphs to flutter round and provide a human screen.

THE recently ended double summer exhibition at the Tate Gallery, which showed the works of two highly dissimilar English painters, Thomas Gainsborough and Graham Sutherland, was one of the biggest draws the Tate has ever had. Day after day, the tourist buses disgorged their multitudes, who tramped past Gainsborough's soft Suffolk landscapes, blooming upper-class faces, and bonny upper-class domestic pets before loping on manfully into the harder Sutherland world of stones, roots, fierce thorns, and demoniacal grasses. The Sutherlands included two portraits in which he treated his sitters as though they were interesting geological outcrops weathered by their characters and experiences—Lord Beaverbrook like an impish face modelled out of a reddish sandstone cliff, and a seamed and impassive Somerset Maugham superbly posed against a background of the artist's characteristic yellow.

THERE is no doubt at all that millions of English men, women, and children regarded England's first Test Match victory over Australia in twenty-seven years as the big, smashing news item of last week. The press reported it with honest emotion. As the *Times* put it, with rather more of the poetical touch than is usual in sports writing, "From early light there was but one topic of conversation. In the quiet countryside, in the bustling cities, the question was whispered, 'Can England do it?'" When the answer was whispered





Catches rainbow colors

Kodak Signet 35 Camera

Unsurpassed for color . . . famed Ektar *f*/3.5 Lens on Kodak Signet 35 Camera catches all the colors of the rainbow.

Ultra-sharp focus . . . rangefinder has Vee-bearings to eliminate error.

Velvet-smooth action . . . focusing ring rides on 50 ball bearings.

Prices are subject to change without notice

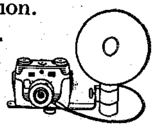
Flash pictures simple . . . electric contacts built into 1/300 shutter.

Surprisingly compact . . . weighs only 18 ounces; fits pocket.

Automatic features . . . film stop; double-exposure prevention.

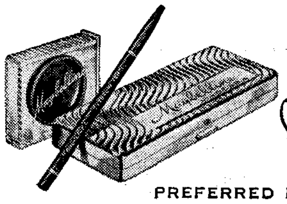
$92.50 incl. Federal Tax.
Flashholder, $8.25.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.



GIVE YOUR EYES personality-plus

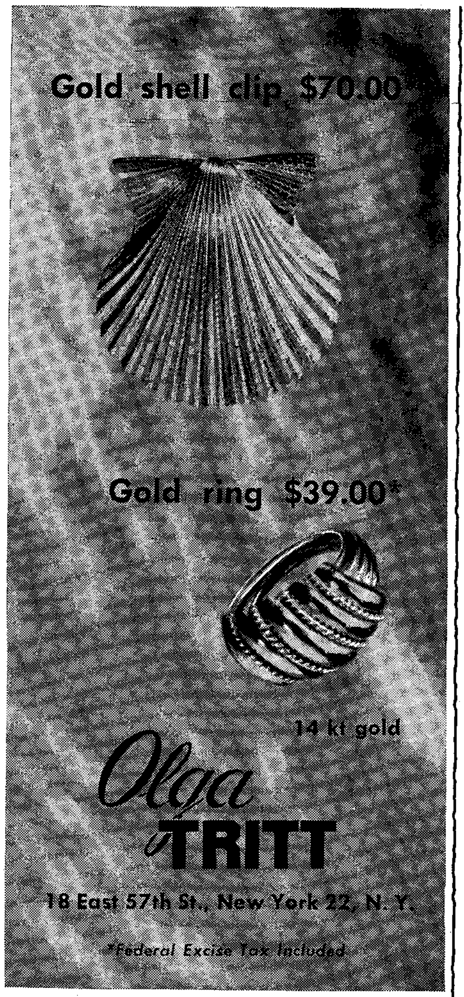
From out of the "ordinary"... into radiant new loveliness. That's what MAYBELLINE does for your eyes—Mascara for longer, darker appearing lashes... Eyebrow Pencil for expressive brows... and Eye Shadow for a subtle touch of color. It's so easy with Maybelline—just try it and see the difference!



Maybelline

PREFERRED BY SMART WOMEN THE WORLD OVER

MASCARA ★ EYE SHADOW ★ EYEBROW PENCIL


Gold shell clip $70.00*

Gold ring $39.00*

14 kt gold

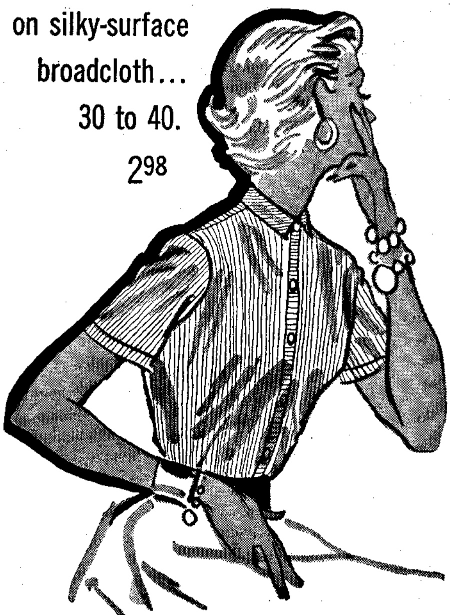
Olga TRITT

18 East 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.

*Federal Excise Tax Included

THE THINNING HAIRLINE

slightest of stripes
on silky-surface
broadcloth...
30 to 40.
2.98


Ship'n Shore®

blouses

right back over millions of radio sets and joyfully bawled from taxi-driver to bus conductor, the jubilation was terrific. England has now regained the Ashes, which is the name by which the Test Matches have been known ever since Australia whacked the mother country in 1882 and some wag inserted in the columns of the *Sporting Times* a black-edged epitaph reading, "In affectionate remembrance of English cricket. . . . The body will be cremated and the ashes taken to Australia." The English are particularly happy that it was in Coronation year that they made the return journey.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

●

David Wayne and I were sitting in Romanoff's having lunch and wondering what to write about for an interview . . . we glanced around the room and saw George Jessel, who produced "Tonight We Sing," which contained some of David Wayne's finest work . . . we couldn't talk about that, as it was already released . . .

To start the brain cells to thinking, I said: "Let's be humorous. For example, I have a secretary who is so dumb she thinks Spade Cooley is a Chinese gardener." . . . David laughed and came back with: "Hollywood is a place where they hire one hundred people to sing the quartette from 'Rigoletto.' "

Now we were rolling . . . an actor came in the restaurant with his agent, and David said: "His head is so big, he has his toupees made by an upholsterer!" I glanced to the other side of the room and saw an actress who had been married many times . . . "She's been married so many times, her wedding bells sound like an alarm clock." . . .

It was David's turn, so he came up with: "For Charity Week at Hollywood Park, I think all good-hearted people should take in one horseplayer and feed him for that week."

A couple of starlets came in and settled in the booth next to us . . . I don't know whether they were discussing us, or not, but one of them said: "Isn't he handsome—that other-looking fellow." . . . and that ended our day . . .—*Jimmy Starr in the Los Angeles Herald-Express.*

Why in the world anybody wants to live in the East, we just can't understand.

●

REMARKS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MADE

[*From the World-Telegram & Sun*]

When Mrs. Michael Brennan of the Spring Lake set telephoned her 3-year-old son, Mike Jr., from the Paterson, N. J., General Hospital and informed him of the arrival of Terence Brennan, weight 9 pounds 4 ounces, Junior said, "Good! Bring him home right away. I want to try out my curve ball and I need a good catcher. The kid next door is butter-fingered."

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER

S.F.A's AUTO-PERC EXCLUSIVE

Zip open the bag and behold—a brass-nickeled percolator (that plugs in your lighter) for making two cups of coffee while driving; plus cord, two plastic cups and containers for storing coffee and sugar. Ideal gift for the traveler or to take on week-end trips. Perc available for 6 and 12 volt batteries—designate kind of car when ordering. Imported for us by Herz. 32.50. Mail and phone orders. Also available in our Chicago, Detroit and Beverly Hills stores.

GUEST AND GIFT SHOP
14 EAST 50th STREET

It's free...our fall 1953 magazine for mothers-to-be who want the latest maternity fashions, who want to shop by mail. Send name and address for newest issue.

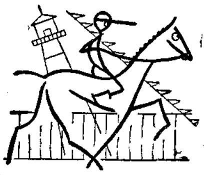
PAGE BOY fashions for mothers-to-be
• dept. n. y. • 2033 cedar springs • dallas, texas •

JUG END BARN
POPULAR CLUB—HOTEL RESORT
Fall Fun in the Berkshires!
FAMOUS FOR FINE FOOD
Tennis, Golf, Saddle Horses, Other Sports.
Dancing • Entertainment
125 Miles from New York
Write or Phone for Booklet N
GT. BARRINGTON 3, MASS. Phone 434

Convenient for theatregoers—
Luncheon • Dinner
Specialites:
Soupe à l'oignon
Escargots Bourguignonne
Guinea Hen Continental
A LA FOURCHETTE
CLOSED SUNDAY
342 W. 46th St. CI 5-9744

THE RACE TRACK

New Hero



THE placing judges took so long to put up the numbers after the Hopeful Stakes at Saratoga Springs last weekend that almost everybody supposed the finish was much closer than it was. Actually, Artismo beat War Piper by a neck. That's a fairly comfortable margin, but even so it seemed to me that Gorman, who rode Artismo, was a trifle overconfident, for he stopped whipping in the last furlong. Of course, it's possible that he did this because he didn't want to take any chances of his mount's swerving, bumping War Piper, and being disqualified. Everything turned out all right, though, and the Hopeful Stakes was the good show it usually is. Sir Boss led till halfway around the turn for home, where Artismo, who'd never been far behind, took over. Then, in the next half furlong, War Piper cut the corner, came up fast on the rails, and ran beside Artismo right down to the winning post. Guerin rode War Piper, and it was his first afternoon in the saddle since he was set down for that rowdydow in the Saratoga Special a fortnight before. By the way, War Piper is my candidate for the Always a Bridesmaid Never a Bride Stakes; he's been second in his last five tries. Turn-to, the Saratoga Special winner, was rather a disappointment. He tired in the stretch and came in a poor third. It's true that he was ridden by a boy who'd never been on him before, but I don't believe that made any great difference. Moreno, his regular jockey, was bumped out of the saddle in the previous race and was too shaken up to ride any more that day.

As for the also-rans in the Hopeful, you can forget them. But as for Artismo, who is owned by James Cox Brady, I'd say that he is one of the better two-year-olds—perhaps a real topnotcher. He won the Grand Union Hotel Stakes by half a dozen lengths Saturday before last, and, earlier, the Sapling Stakes at Monmouth. All told, he has been first in four of his six starts. He's a big, powerfully built bay colt—not the picture type, but he'll take a lot of wear and tear. And he has speed. The time—1:18 for the six and a half furlongs—was first-class, and I liked the way he finished out; the Hopeful was the longest race two-year-olds have run so far this season, you know. Artismo is by Goya II, a French stallion; his dam is Ky. Flash; and he's a half brother of Casemate and Doc Walker.

THERE'S not a great deal to be said about the Saratoga Cup except that the famous old fixture, which goes back to 1865, is beginning to show its age. The renewal last week was just another parade, with Alerted, Bit o' Fate, Great Captain, and Mameluke going around the track for a mile and three-quarters in the order named. The equally historic Alabama Stakes, run off a couple of days earlier, was a much livelier affair. In this, Sabette, with a twelve-pound advantage in the weights, beat Grecian Queen by a neck, and Cherry Fizz was third. Twice, earlier in the season, Grecian Queen gave Sabette eight pounds and a beating, and once ten pounds. Let's see how Sabette does in the Beldame Handicap at Aqueduct week after next.

AS I've complained before, you can watch flat racing on the grass at a lot of tracks, but not in New York. Instead, at Aqueduct and Belmont Park, where they could really do the thing well, we have those perfectly dreadful hurdles races. What prompts this outburst is that last weekend Washington Park, in Chicago, presented a stake race on the turf that had a gross value of $57,500. Thirteen of the best horses out there ran, and from all accounts it was an exciting affair, with Brush Burn, an 8–1 shot, winning. At Atlantic City the same afternoon, there was the first running of the Miss America Turf Stakes, with $20,000 added. This one, for three-year-old fillies, at a mile, went to Miss Joanne; Mi-Marigold was second, Little Flirt II was third, and Canadiana, who led till less than a furlong from home, was fourth. The Atlantic City track is offering something really new—a series of races on the turf, one for American-breds, one for foreign-breds, and one in which the winners meet, for a purse of $50,000. They should be worth seeing. Unfortunately, the big one will be on September 26th, the same day that Tom Fool and Native Dancer meet in the Sysonby Stakes at Belmont Park.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Many are the joys of this world—women, fruit, ideas.—*From "Zorba the Greek," by Nikos Kazantzakis.*

Don't forget Chinese checkers.

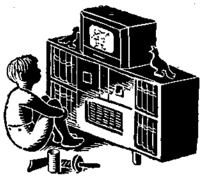
The LIGHT Cigarette
for HEAVY Smokers
BENSON & HEDGES VIRGINIA ROUNDS
VIRGINIA ROUNDS CIGARETTES
Benson & Hedges
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
MADE IN U.S.A.
PLAIN OR CORN-TIPPED
VIRGINIA ROUNDS
NATURAL MILDNESS
☆
NATURAL LIGHTNESS
☆
NATURAL FLAVOR
For Round-the-Clock Smoking Pleasure
A PRODUCT OF Benson & Hedges NEW YORK

the
B.H.Wragge
look
for Fall
1953

Sharp focus: the black and white Huntington tweed short coat, the black walnut worsted knit dress in two parts. Short coat, mushroom-collared, $55.00. Torso-top dress with hip-band of tweed, $39.95. Both, sizes 8 to 18. **RANSOHOFF's,** San Francisco; **BONWIT TELLER,** New York, and most fine stores throughout the country.

TELEVISION

Recent Past



THE National Broadcasting Company came along a week ago Sunday night with a rather fascinating tribute to part of itself. N.B.C. was celebrating the eighth anniversary of N.B.C. news films—films made especially for television by N.B.C. cameramen stationed around the world. Ordinarily, this sort of celebration has a tendency to become not only private but embarrassing, with Bill or Chuck congratulating Beanie or Hap, who has been situated in Beirut or Hong Kong. "Tell us about the riots, Beanie," Chuck will say. "Well, Chuck," says Beanie, "you've been through a good many riots yourself in your time in the far-flung outposts where news is made." "This is true, Beanie," says Chuck, "and I appreciate your saying so here." And so on. I am happy to report that the program the other evening (called for some reason "Assignment: Tomorrow") skirted most of the pitfalls usually encountered in this type of enterprise and turned out to be interesting, moving, and, for the most part, well edited. For a full hour, we saw films of some of the major events of the past eight years, accompanied by the sober and mature commentary of James Fleming, who acted as master of ceremonies.

The program opened, of course, with shots of the atomic bomb being dropped on Hiroshima. The picture was underscored by the dry and yet eloquent voice of Harry S. Truman, in a recording of a 1945 speech in which he said a few quietly impressive and prophetic words about the atomic age. We saw splendid pictures of General MacArthur accepting the Japanese surrender aboard the U.S.S. Missouri, and then once again we heard Mr. Truman, this time wishing the G.I.s Godspeed home. "And *what* a job they've done!" he said. There were pictures of Toscanini conducting Verdi's "Hymn of the Nations," and of Vishinsky, at a United Nations session, waving his arms and shouting. Some of the most fascinating scenes were of old hearings and investigations, the past eight years having been a field day for hearings and investigations. There was some fine footage of the Kefauver committee, and there again, as though it were only yesterday, were Senator Tobey with his eyeshade, and Virginia Hill, and Rudolph Halley with his stern cry of "Now tell us, Misther Costello," and Mr. Costello himself, rasping along about a broiler business he had invested in. "It's a jet broiler," groaned Costello, "and I think it's probably the finest broiler made." There was a remarkably moving shot of Whittaker Chambers, who, appearing before some sort of committee, explained very slowly and feelingly why he had felt he had to turn Alger Hiss over to the authorities. George Bernard Shaw showed up, his eyes flashing and his beard a thing of insolent beauty, to advise parents to urge their children to become shopkeepers or stockbrokers if they had any notions of becoming "great artists," so that all hands would thus have "the great fun of celebrating great people." We saw Churchill and Masaryk and scenes of the Berlin airlift. We saw Stalin, views of Moscow, the political conventions of 1948 and 1952, Korea, and the Berlin riots of June 17th. From time to time, I felt that radio men had had too much of a hand in "Assignment: Tomorrow," since a good deal of it consisted of voices not very closely related to the pictures being shown, but all in all the program was a superior one.

IT is hard to perceive why a man with the great comic resources of Fred Allen should have such a hard time finding an outlet for his abilities on television. The problem, I suppose, is part of the larger problem of what has happened to funny people everywhere. They are a vanishing herd, victims of the prevailing winds of gloom and disaster. In any event, Mr. Allen has now been placed on a panel program called "Judge for Yourself," the details of which almost defy rational explanation. As far as I could make out, there are two sets of talent judges on hand—one professional and one amateur—who pass judgment on visiting singers, concertina artistes, and so on. Obviously, with all these people cluttering up the scene, there is little room left for Mr. Allen. Nonetheless, he manages to be wonderfully funny and sardonic, and to prove that if someone in the television business would just let him alone, people might be laughing again from one end of the country to the other.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Birmingham* (*Ala.*) *Age-Herald*]

Bulgaria is prepared to meet an acute shortage of light-bulbs.

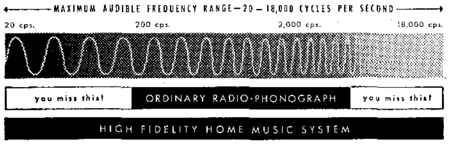
"You *can* afford a High Fidelity Radio-Phonograph"

Deems Taylor

No. 2 in a series by Deems Taylor, composer, author, and America's most famous music commentator

I imagine that like many, many other music lovers, you have heard of built-in High Fidelity music systems, and have thought, a little wistfully, what a luxury it would be to own one. As a matter of fact, you *can* enjoy this remarkable new kind of sound reproduction in your own home—and at a cost that might actually be less than what you paid for your present radio-phonograph. And here's why: You buy only the parts that play the music, then install them simply or elaborately, according to your tastes and what you can afford.

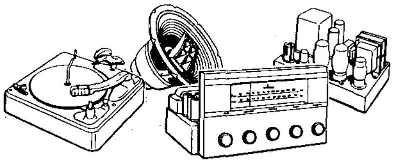
Why High Fidelity means distinctly better listening



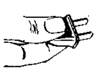
Recent developments in FM broadcasting and recording techniques have made music available with a realism and tonal quality that your ordinary radio-phonograph simply is not equipped to reproduce. To enjoy these life-like, concert hall qualities, you must have a High Fidelity set.

What is High Fidelity? It's the entire range of sound audible to the human ear, reproduced *without distortion* — unwanted noises and effects which were not part of the original music. Even the better conventional sets reproduce only about half the audible frequency range (see chart) — and may distort the music as much as 20 percent.

You'll need these ready-to-operate units



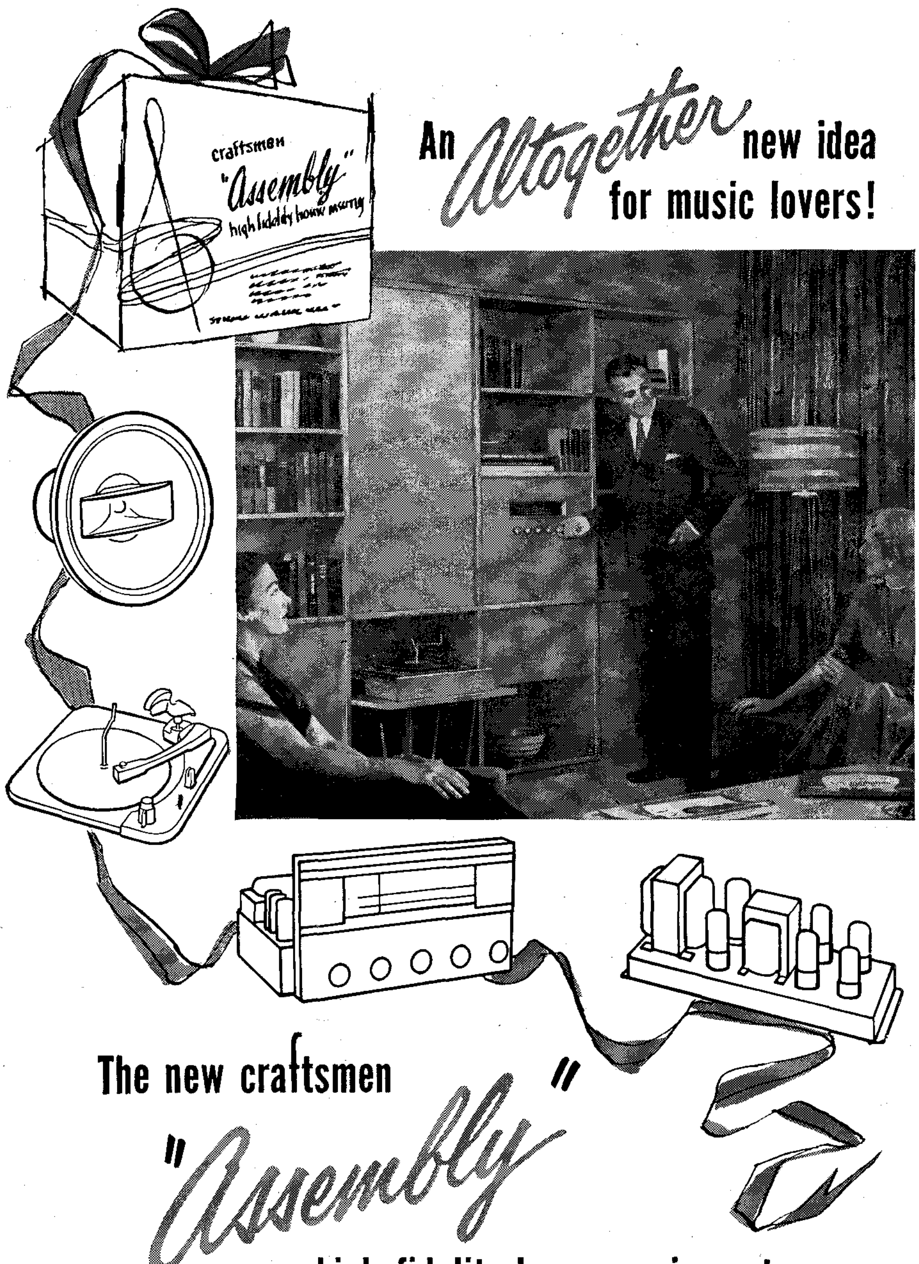
Instead of buying a complete console, in an expensive cabinet, you buy separate units to suit your needs—a *tuner* (front), an *amplifier* (right), *a speaker* and a *record player.*



Simple to assemble as plugging in a lamp!

You need no special skill or special tools to assemble these ready-to-operate High Fidelity units. You merely plug in connecting cables—simple diagrams show you how. Still, if you prefer, the Supplier of your units will recommend a competent radio technician who will assemble and test them at moderate cost.

An *Altogether* new idea for music lovers!



The new craftsmen "*Assembly*" high fidelity home music system

DID YOU KNOW that buried away in your own phonograph records there's a treasure of beautiful music *you probably have never heard?* It's true! Today's High Fidelity recording (and broadcasting) techniques bring you music with a clarity and tonal range never before possible outside the concert hall.

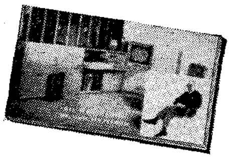
To enjoy this full measure of realism, you need an instrument capable of *reproducing all the music* without distortion—a High Fidelity home music system.

Now, in one package, the world's most respected name in High Fidelity brings you a *complete* system of perfectly matched units—the Craftsmen "ASSEMBLY."

You get the performance-proved Craftsmen FM-AM Tuner and Amplifier . . . two new Craftsmen speakers coaxially mounted and 3-speed record player with dual sapphire magnetic pick-up . . . many accessories, too.

The Craftsmen "ASSEMBLY" is waiting for your critical ear in the sound rooms of a Radio Parts Supplier near you. Drop in today for a demonstration of *distinctly* better listening.

Send for this booklet on High Fidelity by DEEMS TAYLOR



Ask your Supplier for a copy of this 24-page booklet by Deems Taylor—or write to us, enclosing 10¢ to cover handling and mailing.

high fidelity by craftsmen® means distinctly better listening

The Radio Craftsmen, Inc., Dept. NA, 4401 N. Ravenswood Ave., Chicago 40, Illinois

Picture of Satisfaction

This is a typical scene aboard a PAL DC-6B or DC-6—a picture of comfort and well-being that air travelers have learned to expect when they **fly PAL.**

A new experience awaits you when **you** fly PAL to the Orient or India—an experience in comfort, attentive service and reliability unsurpassed in international air travel.

Dependable DC-6B and DC-6 sleeper planes, experienced pilots and delicious complimentary cocktails, snacks and hot meals are added reasons why experienced travelers prefer PAL.

Twice weekly departures from San Francisco to Manila via Honolulu, Wake and Guam, connecting (after brief layover) with PAL flights to Hong Kong, Taipei, Okinawa, Tokyo, Bangkok, Calcutta, Pakistan, Tel Aviv and Europe.

For reservations, consult your Travel Agent or

PAL

PHILIPPINE AIR LINES
ROUTE OF THE Orient-Star

SAN FRANCISCO • NEW YORK
CHICAGO • WASHINGTON, D. C.
LOS ANGELES • HONOLULU

NEIGHBORS

New York City is incredible, and I love it. The other day, my wife said to me, "The Fredericks are going to be in Bermuda the same time we are. They've said they would like to meet you, so I asked them to drop by at the Elbow Beach and have a drink with us. O.K.?"

"Sure," I said.

Thus it may come about, if our vacations go off as scheduled and it suits their convenience, that I shall meet in Bermuda for the first time the couple who for six years have lived across the hall from me on the second floor of an apartment building in Jackson Heights, Queens.

My wife has run into Mrs. Frederick in the grocery stores, Mr. Frederick in the laundry room, and both together on occasion in the foyer, where our mailboxes are side by side—No. 22 and No. 23. Because I work nights and come and go at unusual hours, I have never even seen them. They have their interests and friends, we have ours, and we let each other alone.

Their predecessors in Apartment 23 were the Bakers, and although I saw the name every day on the mailbox, I did not meet them until two years after we moved into Apartment 22 twelve years ago. Then I came to know them suddenly and well.

My wife, who had encountered the Bakers accidentally, and knew them casually, had to go out of town that summer ten years ago, and I was left in full charge, if that's the word, of our son, Clay. He was then fourteen, a difficult age for children and for their parents. Early one Saturday evening, after he had been on his own all day, I called him, from my desk at the *Herald Tribune*, to suggest that he join me in town for dinner. He sounded restless, but he was not enticed by my suggestion, and we engaged in a mild argument.

All at once, he said loudly, angrily, and obviously not to me, "Get out of here! Get out of here!"

Then he dropped the telephone with a clatter, and for two awful minutes I could hear the sounds of a struggle—grunts, blows, and, finally, the tinkle of shattered glass.

When this started, I had scribbled an urgent note to my colleague on the rewrite bank: "Elwood Baker, Queens directory." He flipped open the directory and wrote down a number. I made a dialling motion with one finger, and as he began the call, the scuffling sounds I had been hearing stopped abruptly.

The high-pitched voice of my son came through. "Daddy!" he cried. "Daddy!" Then the telephone receiver hit the table again, and that was all. I have never been so appalled as I was by the silence that followed.

"Mr. Baker?" my fellow-worker said. "Just a moment, please." He turned to me and held up two fingers.

"Switch to Line Three," I told him, "and keep it open."

He punched No. 3 in a row of buttons on his telephone set.

I punched button No. 2 on my telephone and said, "Mr. Baker, this is Blackman. I live across the hall. I'm calling from my office."

"Oh, hello, Mr. Blackman," he said cordially. "I'm glad—"

"Mr. Baker," I interrupted, "I'm afraid something dreadful happened in my apartment just now while I was talking to my son on the phone. Will you please go over and see what's wrong? Break the lock, if you have to."

"That won't be necessary," he said promptly. "Winifred has a key."

"Good," I said, not pausing to wonder why Winifred, his wife, had a key to our apartment. "I'll hold the line."

He was gone an interminable three minutes. Then he reported succinctly, "There has been violence of some sort. There's blood all over, and the glass door to the dining room is broken. But Clay is not there. Who's your doctor?"

"Price, I think," I said numbly.

"Oh, Jimmy Price. Just down the street. I'll go there first, and if Clay isn't there, I'll call the police. You better come on out."

"Yes," I said. "Thank you."

Many formless and probably foolish fears rode with me on the half-hour trip to Jackson Heights. But whatever had happened, I thought—blood and all—if Clay was able to leave the apartment under his own steam—Oh, stop it, I told myself. Wait.

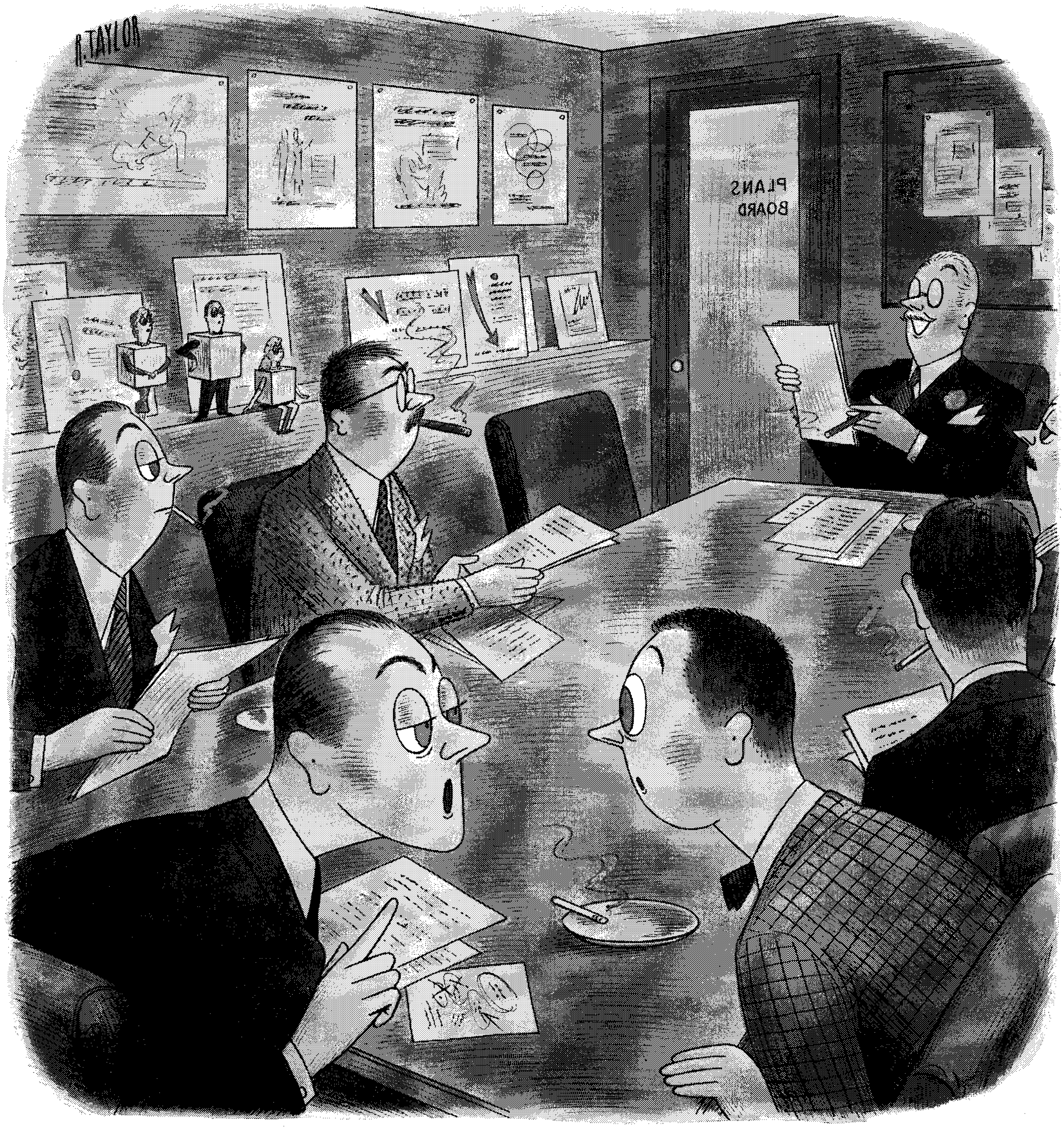
Sitting on the front steps of the apartment building, waiting for me, were a subdued youngster, an impatient doctor, and a sympathetic neighbor.

"I had to have your permission to operate," Dr. Price said. "Come on. My car's there."

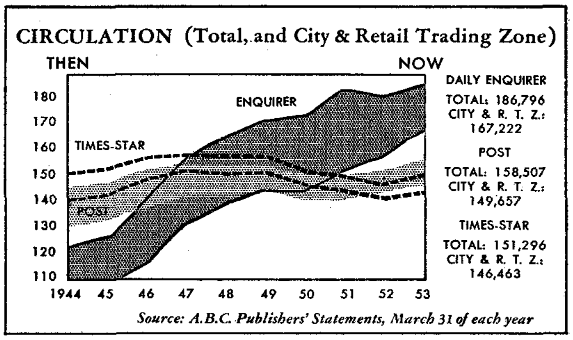
"Sorry, Dad," said Clay.

"He'll be all right," said Elwood Baker.

On the way to the hospital, I heard the simple explanation. Clay had been all day in the company of Billy, his



"That's where Frotherham used to sit. He forgot that Solid Cincinnati reads the Cincinnati Enquirer."

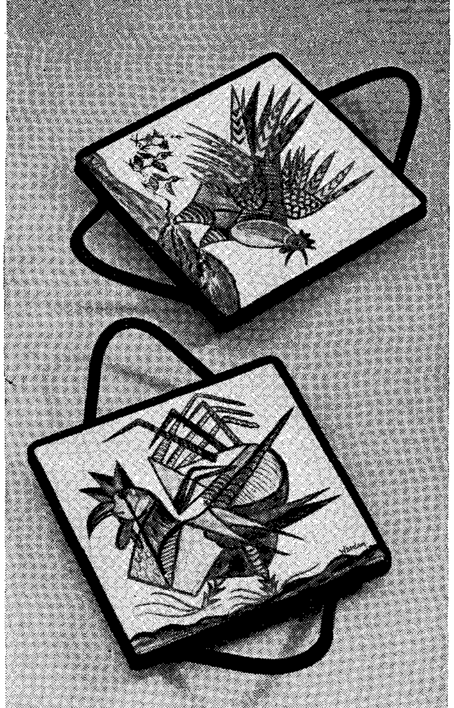


Source: A.B.C. Publishers' Statements, March 31 of each year

Something else to keep in mind: More and more national advertisers are *recognizing* Cincinnati as a *morning*-newspaper town. Proof? More lines of national advertising are carried exclusively in the Daily Enquirer than in any other Cincinnati daily. (Source: Media Records.)

Represented by Moloney, Regan and Schmitt, Inc.

(*Advertisement*)



Chanticleer and Pertelote

Wrought iron trivets with brilliant hand painted tiles. $9 each.

MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS FILLED PLAZA 1-2400

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Ave. at 53rd St., New York 22

THEY'RE STILL MAKING
MASTERPIECES
IN HOLLAND

HEINEKEN'S LAGER BEER
HEINEKEN'S
BREWED IN HOLLAND
AMSTERDAM-ROTTERDAM

Heineken's
Imported Holland Beer

Gen. U.S. Importers: Van Munching & Co. Inc., New York 19, N. Y.

current crony, and they were tired of each other. While Clay was talking to me on the telephone, he looked up to see his favorite hat being kicked across the living room by Billy. Outraged, he roared the order "Get out of here!" Billy, passing to the front door, took a backhanded swipe at Clay, who dropped the phone and went into battle. After a few exchanges, Billy ducked a wild swing and Clay's right fist went through the glass door. Billy fled.

Clay picked up the receiver and had time only to say "Daddy!" twice before he saw blood spurting from a severed artery in his wrist. Frightened, he dropped the phone again, but he had enough presence of mind to wrap a kitchen cloth around the wound. Then he ran as fast as he could to Dr. Price's office. The Doctor applied a tourniquet and called the hospital to prepare for an operation.

Besides the artery, a tendon had been cut through in two places. The operation was long and tedious, and required great surgical skill. When it had been completed successfully, assuring my impetuous son of the continued full use of his hand, I headed for home, relieved but weary. Ahead of me was the dreary task of cleaning up the "blood all over" mess.

I found the apartment as tidy as it usually was when my wife was at home. There was only dampness to indicate the scope of a cleaning job that would have defied my clumsy efforts. It was obviously the work of Winifred Baker, who, I later learned, had been given a key by my forethoughtful wife, "just in case."

After that, despite our disparate hours, the Blackmans and the Bakers had drinks together on many pleasant occasions and when the Bakers moved, we were glad they didn't go too far away.

Even if we don't get together in Bermuda, I am sure that I could call on the unmet Fredericks in an emergency, just as I did on the Bakers, New Yorkers being what they are. And if a situation in reverse should ever arise, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick, *you* can call on me. I'm home days. —M. C. BLACKMAN

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

SUNRISE PALMS
KATE AND ED AINSWORTH
MECCA, CALIFORNIA

DEAR FOLKS:

Please don't look now because it might embarrass them, but our lady date trees are expecting. . . .

The most convenient location in New York

A refined clientele
of permanent residents
and transient guests.

HOTEL New Weston

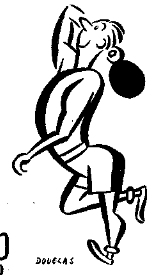
MADISON AT 50th • NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
JAMES T. McTIGHE, *Manager*
A Knott Hotel

H. NILS
Danish Silver

One
of our
six designs
in sterling silver.
Catalog sent on request.

Ripple
$59 FTI

H. NILS HANDWROUGHT DANISH SILVER
1 East 58 St., New York 22. *At the Savoy-Plaza*



LABOR DAY need not mean the end of feeling and looking fit. Continue to keep in trim by joining this midtown club. Enjoy open air sunbathing on the Roof, game courts, fully equipped gymnasium, steam room, snack bar.

Health roof club
480 LEX. (46 St.) • PL 5-8100

CONSTANCE STEARNS — CHARLES STEARNS

The BIRD & BOTTLE INN

Table D'Hote Luncheon daily from $2.00
Dinners from $3.75

A La Carte Service • Tap Room •
Closed Tuesdays only
Garrison 4-3342

ALBANY POST RD., U.S. 9 GARRISON, N. Y.

TEE AND GREEN

The Women

THE way to be sure of a place in the final of the Women's Amateur Championship of the United States Golf Association is to be a twenty-seven-year-old bookkeeper from the South, or so it would seem from this year's tournament, which was played off last week over the exacting course of the Rhode Island Country Club, at West Barrington. Of the hundred and forty-nine players in the starting field, only two answered that description—Miss Polly Riley, of Fort Worth, and Miss Mary Lena Faulk, of Thomasville, Georgia—and they were the finalists. It's only fair to add, though, that they played the most consistently fine golf of the week, and that neither came close to defeat until the semifinals, in which Miss Riley was carried to the nineteenth hole by Mrs. Philip Cudone, a housewife from Montclair.

Miss Faulk, who downed Miss Riley 3 and 2 in the thirty-six-hole final, proved beyond a doubt that she is one of the top women golfers this country has produced in recent years. Her drives were remarkably straight, and so long that she seldom had to use anything more than a No. 3 iron for her approaches on the par-4 holes. Her recoveries, on the few occasions when she strayed into rough or sand, were a pleasure to watch, and her putting eye, especially from ten feet or less, was deadly. She also has a talent for disheartening her opponents by surpassing their best efforts. An example of this occurred during the final, on the thirteenth hole of the morning round. Miss Riley put her approach about three feet from the cup for an almost sure birdie. Miss Faulk called out cheerily "Beautiful shot, Polly!" and put *her* approach about six inches closer, to halve the hole.

OF the younger players, at least three, I thought, showed great possibilities as future champions. Margaret Smith, a California-born lass of sixteen who now lives in Guadalajara, Mexico, is perhaps the most impressive. The current Mexican women's champion, she reached the semifinals before being disposed of, 3 and 2, by Miss Faulk. She's a tall, husky, placid girl, with more poise and knowledgeability on the links than I would have imagined possible in someone her age. She hits the ball a country mile—whatever that is—and she gave Miss Faulk her toughest eighteen-hole match; at the end of five holes she was 3 up. Another bright prospect is fifteen-year-old Ann Quast, of Everett, Washington, who got to the fourth round, where she had the misfortune to come up against Miss Riley playing at the top of her game. At that, the younger girl carried the match to the sixteenth green before succumbing. She has a smooth, effortless swing, and an enthusiasm for the game that borders on monomania. Assigned one of the earlier starting times when the tournament opened, she expressed boundless delight, because, she explained, that would enable her to walk around and watch the other players in the afternoons. The third entry in this future book, a comparative oldster, is Joyce Ziske, nineteen, of Waterford, Wisconsin, who put out the British champion, Miss Marlene Stewart, of Fonthill, Ontario, before losing to the 1948 champion, Miss Grace Lenczyk, of Newington, Connecticut, in the third round. Miss Ziske is already the Wisconsin champion, and she was easily the longest driver in the tournament.

CHIP SHOTS: Out of deference to the Southern origins of the finalists, the club hospitably produced Confederate flags to replace the red ones customarily used for marking balls in the rough. . . . Miss Riley, who achieved the age of twenty-seven during the tournament and who whiled away her spare time writing a daily column on the Rhode Island doings for a Fort Worth newspaper, won two matches on her birthday. She began that day's column with "Yippee! Happy birthday to me!" . . . There was no prize for the most candid contestant, but if there had been, Miss Ziske would have won hands down. After her victory over Miss Stewart, she was interviewed by a throng of golf writers, including a representative of the *Times*, who inquired tactfully, "And—ah—Miss Ziske, I suppose you weigh around a hundred and thirty pounds?" "Oh, no," Miss Ziske said. "A hundred and fifty-five."

—P. W. W., JR.

•

18 MEN BAIL OUT
SAFELY AFTER C-47
CRASHES IN STORM
—*Headline in a South Dakota paper.*

Never hurry an Air Force man.

"Apparel Oft Proclaims the Man"

The gentleman of discernment proclaims his good taste in his choice of apparel . . . his automobile . . . his wines. Everything he selects for his personal use expresses individuality and appreciation of the finest.

the
RESISTOL
"100"

. . . is a hat designed for such a man. Its every line bespeaks excellence . . . a blending of the richest Beaver fur felt, skilled hand craftsmanship and superlative detailing make it unquestionably the finest hat in the world.

Designed by Harry Rolnick, internationally famous hat stylist, the Resistol "100" is custom tailored to the individual and employs the exclusive "Self-Conforming" construction that has made Resistol synonymous with comfort.

One Hundred Dollars

The Resistol "100" is personalized with your name in gold and comes in a cork luggage box. This superb felt may be custom ordered through Resistol dealers from coast to coast or write:

RESISTOL HATS, Inc., GARLAND, TEXAS

Other fine Resistol "Self-Conforming" Hats from Ten to Forty Dollars

THE UNITED NATIONS

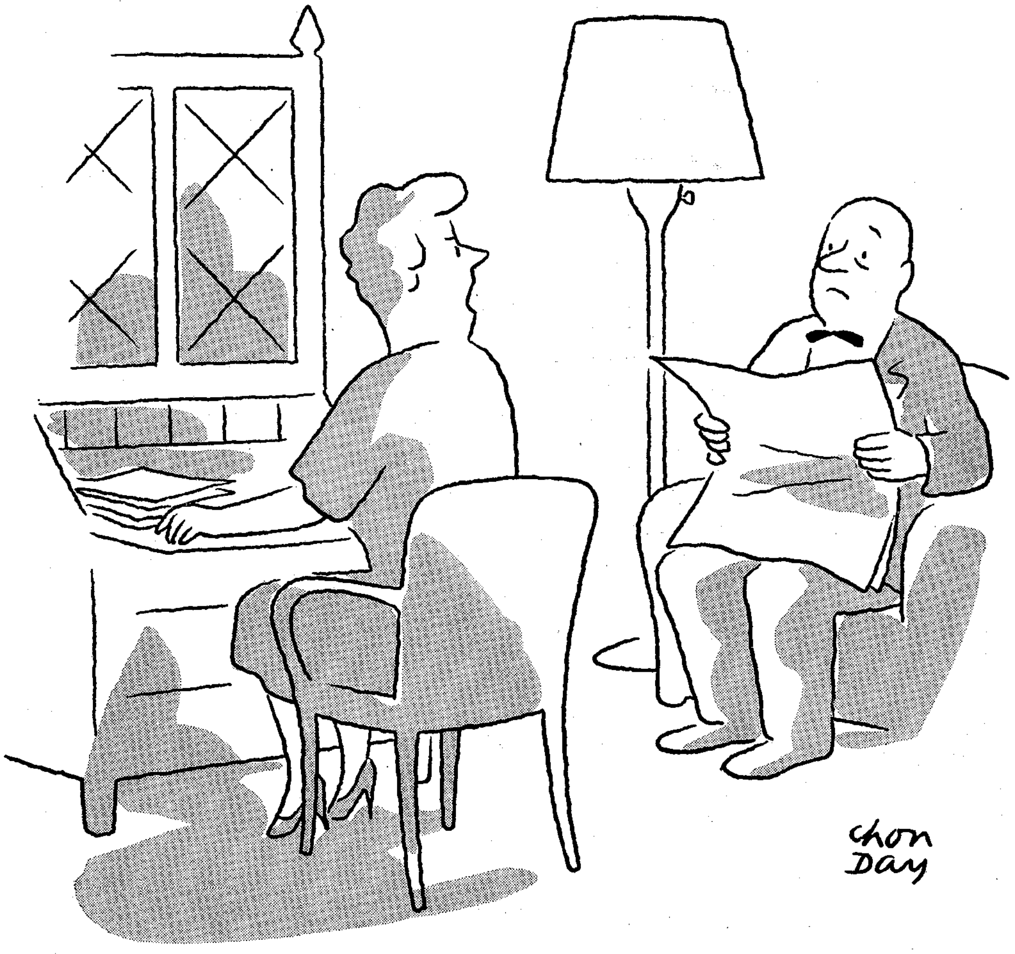
AUGUST 28

FOR two weeks now, the major undertaking of American diplomacy has been the exclusion of the Republic of India from the forthcoming Korean peace conference. The parliamentary campaign has been a success; the resolution to invite Mr. Nehru's government to participate, introduced early in the session by a number of British Commonwealth nations, has been defeated. Our delegation was not able to win the support of a majority, but by much pleading and negotiation it was able to round up enough votes and abstentions to prevent the two-thirds vote needed for adoption of such a resolution by the General Assembly. No Indian will be seated at the conference.

To many here at United Nations headquarters—indeed, to most—our labors toward this end have seemed a curious, almost a frivolous preoccupation in a period marked by such events as the overturn of the Mossadegh government in Iran, the deposing of the Sultan of Morocco, the ominous unrest in France, the massive new thrust of Russian propaganda in Germany, and the disclosure that a hydrogen bomb, or something very much like it, has been manufactured and detonated in the Soviet Union. At this gathering by the river in New York, only the American and the South Korean delegations professed an ability to perceive any way in which Indian participation could have lessened the chances—slim by practically everyone's reckoning—of winning an acceptable settlement in the Korean conference. In the other delegations, there were not many people who believed that the Indians could do anything to improve the chances, but a clear majority, including a great many delegates who for one reason or another found it expedient to vote on our side, believed that an invitation to India might bolster the standing of the anti-Communist alliance in Asia and might give the Indian government a sense—which it now notoriously lacks—of involvement in that alliance. In fact, it is claimed in many quarters that our victory in this maneuver constitutes the greatest diplomatic defeat we have had since the end of the Second World War. The reasoning behind this claim is that in preventing passage of the resolution we isolated ourselves, for the first time in United Nations history, from most of our major allies; handed the Communists the best opportunity they have ever had to appear as the champions of international coöperation and the Asian masses; and added pettiness and pettifogging to the long list of unlovable characteristics said to be already ascribed to us by a preponderance of people in the Far East.

The American delegation did not, of course, act in blindness or ignorance. It foresaw most of the foreseeable consequences of what it was doing, and it knew perfectly well what would be said by all its ready critics. It has been able to meet some of the glibber objections with formidable replies. Alliances, its spokesmen have said, don't break up merely because one ally can't go along with the others on a procedural question; there have been many occasions in the past when one or another of the nations closely associated with us has pursued a course the rest did not approve of—England's handling of the Iranian crisis two years ago is a case in point, and a relevant one at present—and in no instance has the alliance been weakened on that account alone. Our delegates, and the people who shape policy for them in Washington, also view with considerable mistrust the widespread conviction that a direct affront to, or even criticism of, the present government of India gives us a bad name all through Asia; they believe that a great many people in Asia would find reasons for disliking us no matter how often we acknowledged Indian wisdom to be superior to our own, and they also believe that there may be some people in Asia who would think the better of us for opposing Mr. Nehru now and then.

In any event, the American delegation was undeterred by the warnings that a victory in this particular contest would cost far more than it was worth. And it was deluged by such warnings; seldom have the press and radio given so much space and time to critical analyses of a single piece of diplomatic strategy. In the face of all this, Ambassador Lodge and his aides pressed on, using all the skills they possess and all the prestige of the government they represent, to limit non-Communist representation at the Korean conference to the nations that actually took a hand in the fighting and to establish the principle that the conference is being called for the purpose of settling differences between the powers recently locked in combat in Korea, rather than for the



"You were eighty-six dollars short of supporting me last month."

Bright new idea that's sweeping the country!

MARTINI & ROSSI

Some like it sweet...
Some like it dry...
Some like it Half and Half...
MARTINI & ROSSI
ITALY
TORINO VERMOUTH
MARTINI
EXTRA DRY
VERMOUTH
VINO VERMOUTH

Find out why!

SO MODERN . . . *this* bright new idea that's sweeping the country! It's delightfully *light* . . . and downright *delicious*. Try Martini & Rossi Vermouth "on-the-rocks" yourself—and taste why so many smart people are serving it today! Yes! find out why it's great when you drink it straight!

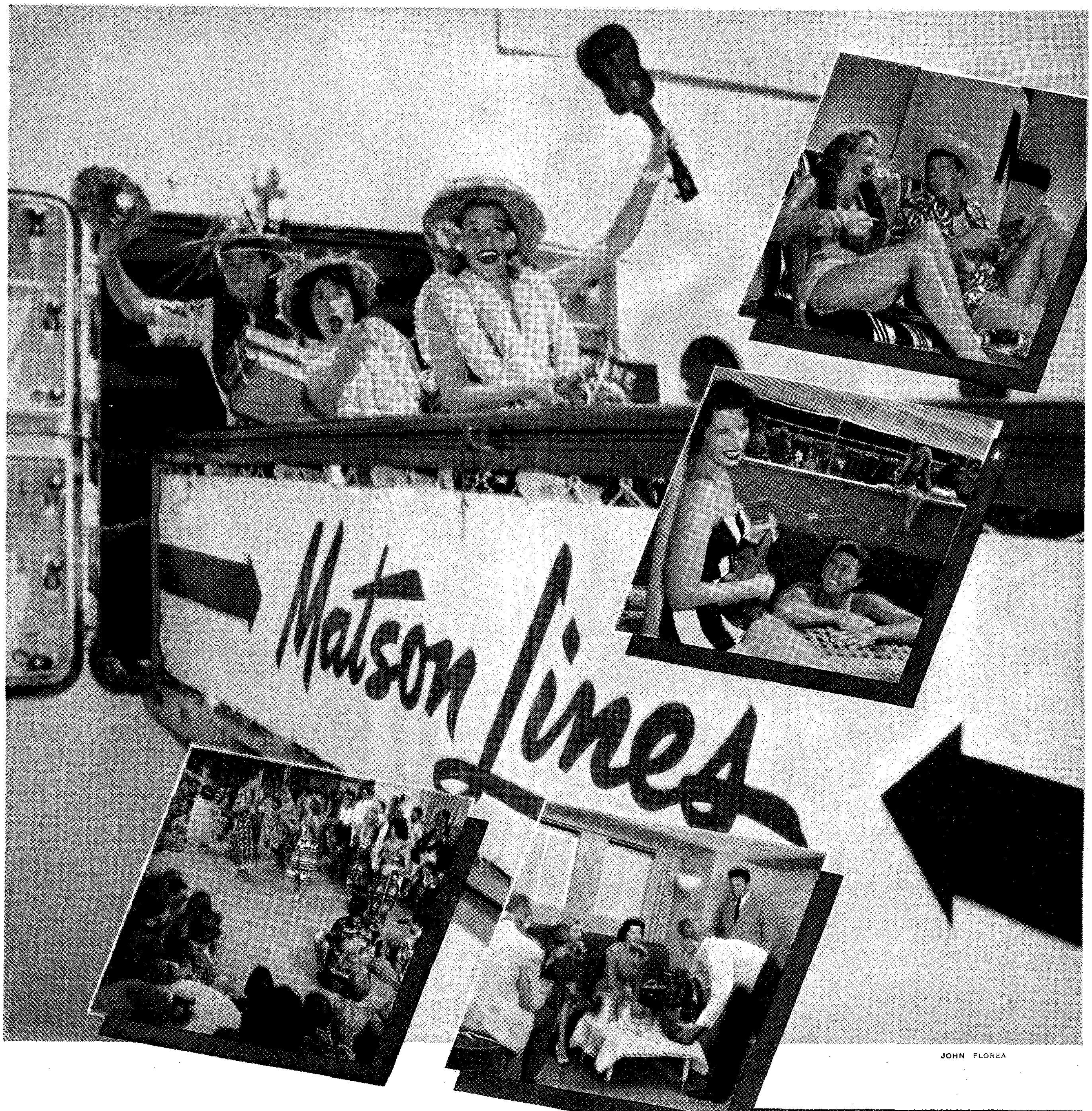
And don't forget: Insist on genuine imported
Martini & Rossi Vermouths . . .
Sweet for Matchless Manhattans
Extra dry for Marvelous Martinis.

BLUE CHIPS by RENFIELD

RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., N. Y., N. Y.

MARTINI & ROSSI

The largest selling imported vermouth in America

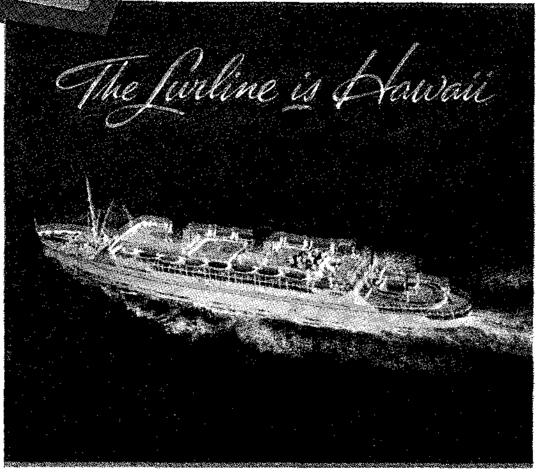


JOHN FLOREA

For the rest of your life

You'll ever cherish precious memories of a cruise to and from Hawaii on the LURLINE. Delightful days filled with happy hours . . . lazy moments, just looking at the sparkling sea . . . gay periods of music and laughter . . . dances under the soft glow of tropic stars . . . movies, deck sports, parties . . . carefree conversation with new-found friends. Add your enjoyment of a luxurious stateroom, of the wonderful LURLINE food and service! Only Matson know-how, gathered over seven decades on the Pacific, could create such a pleasure-filled cruise. And it's all yours—to be twice enjoyed—on a round-trip fare.

See your Travel Agent or any Matson Lines office: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Los Angeles, San Diego, Honolulu. And book round trip on the **LURLINE!**



THE LURLINE SAILS FROM SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES ALTERNATELY

Matson Lines

For the finest travel, the **LURLINE...**
for the finest freight service, the
Matson cargo fleet...to and from Hawaii.

Stuart Crystal

Made in England

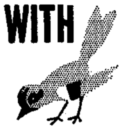
ABBEY . . . a pattern of subdued elegance. Sparkling Stuart lead crystal stemware imparts an incomparable radiance to your table.

At fine stores everywhere

Send 10c for illustrated brochure, "England's Finest Crystal"

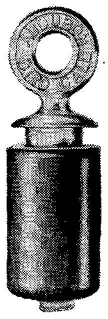
Distributed in the U. S. A. & Canada by
THE WORCESTER ROYAL PORCELAIN CO., INC.
234A E. 46th St., New York 17

MAKE FRIENDS WITH WILD BIRDS



as thousands are doing with this remarkable

AUDUBON BIRD CALL



Bird-lovers find hours of educational fun attracting wild songbirds with the Audubon Bird Call. Simple to use. Twist it . . . and hear them answer back! Handmade of birchwood and pewter . . . a gift young and old appreciate. At book, gift stores — or send $1.50 to

Roger Eddy,
Newington 12, Conn.

Mailed prepaid with full instructions.

THEY'RE **TOPP'S**

Genuine Native Deerskin

SLIPPERS

ONLY **$9.75**

The ONEIDA is the most comfortable slipper you'll ever wear, styled to fit the foot, with sponge rubber mid-sole for added support. A year-round favorite for INDOOR WEAR. Packed in attractive drawstring Pliofilm carrying bag for travel convenience. Sizes—Small, Medium and Large. Send check or money order (no C.O.D.'s please).

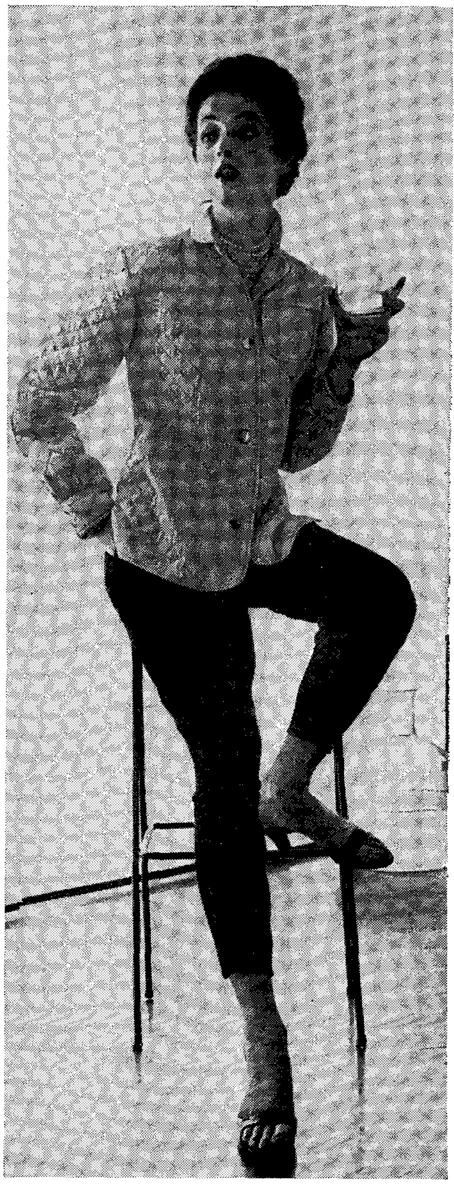
Send for descriptive folder of TOPP'S Fashions.

TOPP'S DEPT. 20, JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK

broader purpose of setting things aright throughout Asia. This, at least, was the principle Mr. Lodge set forth in all his speeches, and he provided it with a legal foundation by citing Paragraph 60 of the Armistice Agreement, which, with its references to two sides, appeared to give him the better of the argument from a probatory point of view, if from no other. Early in the debate, he was also able to cite to good effect some statements made at Panmunjom by General Nam Il, the North Korean military commander, which showed Lodge and Nam were as one in believing that the conference should be the occasion for hard bargaining about troops and real estate, and not for high-flown oratory about the course of East-West relations since Marco Polo. But it developed that General Nam had misconstrued the Party line, or else had been working with one that was outmoded, for later in the week both Andrei Vishinsky, the Soviet delegate, and Chou En-lai, the Peiping government's Foreign Minister, proclaimed that the true Marxist-Leninist doctrine concerning the conference was that it must include nonbelligerents as well as belligerents and deal with the whole range of Asian problems. (On the eve of the voting, the Russians, seeing how popular this approach had become, revised its own resolution to add two more Arab-Asian nations, Egypt and Indonesia, to the list of proposed conferees.) Needless to say, the American delegation persisted in its view even after it learned that Nam Il had had his mind changed for him.

Both in his speeches before the Assembly's Political and Security Committee, which was the scene of all the debate, and in his extenuations off the floor, Ambassador Lodge devoted himself almost exclusively to insisting that a small conference of former belligerents was the better kind. The importance he attached to the procedure to be adopted by the conference led him to take the position—which no one else, of any persuasion, took—that the outlook for a satisfactory settlement will be bright if only the right set of rules is adopted. It is far from clear whether that is the official position of our government at this stage, but there is no doubt that it is Mr. Lodge's position, and there is no doubt that he and the administration will be stuck with it if the conference turns out to be the frost most people expect. At one point, Mr. Lodge grew so enthusiastic over the prospects for an early and successful settlement that he found himself talking, in an exchange with some American correspondents, about the ef-

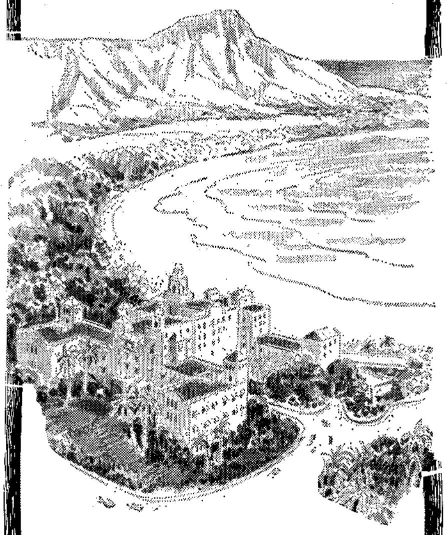
Franklin Simon



fireside chatter . . . designed by Norman with snug homing instincts. Man-tailored "shirt" of washable quilted chromspun and acetate with Estron batting, paired with taper-sleek'd slacks of Crompton's cotton velveteen. Shirt in red- or black-and-white checks. S, M or L **7.98**
Slacks, black only. 10 to 18 . . . **10.95**

SECOND FLOOR

414 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
and all Franklin Simon stores



Royal Hawaiian HOTEL

Sovereign of the Southern Seas

Its coral walls soar above a grove of regal palms and flower-filled gardens...its terraces reach out to the soft surf of Waikiki. And here, in this superb setting, you will find that accommodations are palatial, diversions delightful and the service is as princely as the surroundings...yet, measured in value, rates are surprisingly moderate.

For reservations see your Travel Agent or any Matson Lines office:
New York, Chicago,
San Francisco, Seattle, Portland,
Los Angeles, San Diego

ONE OF THE TRIO
OF Matson HOTELS
ON THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI

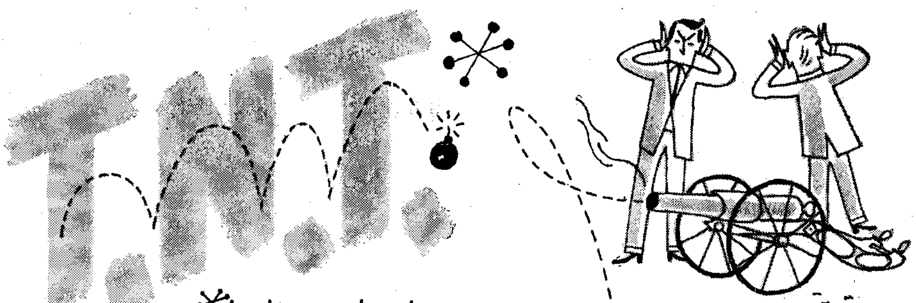
THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN
•
THE SURF RIDER
•
THE MOANA

fort he and his associates were making to "bring home" the half million American boys now in Korea. He did not disclose what elements in the Korean situation encouraged him to talk in this fashion (his colleagues in the Pentagon are in the midst of a huge public-relations program designed to get the country to accept the fact that no conceivable arrangement in Korea will permit us to evacuate troops in the near future), nor did he show how the exclusion of India would help bring about this highly desirable end.

The more Mr. Lodge dwelled on these matters, though, the more often one heard from other delegates and observers the contention that it was not really the conference that the United States representatives had on their minds but the awful possibility of further unpleasantness with Syngman Rhee. Almost from the moment the United States announced its position, the common belief has been that the only adequate explanation for the lengths to which we have gone in opposing India, and for the incredible euphoria of Mr. Lodge as he contemplated a conference organized along the lines he recommends, is a desperate wish to avoid at all costs any additional difficulties with the infrangible Dr. Rhee. There are some here who insist that Dr. Rhee made the exclusion of India one of his conditions for accepting the truce, and there are others who believe that while no contract, oral or written, was made on the subject of Indian participation, our actions are governed by our anxieties over the future conduct of Dr. Rhee—anxieties of the sort that he has in the past so frequently justified. There is no conclusive evidence in support of either view. In some of his talks with delegates, Mr. Lodge said that when he and Secretary Dulles conferred with Dr. Rhee in Seoul a few weeks ago, he got the impression that the Korean President might walk out of a conference attended by Indians. He has not said officially that Dr. Rhee actually threatened this, and he has not dealt with the objection, raised by several people, that the presence of Indians is doubtless only one of a host of contingencies Dr. Rhee might seize upon to justify breaking up the negotiations that he has opposed all along and whose success would be a loss of face for him. Dr. Rhee, it would appear, is too canny a statesman to have put himself on record in regard to what course he would pursue if India were invited. The strongest South Korean statement on the subject came from Colonel Ben Limb, the Republic of Korea's official observer at the United Nations, who said last week that "we will not allow India to participate in this conference." No other Seoul official has stated the case as flatly as that, and a few days ago Dr. Yung Tai Pyun, the Foreign Minister, denied that his government had given ours any sort of ultimatum. Asked if the Republic of Korea would take part in a conference to which India was invited, he replied that no decision would be made or announced before the invitation had been extended. He would only go so far as to say that the Republic of Korea would find it "next to impossible to collaborate with India on the same side."

The belief, which has survived Dr. Pyun's speech, that the United States has rationalized a position out of its fear of Syngman Rhee is widely held here primarily because it is the only theory of American behavior now in circulation that seems capable of accounting for the almost desperate air with which our delegation has fought for India's exclusion. It would also account for our agonizing delay in issuing any policy statement in regard to conference matters generally. (Ambassador Lodge did not categorically assert that we would oppose India's presence until after an interview with President Eisenhower, who was in town for the festivities connected with Bernard Baruch's birthday, on the third day of the Assembly session.) The fact is that American policy, as it came to light during Mr. Lodge's speeches, was a great surprise to most foreign delegates and even to some members of our own mission. The question of India's participation had not arisen in any specific form prior to the gathering of delegates last week, but when it did, the feeling in most quarters was that it would be perfectly in line with American policy to accept it. It was not assumed that we would accept it with relish; it was, indeed, assumed that we would accept it only after a certain amount of grumbling, for it is well known everywhere that our diplomats regard conferences with the Indians, who talk a lot and mostly in parables whose meaning either eludes our people or is distasteful to them, as something of an ordeal. Nevertheless, we have always acknowledged the enormous prestige of the Indians in United Nations affairs, and at times have even encouraged them to play the kind of soothing, moderating role at which they are thought to excel. It was, for example, at the suggestion of the American delegation that in 1950 Sir Benegal N. Rau, former head of the Indian delegation, undertook the first efforts to bring about a negotiated peace in Korea. (It has been pointed out that this and other Indian services, such as the medical unit she sent to Korea and the role her troops are currently playing in repatriation work, might be regarded as a contribution comparable to that of some other nations—the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, say, which under the Lodge plan is entitled to a conference seat because of the combat unit of fifty men she contributed to the United Nations Command.) In the circumstances, then, it was expected that the United States would reason, as many other nations did, that the participation of Mr. Nehru's representative would do no harm and might lend the conference an air of respectability it would not otherwise have, at least in the eyes of those Asian masses who are said to regard us as aspiring tyrants and oppressors.

But Mr. Lodge ultimately made it plain that the United States strenuously opposed the seating of India and was ready to fight it with the most vigorous campaign we had ever put on in the United Nations. Immediately the fight was launched, the Syngman Rhee theory began to develop and to find seeming confirmation everywhere. In the last few days, however, certain American observers have been giving a second thought to this diagnosis and have found it somewhat less compelling than it first appeared. For one thing, Mr. Lodge's failure to introduce in public debate the subject of South Korean intransigence arouses the suspicion that it may not be so important a factor after all. As Walter Lippmann has pointed out in some biting columns on the proceedings here, nothing would have done more to strengthen our position than a statement that we were opposing Indian participation not in the interests of reason and justice but simply in the interests of preventing a resumption of hostilities. If we had been able to say that we were appeasing Dr. Rhee and his government for the sole purpose of preventing further bloodshed, then the responsibility for keeping the peace would have been on those who insisted on bringing India in, and there is little doubt that Mr. Nehru, who has always said the most important job in Korea was to put an end to the carnage, would have withdrawn India's name from consideration at the outset. If it is a fact that Syngman Rhee told Secretary Dulles he would order a northward march at the sight of an Indian delegate in Geneva, or wherever the conference is to be held, no one could describe our apprehension as craven; we would be well established as the most solicitous guardians of peace, and



*tasty new treat

Start any meal with a bang.... Serve

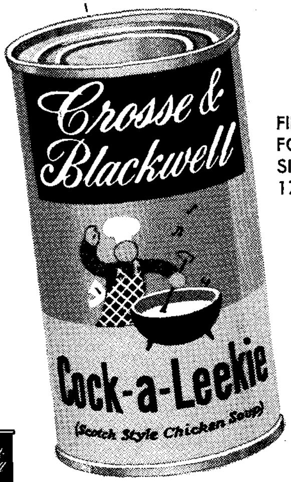
Cock-a-Leekie

(Scotch Style Chicken)

from the

Crosse & Blackwell

Soup Shelf



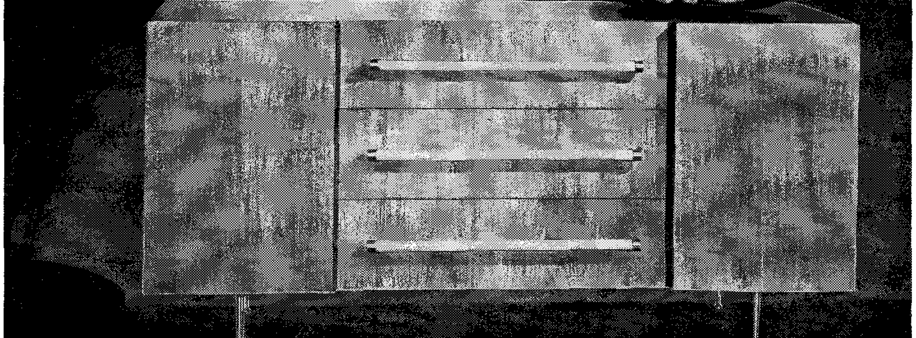
FINE
FOODS
SINCE
1706

Crosse & Blackwell
Black Bean Soup with Sherry
Clear Green Turtle Soup With Sherry Wine
Cream of Onion Soup
Cream of Shrimp Soup
Cream Vichyssoise Soup
French Style Onion Soup
Crab Soup à la Maryland

At your grocer's now, or write for name of nearest dealer to: Crosse & Blackwell, Baltimore 24, Md.

WIDDICOMB

DESIGNED BY T. H. ROBSJOHN-GIBBINGS



FOR BROCHURE SEND 10¢ • WIDDICOMB FURNITURE CO., GRAND RAPIDS
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

COME TO

Beautiful Bermuda

AND THE

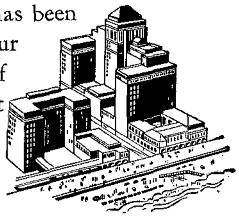
Mid-Ocean Club

World famous golf course • Private beach • Sheltered en-tout-cas tennis courts • Sailing • Fishing • Dancing • Cool spacious rooms • American Plan rates.

See your Travel Agent or
Leonard P. Brickett, Amer. Rep.,
Hotel Roosevelt, N. Y. 17 MU-9-3967

WHODUNIT

The mystery of the missing appetite has been solved! Our Head Chef brought it back to life.

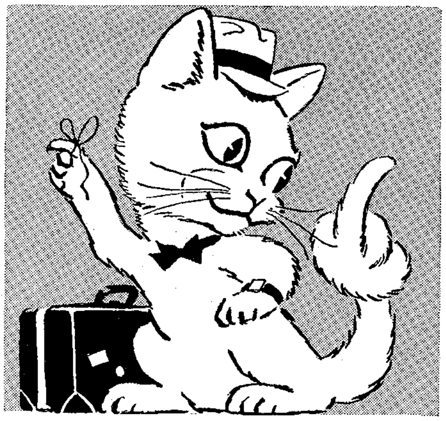


CHALFONTE HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Operated by Leeds & Lippincott Co. for 63 years
Write for illustrated folder No. 3

the logic of our position would be beyond refutation.

Mr. Lodge, though, never attempted to buttress his case with these arguments, and his reluctance to do so has led some people to wonder whether it is not more a question of our delegation's making use of Dr. Rhee and his celebrated stubbornness than the other way around. The notion has lately been advanced that our attitude at this session may very well be a response to what the administration regards as certain realities of the domestic situation—in particular, the dissatisfaction with the basic idea of American membership in the United Nations that has found expression in such things as the proposed Bricker amendment and, just the other night, Mr. Dulles' talk to the American Bar Association about needed changes in the United Nations Charter. Several aspects of Mr. Lodge's line of argument lend substance to this view. In pleading for a "two-sided" conference, he has in effect been proposing that the United Nations underwrite the policy of unilateralism favored by the followers of General MacArthur and the late Senator Taft. What the "two-sided" concept of the armistice really amounts to is a repudiation of the whole theory of the United Nations' jurisdiction over all operations in Korea. At the start of the war, when it was widely appreciated in this country that an intervention in the name of the United States alone would not sit well with world opinion, we were eager to use the machinery of the United Nations at every opportunity and to win the approval and assistance of every non-Communist member. No one in those first few months would have thought of attempting to bar a member in good standing from deliberations over the military conduct and political aims of the war; on the contrary, many efforts were made to stir the indolent and apathetic into active participation. As the frustrations of the war multiplied, however, the unilateral approach took hold on American public opinion. It gained ground constantly, and people here are now saying, not without a sense of the irony of the situation, that it is reaching its climax in the present efforts of Mr. Lodge, who may be succeeding where General MacArthur and Senator Taft failed.

If this analysis stands up, then what the administration is doing is placating that wing of its own Party—spoken for most responsibly nowadays by Senator Knowland, and powerfully reinforced this month by the new Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Radford—which has for some time been



Remember, of all things,
to carry SAFE, SPENDABLE
NCB TRAVELERS CHECKS

Be a smart copy cat! Safeguard your travel funds with National City Bank Travelers Checks, as millions of experienced travelers do. Spendable for anything, everywhere, and safer than cash. If lost or stolen you get your money back. Cost 75c per $100. Good until used. Buy them at your bank.

The best thing you know wherever you go
NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS

Backed by The National City Bank of New York
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

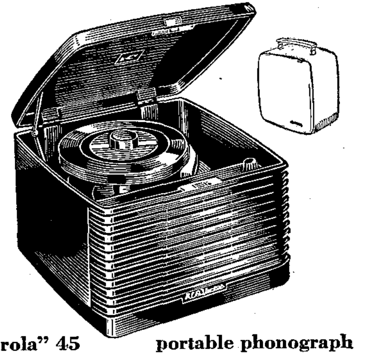
Feel their soft, springy fluffiness

Delight your eyes with their harmony of colors

Bequeath to the next generation the luxury of . . .

ALL WOOL
MARIPOSA
BLANKET
MADE BY
SHULER & BENNINGHOFEN
HAMILTON OHIO

"Victrola" 45
—today's best buy!



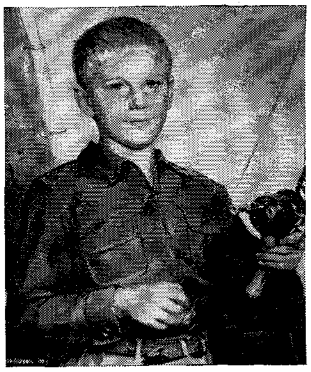
"Victrola" 45 portable phonograph . . . it's completely automatic! Maroon plastic. AC operation. Model 45EY3, $49.95

- More music for less money! Plays up to fourteen "45's"—almost 2 hours of music with "45 Extended Play" records.
- Big, easy-to-load spindle changes records from the center—*the modern way*.

Other models priced as low as $16.75. See them now at your RCA Victor dealer's.

Suggested Eastern list prices shown, subject to change without notice.

Only RCA VICTOR makes the "Victrola"
Tmks. ® Division of Radio Corporation of America



Your choice
of today's
foremost
portrait
painters

PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK
LOIS SHAW HELEN APPLETON READ

Talbot Clothes Have the Look . . .
the look you love at first sight. Livable, lovable clothes for your children and you. Clothes that fit and flatter and wear. **Write today for your free Fall-Winter Catalog.**
The Talbots
Dept. N9-5, Hingham, Massachusetts

NEW YORK Giants at the POLO GROUNDS
STARTING TIME
Weekdays .... 1:30 P.M.
Sundays .... 2:00 P.M.
Night Games .... 8:30 P.M.

demanding a complete reversal of our Far Eastern strategy. The administration had the devil's own time selling the truce to this group—"It is a truce without honor," Senator Knowland said as the negotiations were drawing to a close—and it must have been well aware it would have every bit as hard a time selling it a settlement that in any degree reflected the influence of India and other neutral and semi-neutral powers. Thus, it is being said, the administration undertook its present course in order to hold its own supporters together and to forestall the growth of any movement designed to force our withdrawal from the United Nations. Questioned about the possible influence of the Knowland wing on our attitude toward India, members of the American delegation deny that it could in any sense be a determining factor. But they do not deny that our United Nations policy in general is conducted with a constant eye on home opinion. (So is every other nation's, they point out. India's foreign policy is without doubt deeply affected by the fact that the Communists are the third-largest party in the country and that Mr. Nehru knows how widely their criticism of his government is listened to by non-Communist Indians.) But whatever the origins of our policy may be, it is certain that, though it seems to have carried the day, it is not at all popular here, even among those nations whose attendance at the conference we have supported. This situation in itself is not likely to contribute to the success of negotiations. And at the moment, with the Russians threatening at every session to introduce new complications and disturbances, there is some doubt as to whether the peace conference will take place at all.

—Richard H. Rovere

•

I DO LIKE A LITTLE BIT OF OLEO TO MY BREAD

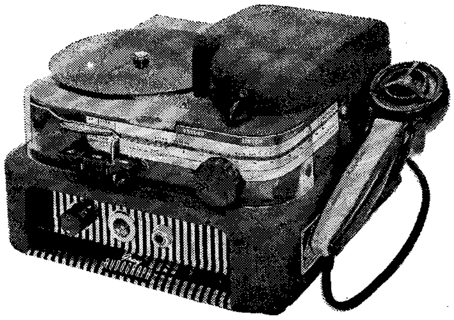
Yellow oleomargarine, at less than half the price of butter, has preëmpted more than half the consumer market.—*News item.*

Oh, lass of the future, go feast your eyes
On the oleocups and the margarineflies!
Eat margarinescotch, little oleoball.
If you're oleofingered, your spoon will
  fall.

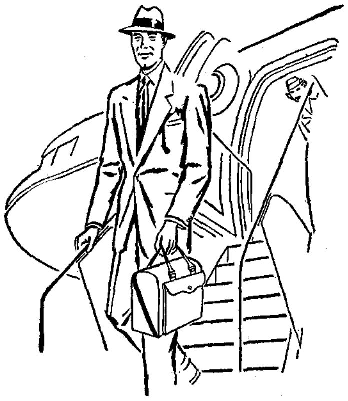
You'll have to learn, when your youth
  is gone,
Which side your bread is margarined on
And to margarine up, for marriage or
  dough,
Each oleo-and-egg man you happen to
  know.

—Tom Talman

Audograph



goes with the man who gets things done



Today's executive wears seven-league boots, and takes along his personal Audograph in its handsome leather travel case. Audograph turns his ideas into action as he goes; records dictation, interviews, meetings — on mailable plastic discs.

Audograph is the versatile new dictation instrument that operates serenely in car, train or plane — takes up to an hour's recording on one disc. There's nothing like Audograph for the man who gets things done.

Mail the coupon — GET THINGS DONE!

Gray AUDOGRAPH

THE GRAY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Hartford 1, Connecticut

AUDOGRAPH sales and service in 180 U.S. cities. See your Classified Telephone Directory under "Dictating Machines." Canada: Northern Electric Co., Ltd. Abroad: Westrex Corp. (Western Electric Co. export affiliate) in 35 countries. *Audograph is made by The Gray Manufacturing Company—established 1891—originators of the Telephone Pay Station.*

Please send your illustrated booklet AZ-9 with the latest facts on electronic dictation.

NAME
FIRM TITLE
ADDRESS CITY

TRADE MARK "AUDOGRAPH" REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

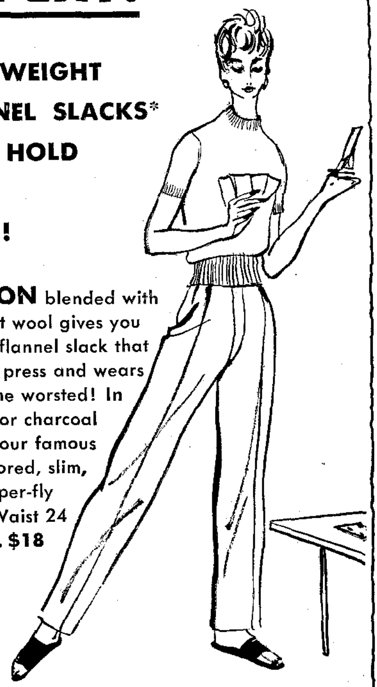
DANGLEARS
by
Monet
master Jeweler

Sophisticated, modern —
the big, bold earrings lend
color and movement to the
Fall costumes. Artfully
detailed in the Golden Manner
of Monet. Belinda 10.
(plus tax) At better stores.
Monet Jewelers, 6 W. 32nd St., N. Y.

REPEAT!

LIGHTWEIGHT
FLANNEL SLACKS*
THAT HOLD
THEIR
PRESS!

DACRON blended with the finest wool gives you the first flannel slack that holds its press and wears like a fine worsted! In medium or charcoal grey, in our famous man-tailored, slim, trim, zipper-fly model. Waist 24 to 30 . . . $18



PULLOVER IN 100% SUPER NESPUN ORLON by PREMIER in white, pink, navy, beige . . . $6.95
MAIL ORDERS FILLED—SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
*exclusive with
EDWARD REED LTD.
49 West 49th St. in Rockefeller Center, N. Y. 20

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

STREET OF THE BAREFOOT LOVERS, by Joseph Foster (Duell, Sloan & Pearce-Little, Brown). Mr. Foster has assembled and put into action a lively and colorful Mexican corps de ballet, which dances a spirited, if somewhat superficial, tale of love, death, vengeance, and laughter but lacks a hero or a heroine to give a center to its movements. He tells about the members of a poor Mexican family, and about their neighbors and friends and enemies and animals. He includes a good many indirect and direct commentaries on the Mexican national spirit, but his book is not strong enough to inspire one to reflect very long on his beliefs. His writing is free and economical, and he has a gift for pointing at a tableau in such a way that he has no need to describe it. Unfortunately, this gift fails him when he is concerned with people; his characters are all thin and sketchy and, most of the time, even banal.

THE STREAK, by Paul Darcy Boles (Macmillan). The story of the last days of a celebrated racing driver, an Italian named Tagli, who has been accustomed all his life to live every day as though it were his last. In the short span encompassed by this book, he falls in love, apparently for the first time, and does a lot of driving and a good deal of thinking and talking. It is a fast, emotional story, and well told, although Mr. Boles is addicted, sometimes to a ludicrous degree, to a very terse, tight-lipped, repetitive manner of expression.

MONSIEUR PAUL, by Henri Calet (Dutton). The epistle of a middle-aged Parisian insurance salesman, a M. Schumacher, to his five-month-old son, whose name gives the novel its title. M. Schumacher is determined to tell all, and he does, and it is dreadful, for there is nothing in his life that is not more or less revolting to him: his job, his appearance, the women he makes love to, his past, his future. M. Schumacher is a cousin by marriage twice removed of Leopold Bloom, but his creator, who is talented and unflinching and has a scabrous sense of humor, is no Joyce, and one recalls gratefully from time to time that the infant recipient of these odious confidences is unable to read.

THE HONEYED PEACE, by Martha Gellhorn (Doubleday). A collection of stories, mostly about exiles in different parts of the world in the years just following the Second World War. All the stories start with a climax and trail effortlessly but very seriously off into an anticlimax. Miss Gellhorn evidently believes that to pose a problem is enough; she sees no need to solve it. She does, however, skillfully and accurately describe the disenchanted, not very intelligent or humorous people with whom she deals. The best of the stories, and the longest, is "Venus Ascendant," in which an Italian lawyer and an Englishwoman of thirty, both of them on the make, defeat each other in their different unpleasant and unrewarding ways.

THE CROWN PRINCESS AND OTHER STORIES, by Brigid Brophy (Viking). A first collection of stories by a young Englishwoman whose talent, still very much in the bud, is bolstered by an enviable self-assurance. As a matter of fact, Miss Brophy is a rather fascinating writer, her charm arising from her primly self-conscious judgments about people, and also from her unconscious pleasure in showing off. Telling little enough but telling that little very smoothly, she writes about English literary life, about the domestic life of a famous actor, and about the private life of a princess, among other things. Her people are like old-fashioned silhouettes, cleverly cut out but hardly to be called alive, and her style is carefully studied.

GENERAL

ICEBOUND SUMMER, by Sally Carrighar (Knopf). Another group of generally related wildlife stories by the young and gifted naturalist who gave us "One Day on Beetle Rock." This time the setting is the Far North, with its teeming lemmings, its walrus herds, its flocks of migrant waterfowl, and its wandering bears and foxes, and the season is the electrifying interlude of sun, thaw, and convulsively resurgent life that briefly breaks the dark silence of the arctic year. There are moments when Miss Carrighar's determination to sound the deeps of animal fears and delights

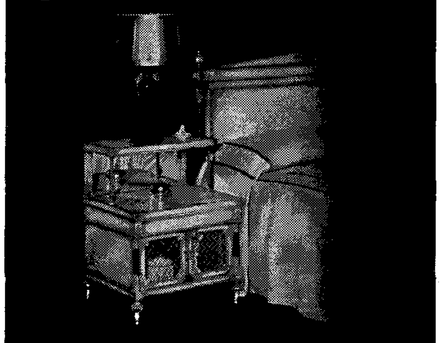
MARK CROSS
Fifth Ave. at 55th
For Fine Leather

OUR
PERFECT
PASSPORT
CASE

Thin as a wafer—light as a feather—this newest model from our English workshop carries all the vital papers a traveler needs. Pockets for passport, foreign currency, tickets, luggage checks, etc. Red, green or black morocco **$8.50***. Tan pigskin **$10.50***. *Add 20% excise tax

AIR-CONDITIONED
THE Drake Room
Open every day and preferred by the town's most interesting people for
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS
DINNER • SUPPER
ADDISON BAILEY
in Songs without Words at the Piano during Dinner & Supper
HOTEL Drake
440 PARK AVE. at 56th St.
Bing & Bing Inc., *Management*

CONSULATE *bedroom*



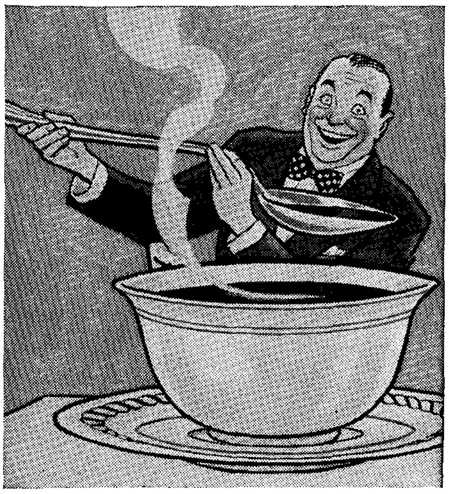
At leading furniture and department stores.
Send 3-cent stamp to Dept. N for booklet.
UNION-NATIONAL, INC. • JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

carries her perilously close to anthropomorphism, but they are only moments, and since her instincts are as sure as those of the creatures she describes, she always wheels safely back to the solid ground of scientifically demonstrable fact in the end. An admirable book, attractively illustrated by Henry Bugbee Kane.

MEMORIES, by Desmond MacCarthy (Oxford). It has always been a little difficult to understand the high prestige that Desmond MacCarthy has enjoyed in England. As a drama and literary critic in the *New Statesman* and Sunday *Times*, he turned out for many years well-informed, agreeably written, and not unintelligent articles that rarely rose above an amiable tepidity. He liked books, but had no very great passion for writing and no interesting point of view. This volume, which has forewords by Raymond Mortimer and Cyril Connolly, is a collection of articles on literary figures. Almost all of them involve personal reminiscence, and do something to illuminate their subjects as well as to present MacCarthy as a sympathetic personality, whose role one can begin to see. A mixture of French, German, and Irish, he was superior to the official critic of the type of Edmund Gosse in that he was free from most of the prejudices, social, aesthetic, and moral, that such critics inherited from the nineteenth century.

THE FLOWERS OF FRIENDSHIP: LETTERS WRITTEN TO GERTRUDE STEIN, edited by Donald Gallup (Knopf). Gertrude Stein's circle of friends was enormous, and nearly all her correspondents were devoted to her. Carl Van Vechten addressed her as his "beloved Baby Woojums," and Jean Cocteau wrote her that their hearts were united by a single thread. Israel Zangwill, Sherwood Anderson, T. S. Eliot, Sir Osbert Sitwell, H. G. Wells, Alexander Woollcott, Pablo Picasso, and Ernest Hemingway admired her work and propagandized it with fervor, but not everybody did. John Dewey delicately told her that he didn't understand her writing, and Bernard Berenson, less delicately, wrote that her prose "beats me hollow, & makes me dizzy to boot." Gertrude Stein was a bridge between two cultures (one finds William James inquiring of her about "the wonderful Matisse and his associates," whom he had met at her salon), and because she was a pioneer in the making and appreciation of

"I drink all the coffee I want...



I get all the sleep I need!"

DON'T STOP DRINKING COFFEE... JUST STOP DRINKING CAFFEIN!

MILLIONS of coffee-lovers now drink all the rich, delicious coffee they please, morning, noon and night . . . and *sleep* better, *feel* better!

They've switched to New Extra-Rich Sanka Coffee. It's caffein-free—will *not* make you tense, tired, sleepless. And it gives you all the fragrant, flavorful *goodness* of fine coffee because only the bitter-tasting caffein is removed.

Be wise. *Taste* New Extra-Rich Sanka Coffee and don't be surprised if you like it *better* than your present coffee!

DELICIOUS IN EITHER INSTANT OR REGULAR FORM

SANKA
NEW
COFFEE
SANKA
COFFEE

Products of General Foods

NEW EXTRA-RICH
SANKA COFFEE
It's delicious! It's 97% caffein-free! It lets you sleep!

new high fidelity webcor fonograf

"holiday" portable fonograf

$89.50—$89.95 west of Rockies

- Gives you hours of listening happiness on the sun porch, at the club dance, in the rumpus room or den.
- Plays 33⅓, 45, 78-speed records with high fidelity in 7, 10 or 12 inch size . . . up to 4 hours continuously.
- Stops automatically when the last record has played.
- Housed in attractive, scuff-proof leatherette. U L approved.

see and hear a Webcor "Holiday" today

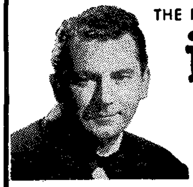
Webcor®

Webster-Chicago • Chicago 39, Illinois

© W/C 1953 8133

Opening Sept. 7th

THE FABULOUS FINGERS OF



irving fields

AND HIS TRIO

Mermaid Room

Park Sheraton Hotel

NO TAX
NO COVER
NO MINIMUM

202 West 56th Street

SAM'S The MAYOR OF GEDNEY WAY

FILET MIGNON • STEAKS • ROAST BEEF

"at its best"

68 GEDNEY WAY • WHITE PLAINS 8-9421

Closed Tuesdays • White Plains, N. Y.

Serving Dairy Food Over 32 Years

82nd AT B'WAY N.Y.

Steinberg's

DAIRY RESTAURANT

new art forms, these letters are, in their way, an intimate history of the growth of the modern art movement.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS: THE FOURTH MUSKETEER, by Ralph Hancock and Letitia Fairbanks (Holt). A harmless biography of the acrobatic king of the silent screen. Miss Fairbanks is a niece of the actor. Her collaborator is a journalist with wide experience in Latin America. Many photographs.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

BLACK DEATH, by Anthony Gilbert (Random House). Teddy Lane, an English moral casualty of the First World War, takes to blackmailing four people, all of whom have disastrous skeletons in their closets. This is a dangerous business, because at least three of them not only are convinced that his elimination would be a public service but also have rather ingenious schemes for bringing it about. After quite a few shattering experiences, Teddy is persuaded that his intended victims are too bright for him and wants only to get out of England, but the killer circumvents his plans with a massive dose of poison. Mr. Gilbert's final solution, arrived at by the shrewd but shady Arthur Crook, may strike some readers as a little tricky, but on the whole his book is a pretty entertaining specimen.

SPINSTERS IN JEOPARDY, by Ngaio Marsh (Little, Brown). Except for Inspector Alleyn, his wife, and their son, almost everybody in this elaborate confection is either sinister or foreign or both. Most of the action takes place in a château in the Maritime Alps, the headquarters of a gang of dope peddlers whose activities include religious rites of a singularly degraded nature, the kidnapping of the Alleyn's little boy, and a murder in which the identity of the victim remains a mystery until the final chapter. Miss Marsh has provided her readers with a good deal of picturesque scenery and some rather lively information about narcotics and eroticism, but her plot is a bit too scrambled and unlikely for comfort. It may be that the Inspector is better off in England, where homicide seems to be largely confined to the upper classes.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Folder from a Broad Street beauty parlor*]

Why let incompetent persons ruin your hair with home waves when it can be done expertly for as little as $5.00 complete.

Feed your dog like this Dash-fed champion!

Champion Gus Gus, a beautifully conditioned Kerry Blue Terrier, poses with handler Doug McClain after winning all his championship points. Your dog, too, deserves Dash—to *look* and *feel* his best!

FORTIFIED WITH LIVER
Dash
ARMOUR DOG FOOD
WITH CHLOROPHYLLIN

Dash is fortified with LIVER!

CONTAINS CHLOROPHYLLIN—Stops Doggy Odors

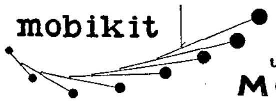
IF YOU SUFFER PAIN of HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS

get FAST RELIEF with

the way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend.

HERE'S WHY . . . Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. No other product gives faster, longer-lasting relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, neuritis than Anacin tablets. Buy Anacin® today!

mobikit



DESIGN and assemble your own fascinating MOBILES

MOBIKIT makes FOUR 36" wide mobiles (or two larger) in endless variations for stair-well, living-room, nursery. Easy-to-use precision kit has special balancing device, steel wires, colored plastic, sheet metal—all re-usable. $7.50 ppd. No c.o.d. Mobi-Products, Dept. F, Box 261, Bloomington, Ind.

MEXICO $90 PER MONTH

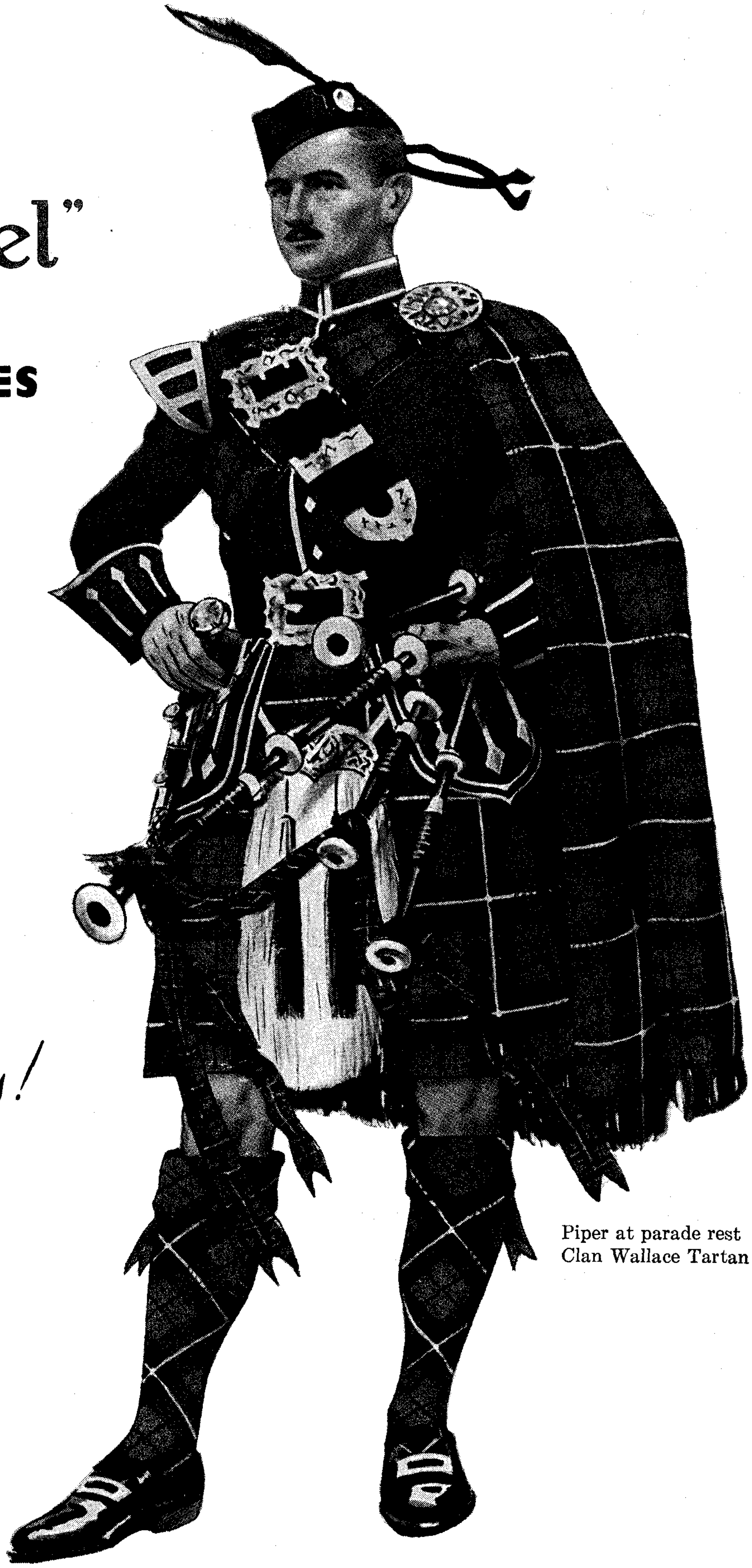
Daily rates, too. Includes Amer. style meals, room service, breakfast in bed. Semi-tropical yet cool lakeside Am.-Eng. colony on Lake Chapala near Guadalajara. Peace and economy in sunny year-round AJIJIC INN to do what you like...paint, write, think, have fun, or just sit in the sun. Write Bob Thayer, Posada Ajijic, Ajijic, Jalisco, Mexico

DEWAR'S
"White Label"
and Victoria Vat
SCOTCH WHISKIES

Famed are the clans of Scotland ...their colorful tartans worn in glory through the centuries. Famous, too, is Dewar's White Label and Victoria Vat, forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!

Dewar's never varies!

"White Label"
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% Scotch Whiskies
Product of Scotland
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
Distillers
Perth
4/5 Quart
86.8° Proof
Schenley Import Corporation, New York, N.Y.
Dewar's V.V. Whisky
Dewar's
Victoria Vat
Blended Scotch Whisky
Product of Scotland
Specially Selected and Blended
by
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
Perth
Scotland
4/5 Quart
86.8 Proof
Sole Distributors in U.S.A.
Schenley Import Corporation, New York, N.Y.



Piper at parade rest
Clan Wallace Tartan

Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.

Drink
Coca-Cola

Campus custom calls for Coke

How naturally a pause for Coke
fits the pattern of busy people.
Take the coed, for instance, and her jam-packed schedule
of classes, sports and dates.
She has only moments to relax . . . but that's time enough
for the quick refreshment of Coca-Cola.

COPYRIGHT 1953, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

"COKE" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK.